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THE NEW YORKER

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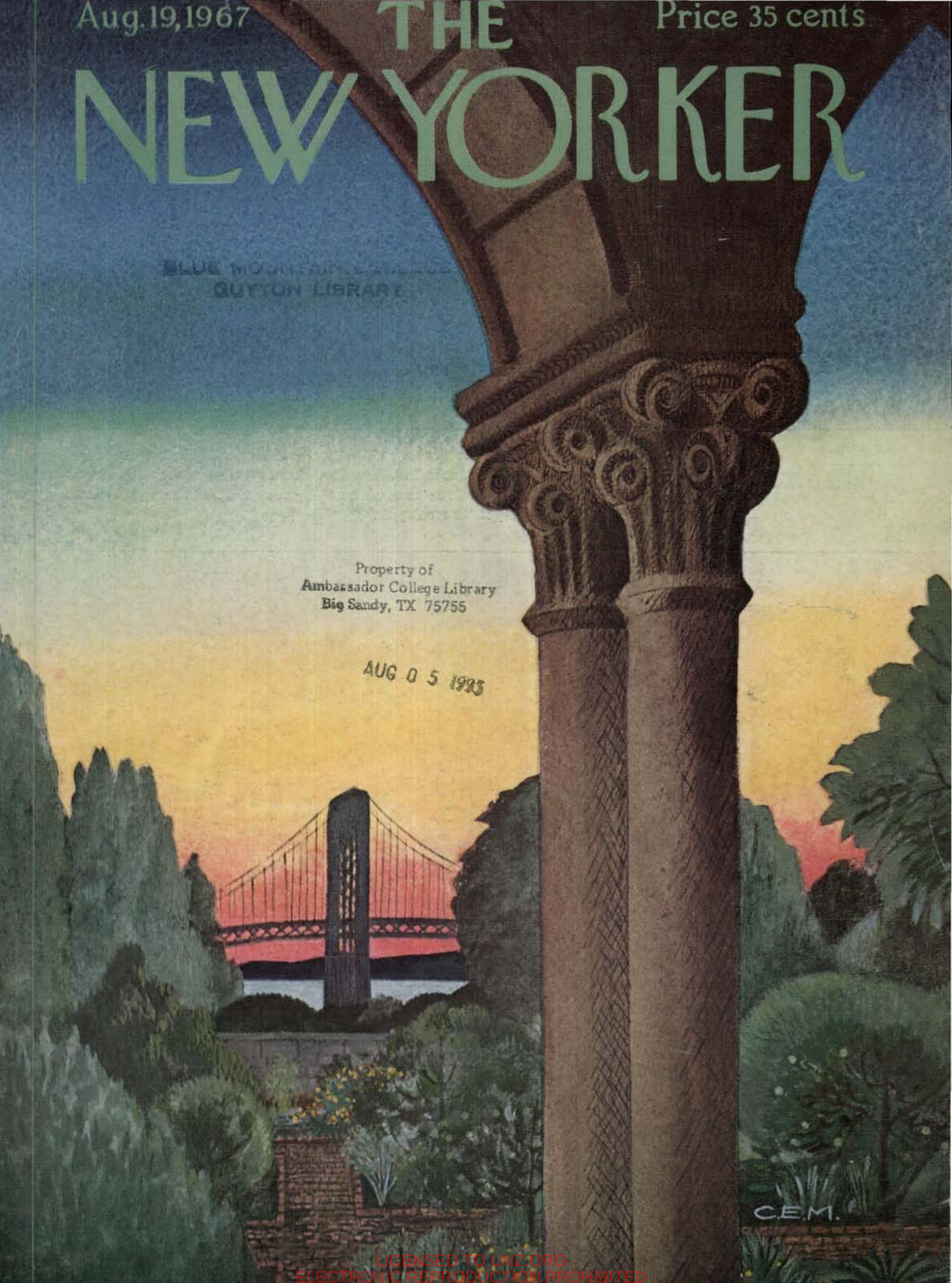

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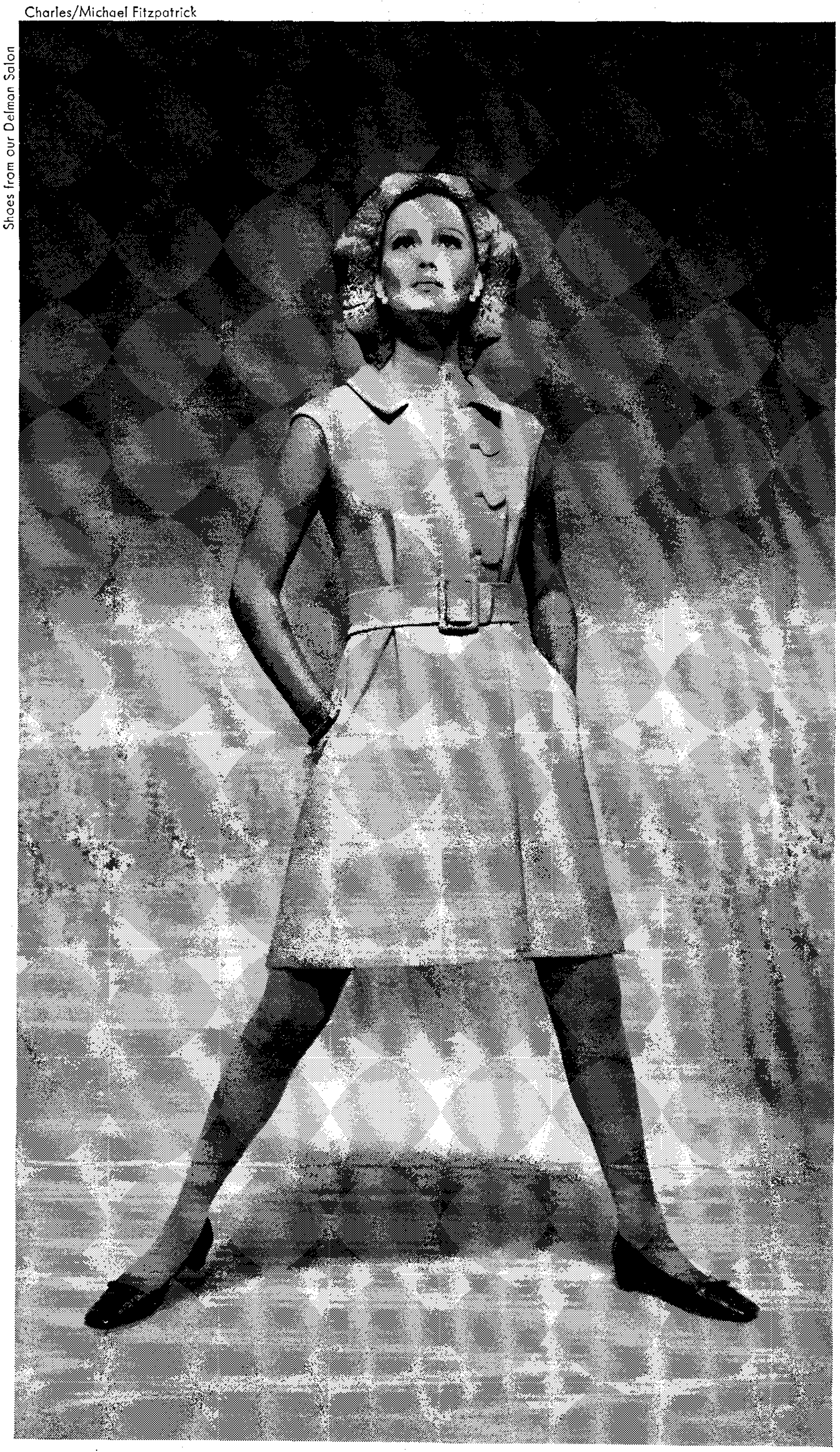

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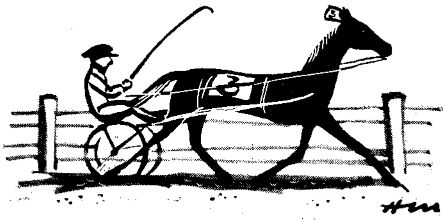
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some curious events in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the actors are worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make things entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the bright settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. *Nightly, except Sundays,* at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE APPLE TREE:** A musical taken from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz (replacing Herschel Bernardi for a month) in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the rôle of Selma Lagerlöf. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Celeste Holm (filling in for Angela Lansbury for two weeks) in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Rock of ages, cleft for me. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre. 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Judy Garland—With John W. Bubbles and Jackie Vernon in a variety program. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Weeknights at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Final performance Saturday, Aug. 26.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **TITUS ANDRONICUS**, with Olympia Dukakis and Jack Hollander. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, a musical with a book

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why didn't somebody think of this before
...a powder that sprays in a cool, clinging mist

Arpege Powdered Mist
LANVIN

3^{50}
Also in My Sin
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by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Kaye Stevens, who doesn't take show business at its false-face value, is singing what she likes the way she likes it, and dinner and supper in the Royal Box are all the better for her attitude. The rest of the evening, the orchestra of Lee Evans issues compelling invitations to the dance. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but it's hard to tell the differences in the curriculums. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Brazilian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room's newest débutante of the summer season is Susan Barrett, who is having coming-out parties at ten during the week and at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Her bent is song. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte occupy the remainder of the night. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine Mondays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the ridgepole of Olympus, Duke Ellington's Olympic team—Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Cat Anderson, Paul Gonsalves, and Lawrence Brown are included—is demonstrating prowess in the decathlon by doing not only rhythm and blues but both Latin and rocking-and-rolling sounds as well. Another crew sets to at seven, the Ellingtons begin at nine, and curfew does not arrive until two. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The band led by Carmen Cavallaro, a recollection of our dulcet past, gives way, on Monday, Aug. 21, to the band led by Clyde McCoy, a recollection of our boisterous past. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The look of it is stately Vienna, the taste of it is *heuriger* Grinzing, the sound of it is George Cort's four-wheel-drive orchestra and Marco Rizo's dreamy crew. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Allotments from the Fresh Air Fund are disbursed among the trees and fireflies of the outdoor terrace, along with nourishment and music, on whatever nights the weather behaves like a gentleman. Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin contingent do music from, say, seven until one or more.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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SMALL AND BOUNCY

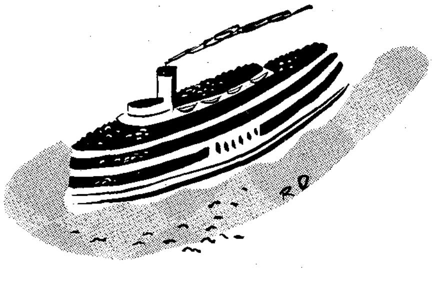
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays.... **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays.... **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night.... **Tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it is both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Monday through Friday, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays.... **Kippys,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the abovestairs annex) George Taylor contributing his lush-life piano and song from nine until two every evening but Sunday.... **New York Hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Unancient Rome is the hallmark of the Roman Pub, but it's a handsome Rome all the same. From nine until two, every night but Sunday and Monday, a threesome paced by the precise piano of Joan St. James is in action. No more than tidbits for the internally hungry.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. ... **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays.... **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays.... **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays.... **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays.... **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner.... **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties have more than a bowing acquaintance in a town house that makes no concessions to the ravages of modern times. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays.... **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the move from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday.



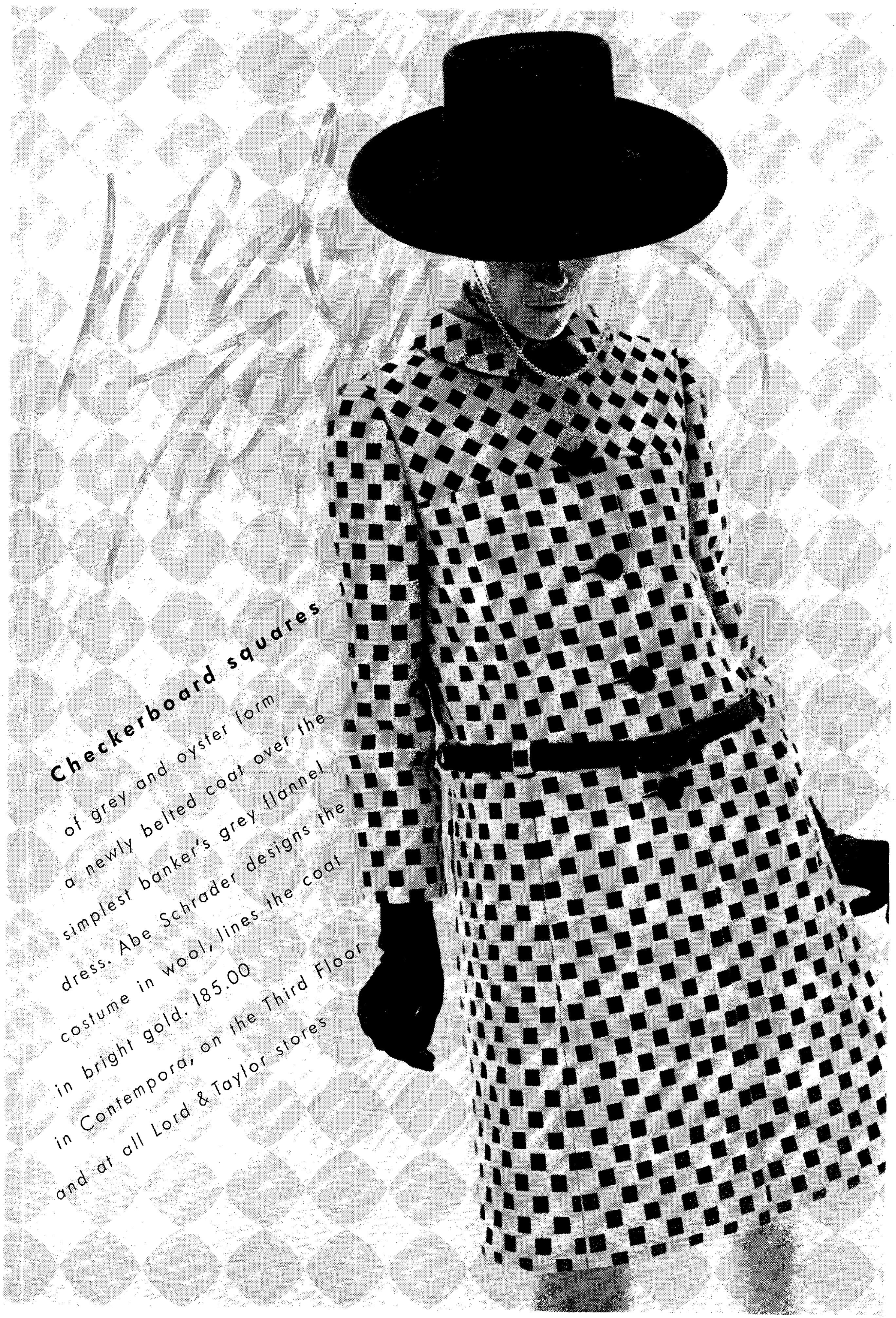
DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (Georgie Porgie and the Cry Babies) and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays.... **Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. ... **Cheetah,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the twirling boy and girl dervishes who prance in this cave of the winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. No dining, no drinking.... **Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Thursday, Aug. 17, is opening night for this sort of super-Motor Inn, whose décor is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Since Herbert Jacoby, last of the Blue Angel, is the mad inventor thereof, the inn is a cabaret, too, though on broad, vaudeville lines, such as the Pickle Brothers, Brute Force (furioso balladry), and Christine Norden (British belting). The *carte du jour*, or *nuit*, is slim and cookout.... **Electric Circus,** 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as impromptu as the light cues, are just as entertaining. The menu is sparse and Volstead; the hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. ... **L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Not since Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers has there been as tense, as terse a finger-snapping, whip-snapping chorale-and-ballet potpourri as the one now launched by the Temptations, the newest sound of Motown and true cocks of the walk. Their moment of glory is supplemented by Dave Frye, a wit who did his apprenticeship in the Village smithies and is a great deal funnier than most of his midtown compeers. Twice a night, for time immemorial. Dancing. On Thursday, Aug. 24, a new deal, led by Enzo



Checkerboard squares of grey and oyster form a newly belted coat over the simplest banker's grey flannel dress. Abe Schrader designs the costume in wool, lines the coat in bright gold. 185.00 in Contempora, on the Third Floor and at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

There is a certain kind of girl who has a photogenic mind. For this girl, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck

Under that long jacket is a sleeveless dress. Its skirt has a simulated side-wrap; its bodice and belt solid-colored jersey. *Ours alone.* Wool. Bold houndstooth and solid bodice in camel/grey, aqua/green, pink/mauve. 5 to 13, 75.00

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stuarti, a dead-in-earnest tenor who keeps returning to Sorrento. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A view of Paris not from the Sacré Cœur or Air France but from the figments of a choreographer's imagination. *Les girls* (of varying countries) are voluminously in evidence and unvoluminously garbed; the unlikely shepherdess of the flock is Hildegarde, whose simple philosophic thoughts are expressed in simple lyrics. On Wednesday, Aug. 23, she will be succeeded by Jan Murray, or humor in small, easy-to-digest tablets. Twice a night, unceasingly. Dancing for the paying guests, too.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's red-and-gold replica of Copenhagen's Tivoli is devoted, as usual, to making the very best use of the sung and spoken word. The leading practitioners are Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, the very models of a modern Walrus-and-Carpenter team, whose tears are both salty and sardonic. Assisting in the rites are Bobo Lewis, a soubrette whose specialty is the taking of dim views, and the One Plus Two, a glee club that exercises both jump and joy. The orchestra is the baby grands plied with dash and decision by Otis Clements and Robert Colston. Nine-thirty onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a set of ballerinas aids their cause, and a brace of bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Dining, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," a bandbox revue that draws, to an extent, on the most promising words and music of its antecedent revues, is in progress. Judy Graubart is its major beguilement. Twice a night is the scheme. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The trio of Bill Evans, whose piano moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and the quartet of Roland Kirk, Jack of all instruments, are in session. Sunday, Aug. 20, draws a blank; Monday, Aug. 21, is devoted to uprisings by the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 22-23, the Evans and Kirk crews again recite; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 24-26, it is the Kirks plus Horace Silver's quizzical fivesome. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; the rest of the time, the foursome of Ornette Coleman, who is having himself a magnificent renaissance, and the quintet of Miles Davis, the Lone Ranger. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Johnny Lytle's trio plays touch-and-go Mod music. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday through Sunday, Aug. 18-20, seventeen good men and true are promised—Clark Terry's crew, which includes Zoot Sims and Phil Woods. Mondays are potluck nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Roy Meriwether's threesome is brewing inside the oval bar, and there is interlude piano by Fran Thompson. Kickoff time is nine. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program, except on Sundays, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for duty as early as half past four in the afternoon. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now (every night but Monday), it is the Freddie Hubbard quintet, which is part of the New Scheme of Things, and (on Monday) Sun Ra's outer-spacemen. On Tuesday, Aug. 22, Joe Henderson's sextet, in which Grachan Moncur III is involved, replaces the Hubbards. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): A novelty-and-notions shop has been set up here by the quintet of Elvin Jones, the tempestuous tympanist. McCoy Tyner is one of his aides. Nine to four is the curriculum offered, every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors is currently assigned to Jake Holmes, who deals in folk matters with the sort of voice that this topic so sadly lacks. Neil Diamond, a chanter with a more earthbound repertory, is also aboard. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JO DAVIDSON (1883-1952)—Portraits in bronze, terra cotta, and plaster by this sculptor of famous men; through Friday, Aug. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello; through Friday, Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Thirty-four watercolors from the I.B.M. collection, including works by Homer, Demuth, Marin, Burchfield, LaFarge, Shinn, and Wyeth; through Sept. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey; through Sept. 10.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Aug. 31. (Adria Art Gallery, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Aug. 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Woodcuts, silk screens,

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lithographs, and copper prints by about ninety members of the Japan Print Association; through Sept. 1. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and thirteen paintings, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the present (Manet, Degas, Renoir, and Monet are included) and borrowed from New York collectors; through Sept. 4.... ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4.... ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, consisting of color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24.... ¶ Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Sept. 17.... ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4.... ¶ Twenty-five collages and drawings by Jim Dine interpreting "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Twenty-two oils, pastels, watercolors, and prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans (including Soutine, Rousseau, Delacroix, and Glackens) from the bequest of Mrs. Albert C. Barnes; through Aug. 27. ... ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

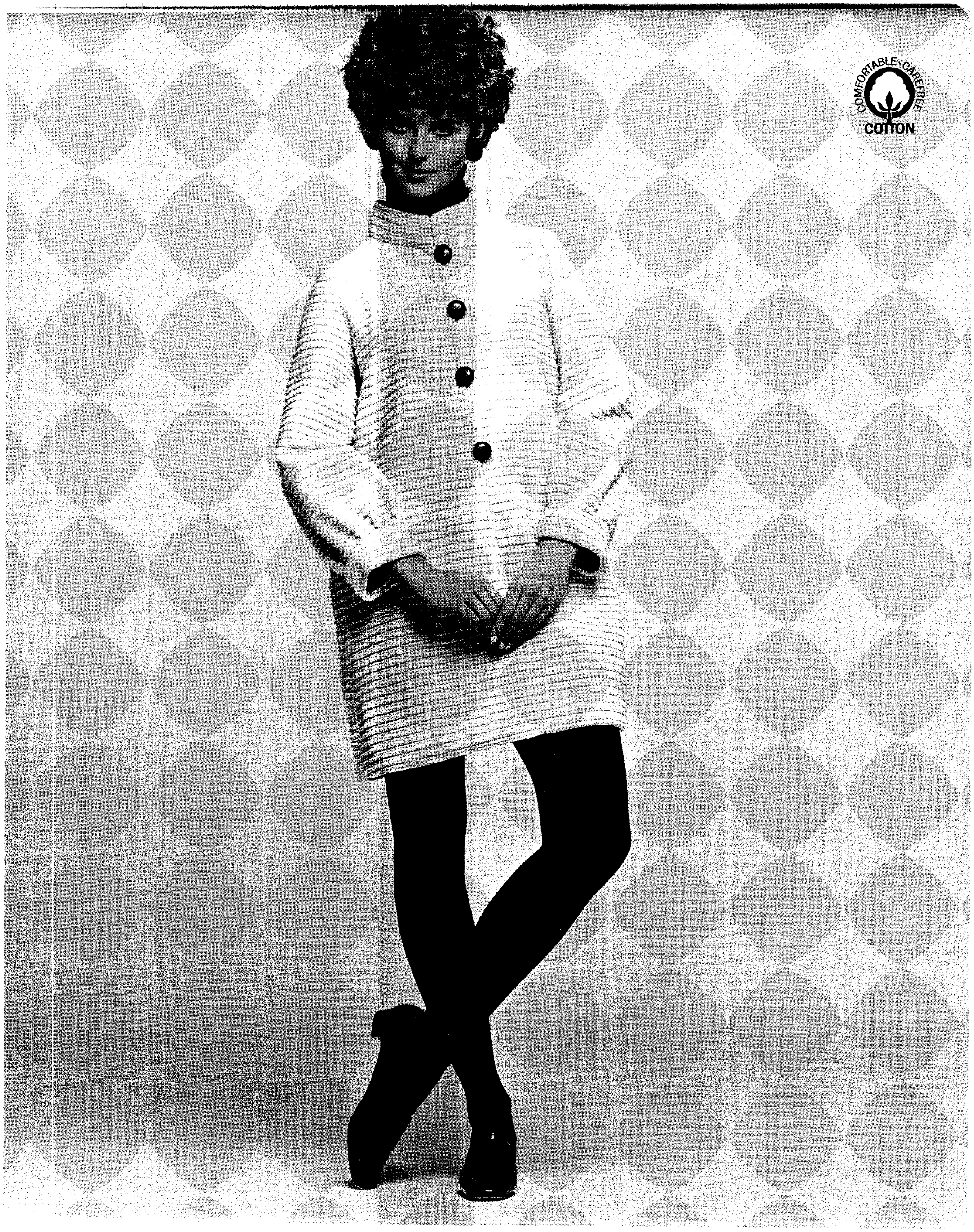
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show illustrating the art of traditional Chinese medicine, composed of instruments, anatomical figures and charts, a model of a Chinese pharmacy, sculptures, and paintings; through Sunday, Aug. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31.... ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Over twenty mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Be-



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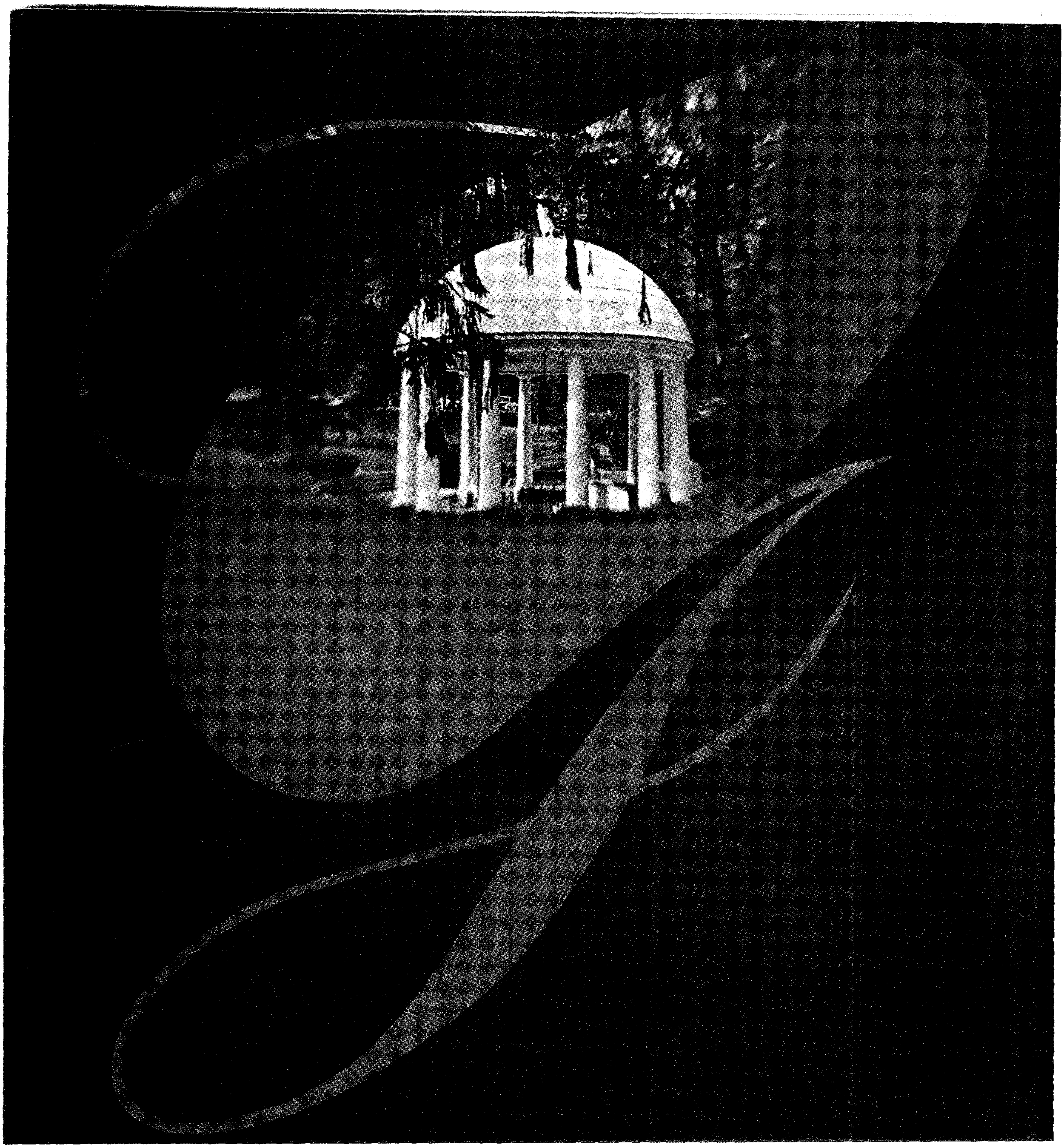

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fore Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Wednesday, Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

Mozart Festival—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 17: Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19: Alexander Schneider conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. Also with Patricia Brooks, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 21: Seymour Lipkin conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Frank, and Morris Secon, horn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 22: John Nelson directing the orchestra and the Mozart Festival Chorus, with vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23: Seymour Lipkin conducting the orchestra, with Jörg Demus, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: A recital by Mr. Demus. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 25-27: Werner Torkanowsky directing the orchestra in a performance of Mozart's Requiem, with Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; Kenneth Thompson, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30. Through Thursday, Aug. 31.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**WOLLMAN RINK:** Pop, rock, jazz, folk singers and musicians, and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The concerts start at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Carlos Montoya, Lou Rawls, Ahmad Jamal, and Odetta. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass in a free concert, also sponsored by the Rheingold people. (Sunday, Aug. 20, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given Sunday, Aug. 27.) . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE:** Henry Schuman conducting the Chamber Wind Players of New York in a Mozart-Stravinsky program. (Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Jazz—Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: The Sonny Criss quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Roland Kirk. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 17, at 2:15: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 7:30) by the Boston Symphony, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. A benefit for the Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 9: Gunther Schuller conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Michele Molese, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Wagner program, with Marilyn Horne, soprano, and Mr. Flagello. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 17: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: Seiji Ozawa conducting the orchestra; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music, with Beverly Sills, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 21-22: Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in a benefit Beethoven-Brahms concert, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Samuel Mayes, cello, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26: Eugene Ormandy directing the Philadelphia Orchestra in an all-Brahms program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Yi-kwei Sze, bass; and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27: Eugene Ormandy directing the Philadelphia Orchestra in a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Miss Boatwright; Lili Chookasian, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Mr. Sze; and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

Metropolitan Opera at Newport—A series of seven Verdi operas in concert form—Thursday, Aug. 17 (rain date, Aug. 20): Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting "Macbeth," with Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano; Kostas Paskalis, baritone; George Shirley, tenor; and Bonaldo Giaiotti, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18 (rain date, Aug. 20): George Schick conducting "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, soprano; Peter Glossop, baritone; and John Alexander, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19 (rain date, Aug. 20): George Schick conducting "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, soprano; Mr. Shirley; and William Walker, baritone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 22 (rain date, Aug. 24): Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting "Il Trovatore," with Miss Tucci; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23 (rain date, Aug. 24): Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting "I Vespri Siciliani," with Virginia Zeani, soprano; Eugenio Fernandi, tenor; and the Messrs. Paskalis and Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25 (rain date, Aug. 27): Kurt Adler conducting "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; and Tito Gobbi, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26 (rain date, Aug. 27): Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting "Aida," with Martina Arrovo, soprano; Irene Dalis, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; and the Messrs. Gobbi and Macurdy. (Festival Field. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Leon Bibb, folk singer, in the final concert of the season. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 19, at 3:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Nadia Nerina and Thor Sutowsky, Edith McKinzie and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Ruth Mata and Eugene Hari. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-26: Violette Verdy and Michael Maule, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and the Indo-American Dance Group. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

American Dance Festival—Final performances—Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: The Martha Graham Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 3: The Martha Graham Dance Company and José Limón and his company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, Aug. 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Aug. 18, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 19, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Bob Feller, Charlie Keller, and other major-league players noted for their

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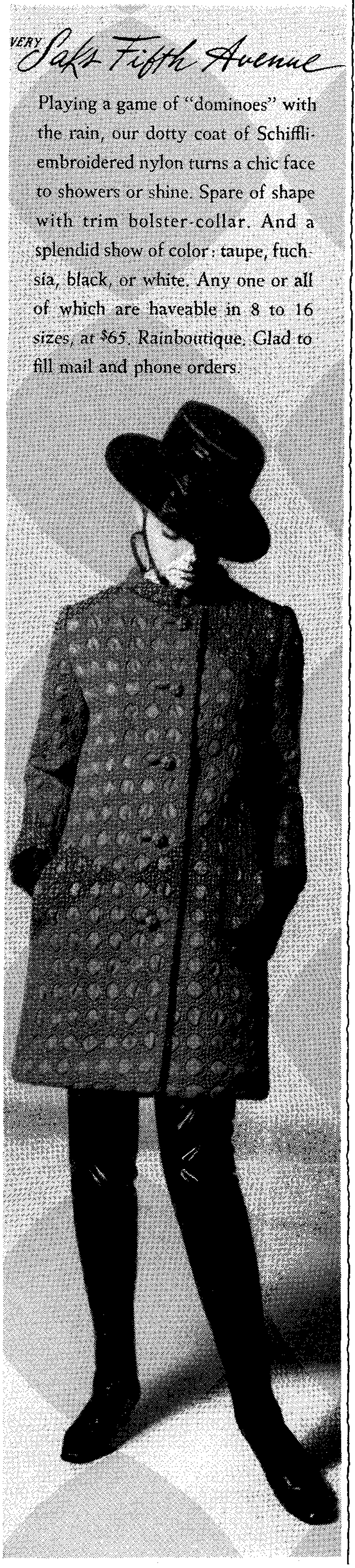

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famous achievements in the post-Second World War era); and Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 25, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2:15.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 24-27.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 19; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 23; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Oct. 12. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Soccer—National Professional Soccer League: Generals vs. Philadelphia Spartans. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, Aug. 19, at 10, and Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 20, through Monday, Aug. 28.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-27.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Walking Tours—"Sir Peter Warren's Greenwich—the Unknown Village," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30. Meets at Jackson Square, Eighth Ave. at 13th St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Aug. 17 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Port of Call" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2 and 5:30, and Aug. 19 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Summer Interlude" (1950), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman. . . . ¶ Aug. 20-21, showings at 2 and 5:30: "Secrets of Women" (1961), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Anita Björk and Eva Dahlbeck. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Three Strange Loves" (1959), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "A Cottage on Dartmoor" (1929). . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Five programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." Aug. 17: "Bells Are Ringing" (1960), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin. . . . ¶ Aug. 18: "The Subterraneans" (1960), with Leslie Caron and George Peppard. . . . ¶ Aug. 19-20: "Gigi" (1958), with Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Aug. 22: "Broadway Melody of 1929," with Charles King. . . . ¶ Aug. 23: "Broadway Melody of 1936," with Eleanor Powell. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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A lot of people frown on a Volkswagen because they feel it doesn't offer enough in the way of fancy gadgetry.

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How fancy can you get?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more exciting by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, written by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Barefoot in the Park—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's funny adaptation of his funny Broadway play. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Aug. 23.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—The police used a thousand rounds of ammunition to shoot the real Bonnie and Clyde (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film). The two had become the Depression's folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Enter Laughing—A callow stage-struck lad is groomed by José Ferrer to appear in an unspeakable melodrama. Elaine May imparts her own real funniness to a fairly conventional comedy. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Aug. 17.)

The Family Way—The film is about North-of-England working-class attitudes toward sex, and it is as knowing as the title. Hayley Mills' girlishness is hard to bear; John Mills as her overbearing father-in-law is pretty good. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Aug. 20.)

A Guide for the Married Man—Walter Matthau dominates this mindless, amusing study of the fine art of undetected infidelity. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 22.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—The splendid Broadway musical, brought to the screen by David Swift and starring Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée, who are very, very funny. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 22.)

The Jokers—Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed as a pair of young London scamps who steal the Crown Jewels not for money but for fame. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Luv—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's comic yelp of outrage at a society so sated with pieties about love that it can't say the word straight any longer. Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May, who makes the heroine transfixingly downright in her oddities. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663. . . . ¶ DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Aug. 17.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, acted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Privilege—A fiercely good piece of film-making by Peter Watkins (of "The War Game"), about an England in the near future dominated by a nervy pop idol manipulated by a near-Fascist lineup of Church and State. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—A glib parable about getting on with one another, with Sidney Poitier quelling a classful of East End kids in London. Directed by James Clavell. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Whisperers—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. The physical detail of solitude and age is nobly precise. Bryan Forbes directed; Eric Portman plays her craven quitter of a husband. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Woman Times Seven—Peter Sellers appears once in mourning, Alan Arkin offers an interlude of brilliantly withdrawn comedy, and Shirley MacLaine plays seven parts with an implication of a wit that no one uses. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, in a tone that is pure Hollywood. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

You Only Live Twice—James Bond again, with Sean Connery and a series of numb girls in a situation with an aspiring dictator who lives in a stylishly furnished volcano. The mood of the screenplay coarsens the original cheeky style of the series. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 23.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—De Sica's film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard's pioneer New Wave film. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 23.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—An account of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 22.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—Claude Laydu plays the priest. Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Aug. 18.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A documentary about surfing. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 22.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 19-20.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 18-19.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 22.)

Gertrud (1966)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 22.)

High and Low (1963)—A thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 17.)

King and Country (1966)—An account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War. Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 17.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 22.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20-21.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 18-21.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Aug. 21.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 18-21.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 17.)

The Suitor (1963)—An exemplary young man reluctantly discovers girls. Pierre Etaix is the star. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, and many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Aug. 21.)

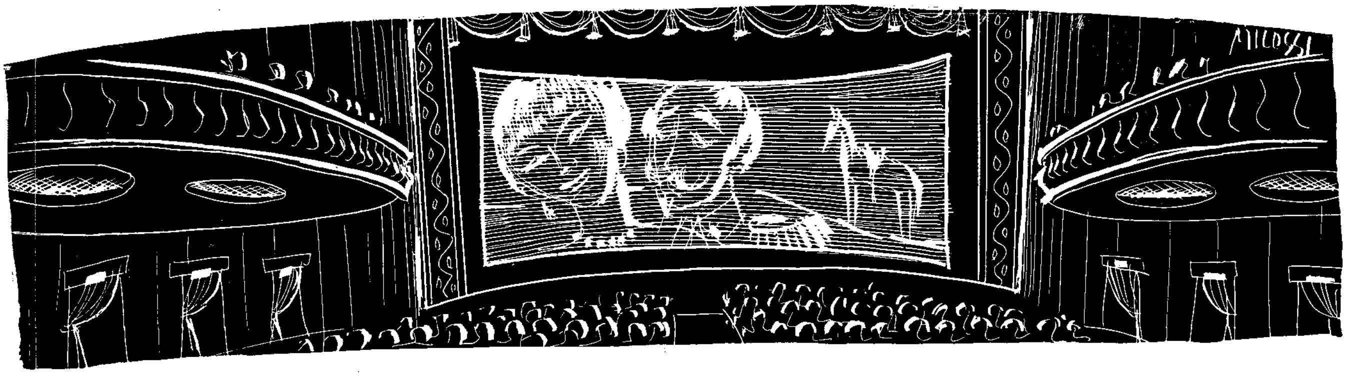
The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 22-23.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 17.)

What Did You Do in the War, Daddy? (1966)—A comedy about some G.I.s in Sicily during the Second World War. Dick Shawn and James Coburn. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 22.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Et Alia," page 12.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HAWAII.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Aug. 17: **LUV.**
From Aug. 18: "Born Losers," Tom Laughlin.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 59th. (PL 7-3100)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Aug. 22: "The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)
From Aug. 23: "The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Aug. 17: **ENTER LAUGHING.**
From Aug. 18: "The Love-Ins," Richard Todd, James MacArthur.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Aug. 22: "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.
From Aug. 23: "The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 22: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival; and **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival.
From Aug. 23: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), revival, Birgitte Federspiel.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 22: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?**, revival.
From Aug. 23: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 22: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**, revival.
From Aug. 23: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
PRIVILEGE.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

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FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 22: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.
From Aug. 23: "The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
LUV.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
ENTER LAUGHING.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 18: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
Aug. 19-20: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and "A Countess from Hong Kong," Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 21: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **MORGAN!**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FAMILY WAY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
HAWAII.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 22 (tentative): "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 23: "The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 22: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra; and "The Tall Women," Anne Baxter.
From Aug. 23: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 17: **KING AND COUNTRY**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
Aug. 18-21: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French), revival; and **REPULSION**, revival.
From Aug. 22: **GERTRUD** (in Danish), revival; and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 22: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.
From Aug. 23: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ACCIDENT.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE JOKERS.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 22: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra; and "The Tall Women," Anne Baxter.
From Aug. 23: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Aug. 22: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**
From Aug. 23: "The Thief of Paris" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE WHISPERERS.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Aug. 20: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French).
From Aug. 21: "The Exterminating Angel" (in Spanish), Sylvia Pinal.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 17: **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese), revival; and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival.
Aug. 18-19: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "The Band Wagon," revival, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.
Aug. 20-21: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Ride the High Country," revival, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
Aug. 22-23: **THE TRAIN**, revival; and "The Great Man," revival, José Ferrer, Keenan Wynn.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 22: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.
From Aug. 23: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE**; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 17: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 18: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SUITOR** (in French), revival.
Aug. 19: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
Aug. 20: "Nothing but the Best," revival, Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
Aug. 21: **TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS** and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 22: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and "Naked Autumn" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.
Aug. 23: "The Bridge" (in German), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

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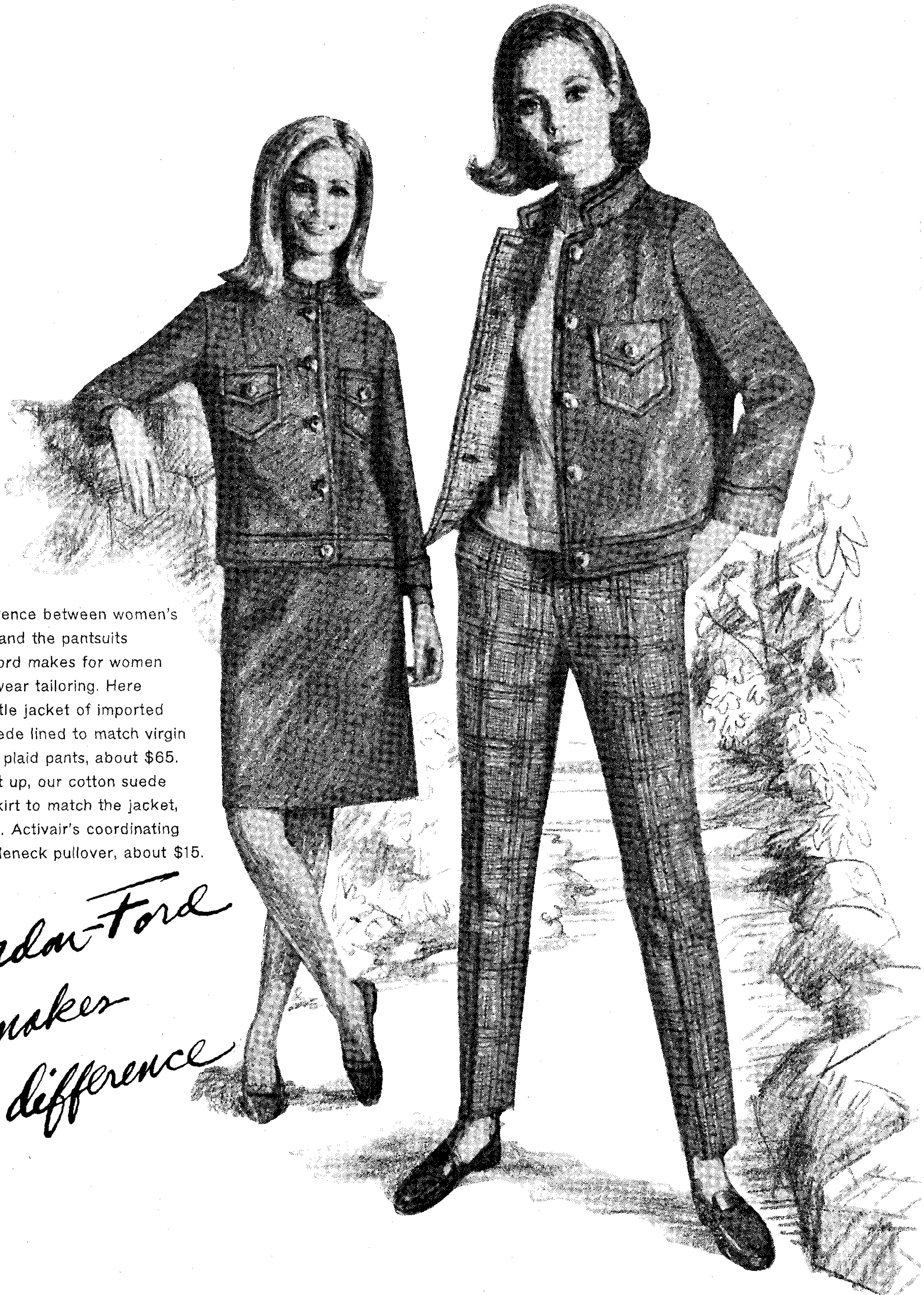

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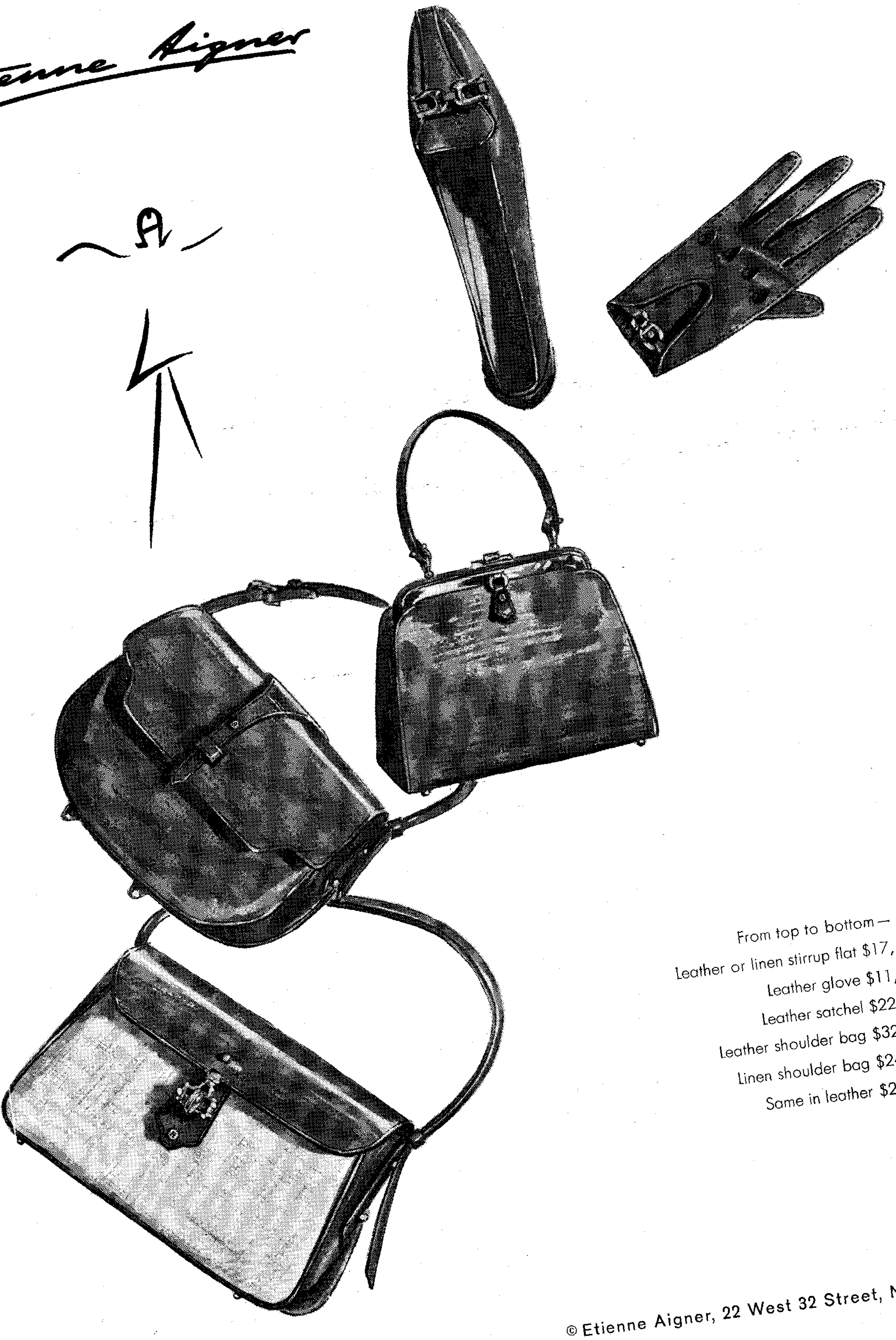

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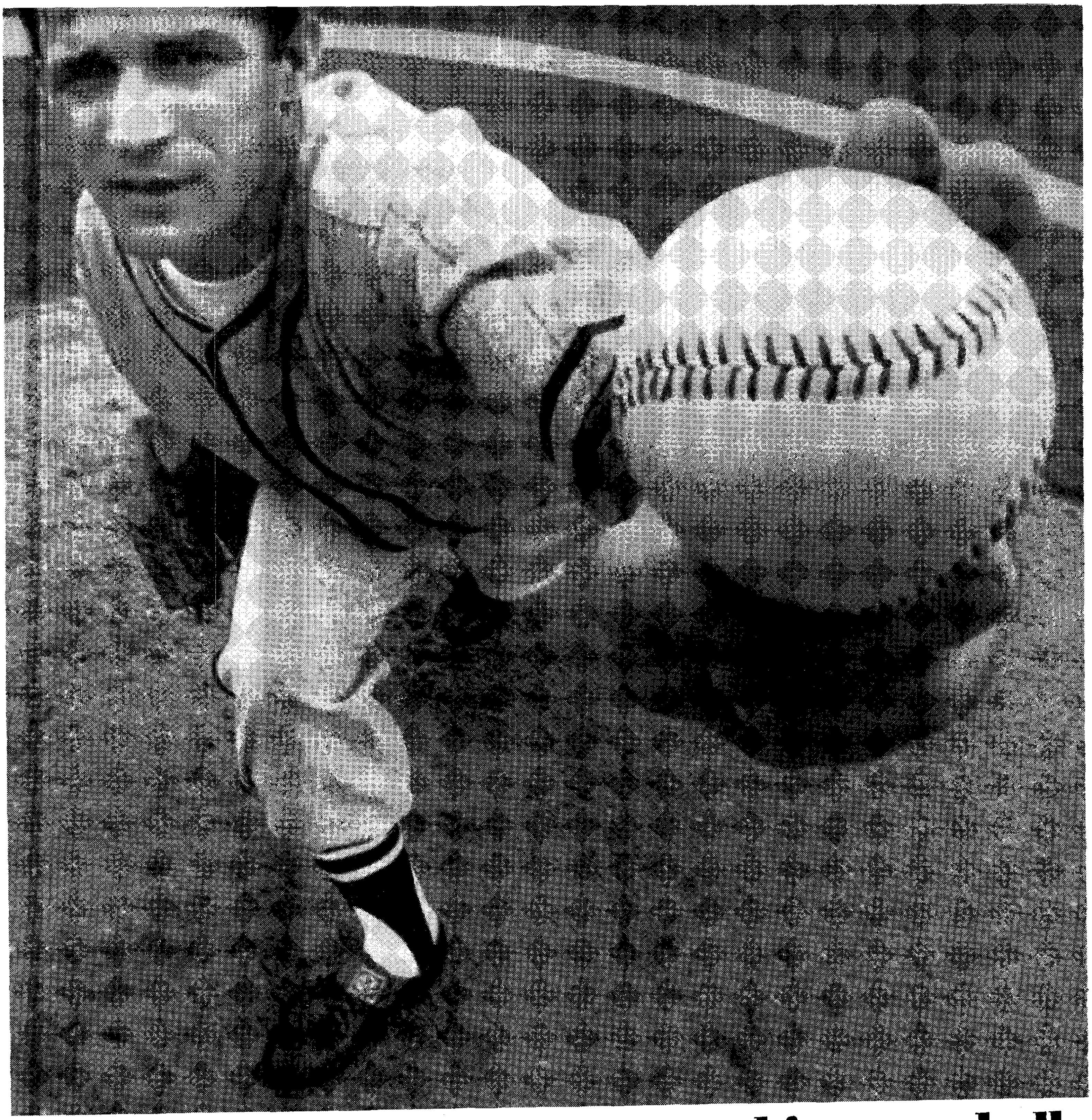

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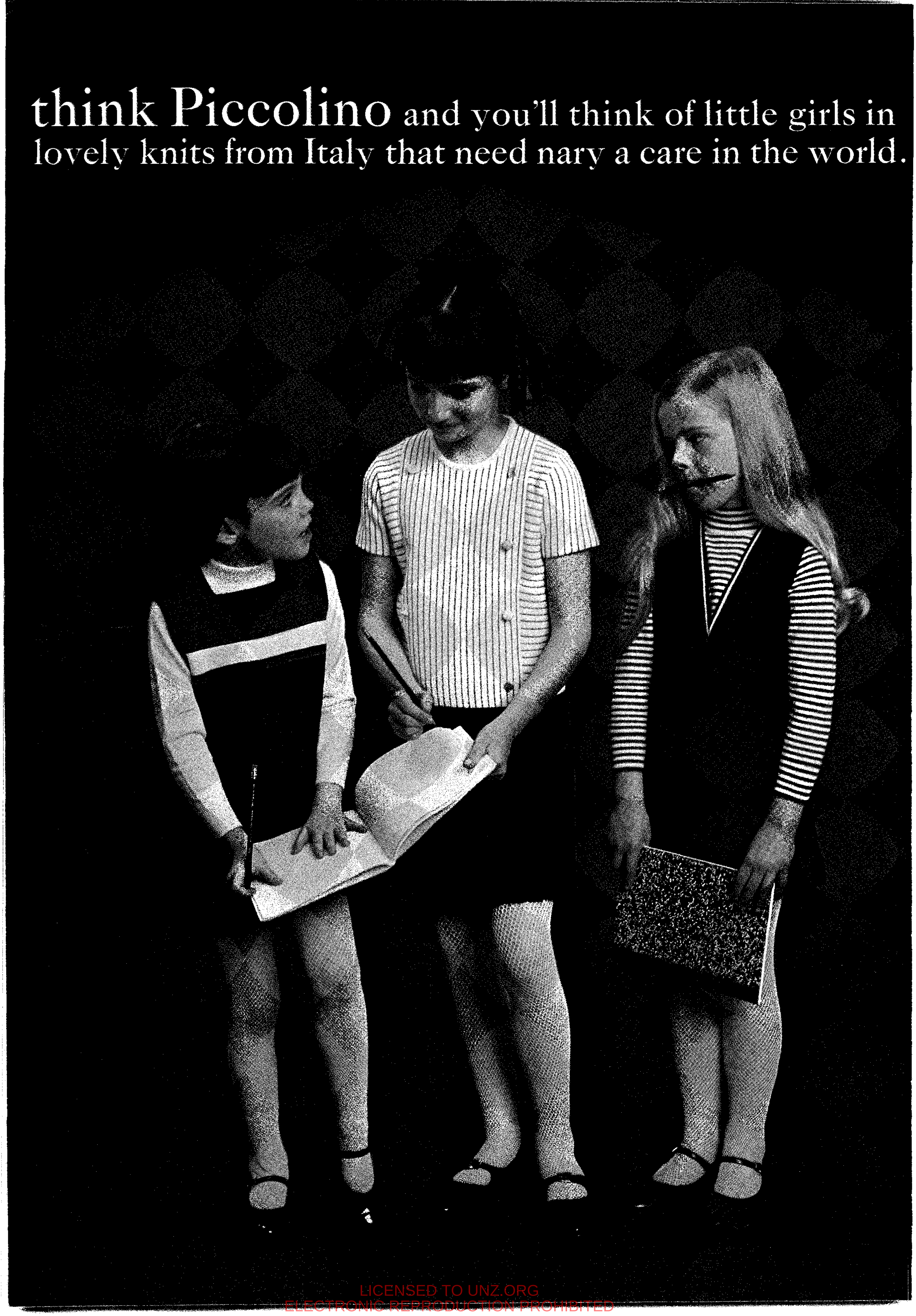
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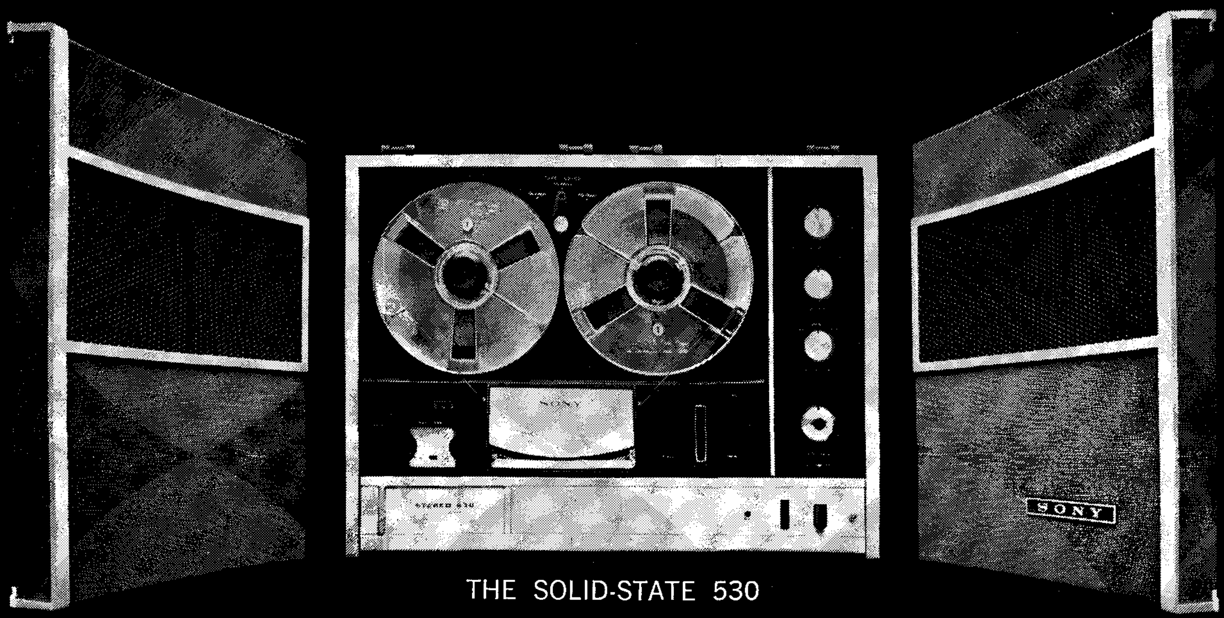

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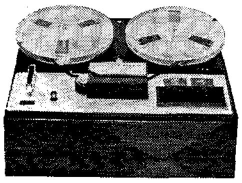

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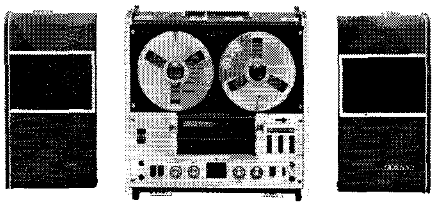

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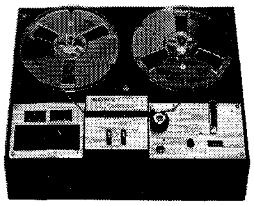

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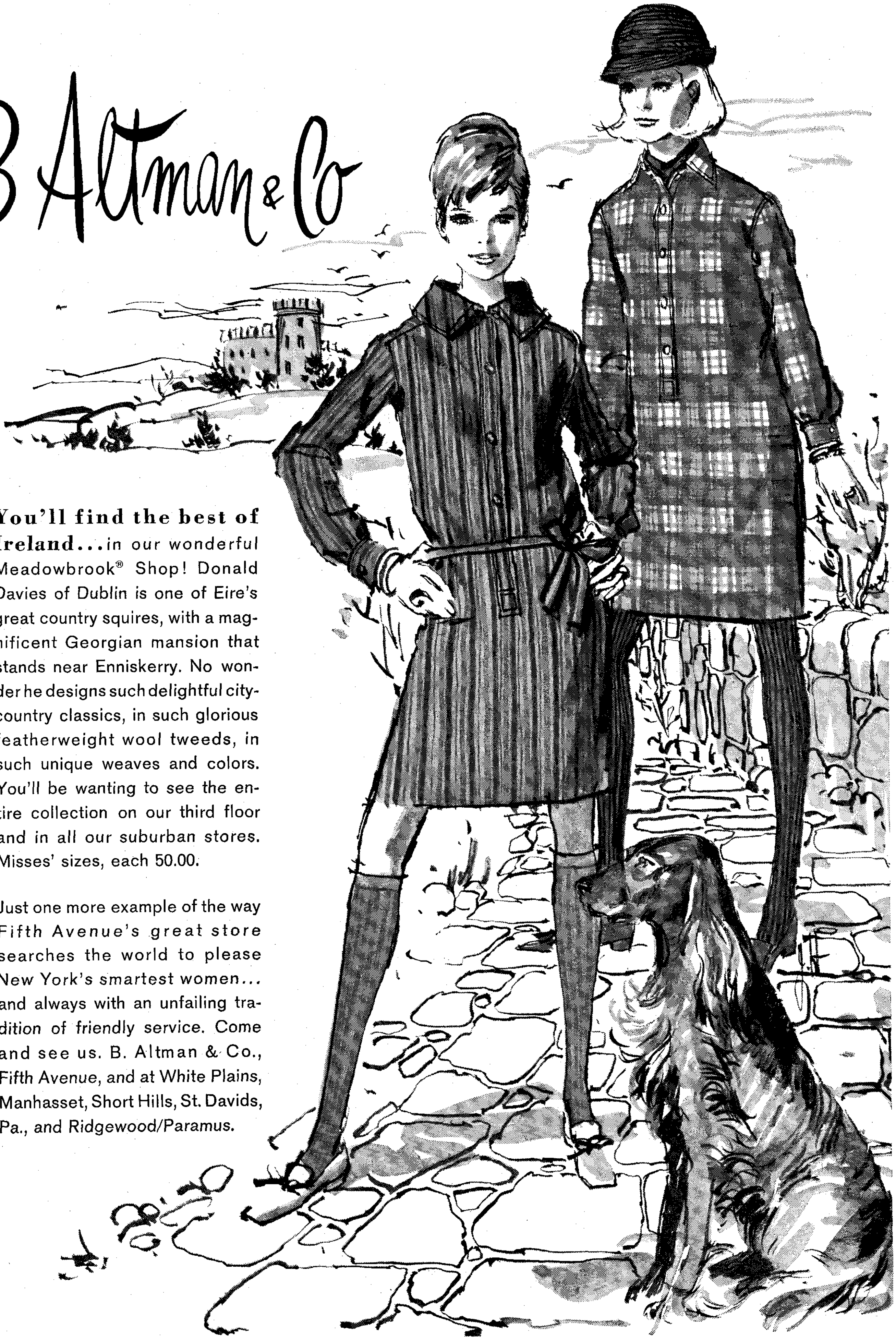

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

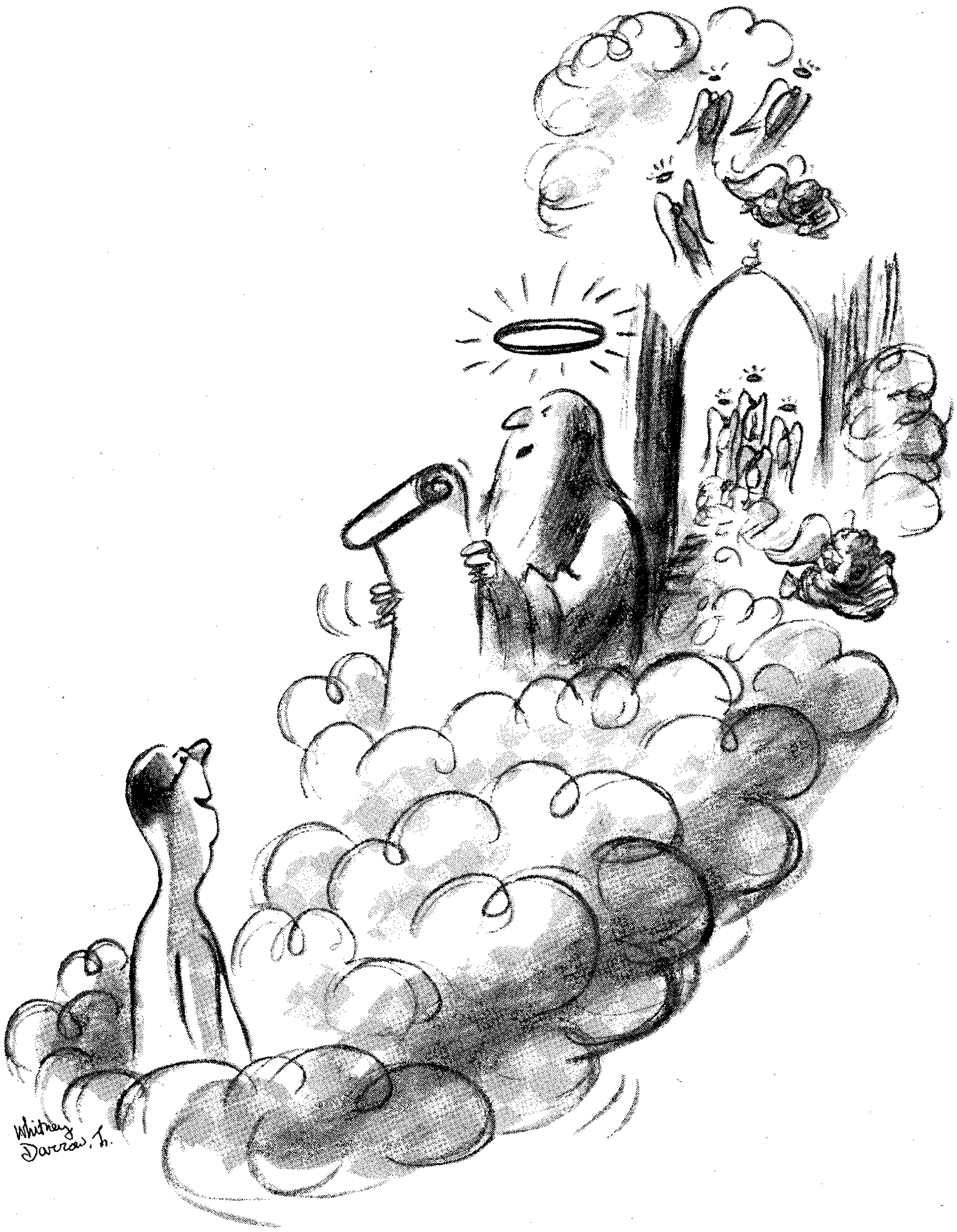
Notes and Comment

THE human nervous system is a wonderful organism. It is constructed in such a way that it not only takes in useful information but also shuts out "noise." It is simply impossible for any of us to deal with all the sensations that are potentially available to us at any given instant, and things are so arranged in our internal communications network that we do not have to deal with them. Incidentally, according to most theories, the drug LSD temporarily blocks this quenching mechanism, so to someone under its influence every experience is expanded into a childhood fantasy or a Surrealistic nightmare. However that may be, so much information still gets through to all of us, even after the suppressors have done their work, that it's cause for wonder that our nervous systems are rugged enough to absorb it all. At this moment, the radio has just announced that it is the anniversary of the atomic-bomb explosion over Hiroshima. It has also announced that the Burgundian town of Auxerre is to hold a jousting contest by knights in armor. The same broadcast has informed us that Stokely Carmichael has decided that the only solution to the problems of the American Negro is guerrilla warfare in the cities. In addition, we have learned that a new discovery in Chile indicates that the horse existed on the South American continent before the arrival of Columbus; that the Foreign Ministers of the Arab states who met in Khartoum agreed to "eliminate the consequences of Israeli aggression;" that former President Eisenhower entered Walter Reed Hospital; that a jet flying over Mont Blanc hit an air pocket and fell several hundred feet; that more than fifty per cent of the Americans recently polled disapprove of President Johnson's actions in Vietnam and more than fifty per cent of the Frenchmen recently polled disapprove of President de Gaulle's actions in Canada; and that the Boy Scouts held a highly successful World Jamboree in the Rocky Mountains. We are sometimes tempted to turn off the radio and try to shut out the world. But if we do, then we *become* the world—in the same way that for a child playing in a garden the garden is the world and the world is the garden. A return to a child's garden seems to be the aim of the advocates of marijuana and LSD. One of them, a California drama student named Simon Barley, said the other day in a newspaper interview, "We want to be children again—sit on the grass, look at the flowers. We want to experience things directly, inside ourselves. The bells we wear shut out the violent clamors outside with their gentle noise. You would be surprised how relaxed you can become just by tuning in on a tinkling bell." It is a beguiling picture until we remember that "the violent clamors outside" must be heard, since they toll the destiny of us all.

Actos

WE had barely started what the politicians call a walking tour of Second Avenue below St. Mark's Place the other evening when the number and variety of our fellow-pedestrians—there were Flower People, Bowery People, Tourist People, and even Real People—began to overwhelm us, and we took refuge in the Village Theatre, at East Sixth Street, which contained only some two thousand spectators, several unlaid ghosts of the once-resident Yiddish theatre, and, onstage, six men and two women in work clothes, who turned out to be members of the Teatro Campesino, the theatrical arm of the Delano, California, grape pickers' union. It seemed that the Teatro had stopped over on its way from Newport, where it had performed at the folk festival, to Washington, where it was going to perform for the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor. The actors sang, mainly in Spanish, and performed skits, mainly in English, in which the characters, identified by placards hung around the actors' necks, included grape growers, labor contractors, scabs, pickets, green grapes, rotten grapes, all four seasons, and a hapless archetype of the migrant worker named Don Sotaco. All the skits, which the performers call *actos*, reached predictably uplifting climaxes—a scab was converted, a grape grower got his comeuppance—but they all made their points through good, wholesome, frequently amusing slapstick, and they all seemed to take themselves with a large grain of salt.

We figured that any propaganda theatre that took itself with even a taste of salt bore further investigation, so the next afternoon we stopped by the apartment, on the eighth floor at 27 West Ninety-sixth Street, in which the actors were staying, to talk with the Teatro en masse. As we entered the elevator, a dark-haired young woman carrying a huge bag of groceries got in with us and, upon discovering that the two of us were heading for the same floor, introduced herself as Norma Whittaker. Miss Whittaker said that she does publicity for the Teatro, and told us that the bag was full of sandwich-makings for the actors, who were still in Central Park, where they had spent the past three hours performing for Channel 13's television cameras. The apartment they were using, she said, belonged to


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Coming from you, that really means something."

• •

Mrs. Ronnie Gilbert, formerly of The Weavers, who was about to leave for London with the cast of "America Hurrah." Inside the apartment, Miss Whittaker lugged her groceries into the kitchen and left us to explore the living room, a big room with windows that looked downtown across Ninety-sixth Street and over the roofs of several blocks of brownstones. Near the windows, a large Tiffany lamp hung over a heavy oval oak table, and closer to the door a couch and several chairs were arranged on an olive-green carpet. Two wide-brimmed Mexican hats lay on the carpet, along with several of the signs that identify the Teatro's characters during performances. The visible signs, hand-lettered, read "Summer," "Spring," and "Green Grape." A pair of old Mexican sandals lay there, too, beside an open suitcase containing props, among them a huge pencil and a green globe that is worn like a mask on the face of the actor who plays the green grape. Miss Whittaker returned and explained that the Teatro usually performs for migrant farmworkers but occasionally makes trips like this one to win supporters and raise money. She said the group was organized in the fall of 1965, during the early months of the Delano grape pickers' strike, led by Cesar Chavez, and that it became a part of the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee, which Mr. Chavez's union of migrant pickers became when it joined the A.F.L.-C.I.O. All the male actors had worked in the fields, she said, although some had done so mainly during school and college vacations, and all but one of the actors came from a Mexican-American migrant background. Miss Whittaker offered us a beer, which we declined, and then the actors arrived, wearing the same work clothes they had worn onstage, and she introduced them to us as Luis Valdez, Augustin Lira, Danny Valdez, Lorie Huerta, Felipe Cantu, Kerry Lira, Joe Otero, and Doug Ripey. They all looked hot and tired after their performance in the Park, and they all seemed to be in their twenties or their teens except Mr. Cantu, a small, wiry, middle-aged man with a stubble of beard and a weathered face, whom we recognized as the previous night's Don Sotaco. Mr. Cantu, who was wearing a wide-brimmed Mexican hat, crouched on the rug and began to imitate a one-book writer who had been at a party given for the Teatro the night before, delivering his lines in gravelly Spanish and slapping his thigh on the punch lines. The other actors watched, chuckling, and then, when Mr. Cantu had finished, they all began bustling between the living room and the kitchen, making themselves sandwiches and opening cans of beer. In the living room, we heard someone mention a would-be radio interviewer whom the actors had thought condescending, and after Augustin Lira and Luis Valdez, who directs the Teatro, had provisioned themselves and settled near us, we asked them if interviewers often approached the Teatro with stereotyped notions of what a migrants' theatre should be.

"Yes," said Mr. Lira, a slim, brown-skinned young man in a white shirt. "They expect us to be farmworkers, which to them means stupid and ignorant. They're always surprised to find we speak good English. They think, 'If you speak good English, you can't be *real* farmworkers.' "

Mr. Valdez, a short, husky man wearing a khaki shirt and a magnificent Pancho Villa mustache, nodded, and added that most of the people they encountered in a city like New York—even liberal audiences, predisposed to like them—saw the Teatro largely in terms of local color. "A Mexican-American audience is our toughest audience," he said, "because to them we're *not* colorful farmworkers, we're just ordinary people, with brown skins like theirs, and they want to see what we can do."

"Also, Mexican-American audiences expect slick, professional entertainment, such as they get from television and from Hollywood movies, or an imitation of it, because that's all they ever see," Mr. Lira said. "If a band comes to a migrant town to play for a Saturday-night dance, the promoters put the star on the back of a convertible and parade her up the main street of the town, even though the main street isn't paved and the dust is blowing up in her face, and they have mariachis riding in a car behind her."

We asked Mr. Valdez and Mr. Lira what they considered the troupe's main function to be.

"We try to educate the workers," Mr. Valdez said. "In each *acto*, we explain a particular point to them. We started the Teatro to entertain the workers at meetings and to keep up their morale, but it was never *just* entertainment. Recently, the Free Southern Theatre performed for Negro sharecroppers in the South, but it did things like 'Waiting for Godot,' and though 'Waiting for Godot' may be all right for a middle-class audience, the Free Southern Theatre's audiences were Negroes who were poor and starving and oppressed, and what they needed was solutions. *We* take a real situation—often something that happens on the picket line—and we improvise around it. When we get an improvisation that we like, we're ready. An *acto* is never written down. When we started the Teatro, workers came up to us after performances and said, 'There's not enough action,' so we introduced more slapstick. We use even more slapstick when we perform for Mexican-American farmworkers than when we perform for a middle-class audience in New York. In the future, I'd like to use a lot more music, too."

"Music *is* action," Mr. Lira interjected.

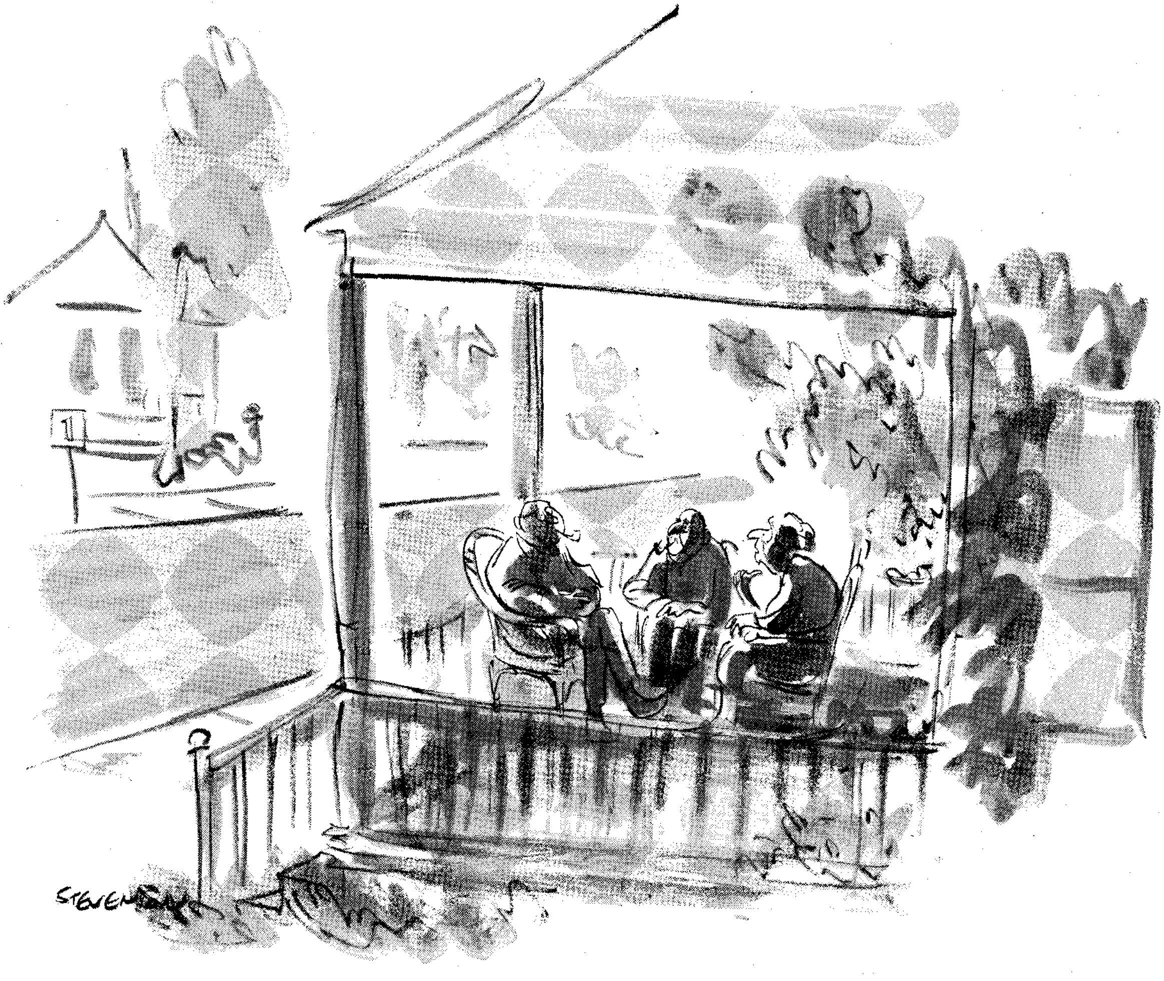
"Now we're working with archetypes, but I'd like to develop more depth of characterization," Mr. Valdez said. He sipped from his can of beer. "I think what we're doing is art," he went on. "Well, the word 'art' has been so debased that maybe I shouldn't use it, but at least what we do *works*. An airplane works, and it's a kind of art. A set of gears works, and it's a kind of art. Well, the Teatro works, too."

No Nonsense

WHEN we heard that Charles P. Lecht, president of the Advanced Computer Techniques Corporation and, at thirty-three, one of the youngest executives in the computing business, had written three books on how to talk to machines, we were curious to know if he could still talk to human beings, and went to see him. We found him seated between two windows on the twenty-third floor of an all-glass building on Madison Avenue; he was smoking a pipe and admiring the last glow of a bright-orange sunset. On his desk were several shoebox-size cardboard boxes bearing the inscription "The No-Nonsense Machine."

We asked him what this inscription meant.

He answered at considerable length. "It means that the nonsense usually comes from people who make it a point not to talk to machines," he said. "If they did, they would find out soon enough that the machines have little to say for themselves—much less, in fact, than those who speak for them while pretending to be speaking against them. The avowed enemies of the machine are the machine's only true friends, and the only believers in the myth of the machine age. They give the machine free publicity—they see it as a monster, they endow it with almost divine powers. It would be much more realistic and honest of them if, instead of fearing the machine, they feared their own ignorance of the machine—which ignorance, coupled with their preconceived fears, is responsible for the kind of machine worship they are advertising as the cultured man's answer to the threat of the all-engulfing machine. If a man feels that all he holds sacred in life is in danger, he gives evidence of his concern by doing everything he can to determine the cause of the danger and fight it. Now, all these highly articulate anti-machine people identify themselves with a primitive, pre-mechanical, almost pastoral mind, which is not even part of their cultural tradition to begin with, because the machine age began with the humanist trend in Renaissance Italy, and there

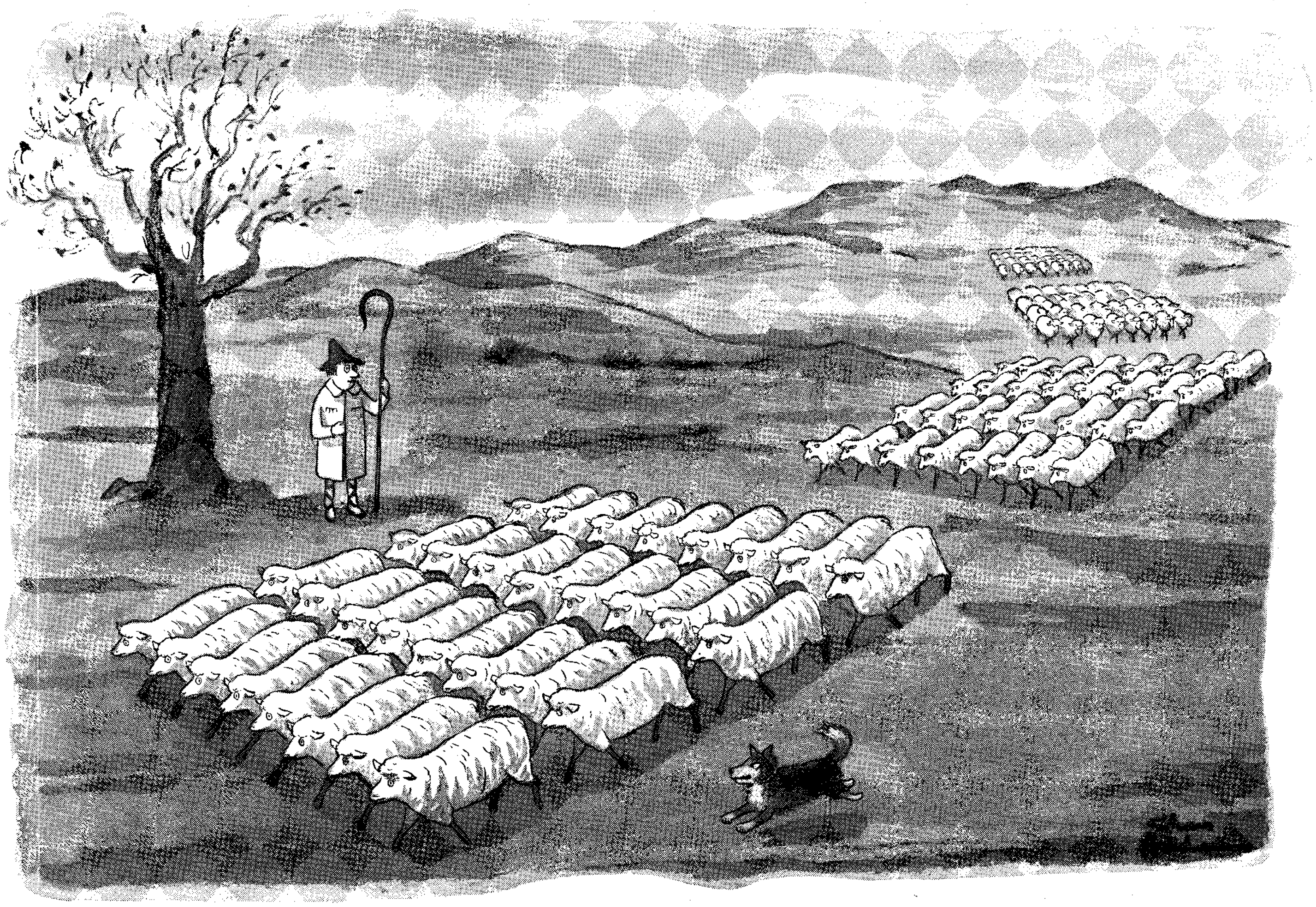


"We always planned to sit by the side of the road and watch the world go by, and then they up and bypassed us with that damned superhighway."

is no such animal today as a pure medieval thinker—not even among specialists in Thomist philosophy. And not only do the intellectual enemies of the machine belie their very culture by posing as pre-Renaissance thinkers; they take refuge in a world of impossible dreams, the effect of which is to present the future as being hopelessly in the hands of mechanics and repairmen, with no chance for responsible citizens, for men of learning, artists, moralists, philosophers to be heard and to act in the general interest. This the anti-machine people do very well, because they all know how to write and how to talk. They talk about the disappearance of good manners and other good things of life, and blame it on the machine. I won't deny that they are right. Too many of the good things *have* disappeared, and are still disappearing under our horrified eyes, but you might think that this would be one more reason for the lovers of beauty, culture, and refinement to make their voices heard over the din of the machines. The mechanics can take over only if the others let them, and we should not forget that the mechanics are not responsible for the advancement of science to the point where the making of machines became possible. As a group, men of higher learning, and even poets, bear the responsibility for the terrible objects that fill our modern world. We might logically say that the Amish are not acting in good faith when they ban the machine from their life. They are forbidden to use buttons, but, whether they like it or not, they do use the wheel, which is the mother of all machines, and the chair, which also is a machine. This said, I may continue to admire the Amish—as indeed I do—because they mind their own business with as little mechanical help as they can afford without letting the mechanical mind take over altogether. But I cannot admire the intellectual machine-haters, who mind our business instead of their own—or, rather, act as if they had already dispensed with our business, and proudly say so, using the telephone, the Dictaphone, the thermionic tube, the supersonic jet, the computer, the laser to let us know how vulgar we all are in comparison to them, and how blind not to see that the past is better than the present. And if you ask them to describe a machine—any machine—or to tell you how to get rid of the existing machines, they will reveal such ignorance of the whole matter that you begin to suspect they never meant anything they said seriously in the first place. On the other hand, you cannot call them stupid; they are alert and articulate, and their snobbish aloofness from the world of today is fascinating to the young. In the end, you are almost driven to conclude that intelligent people who speak stupidly are just plain dishonest. This explains how dictators, who are always illiterate, always carry a majority of the finest minds, and these, in turn, help the dictator take the younger generation by storm. The finest minds always begin by disliking the vulgarity of politics, and always end by accepting the vulgarity of a bum who enters politics as an enemy of politics and a restorer of the good old ways, the simple ways, the homey heritage, the pastoral approach. From there to a blood-and-soil philosophy the transition is quick. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Santayana, Thomas Mann, Céline, Shaw, D'Annunzio, and, in later life, Pirandello took this path through the back yard and the chicken coop into the ranks of criminals, with whom they had nothing in common. Some of them did withdraw, in horror, just before it was too late, and spent the rest of their lives trying to find intricate reasons for their early mistake, but the reason is always the same—mental laziness, or the aesthetic approach to political questions. The logical approach would have taught them that politics is with us from cradle to grave, because politics begins when a parent tries to make a child do what he does not want to do—eat his vegetables, drink his milk, take his bath. At all stages of life, there is the problem of making oneself be obeyed without being understood. Politics is a shortcut to philosophy. Therefore, when someone says that he will put an end to politics, far from being elated, we should know that within an easily calculable time he will deliver to us death, concentration camps, and the end of the world, whereas dirty politicians can deliver to us only their heads to chop off for not delivering the goods they promised. We may be sick with anger at the end of the process, but we will still be very much alive.

"Now, what happens with computers is that people who hate them are much more afraid of them than they might be of a prospective dictator, and yet computers are the anti-dictator *par excellence*. They never answer a question they were not asked. (Dictators answer *only* questions they were not asked.) Far from enslaving us, the computer frees us from lengthy calculations and guesswork. It follows that the invention of the computer has actually restored the pure poet, the dreamer, the artist in general to a place of supremacy such as these great figures had not known since the beginning of the Renaissance, when, as I said earlier, the scientific, or empirical, mind took over the whole cultured world and dethroned all that was vague, intuitive, mystical. For as it becomes easier to calculate what is likely to happen in various combinations of circumstances or as a result of various groupings of elements, it becomes easier to be confronted with the ultimate questions, which are forever vague—not because that is their nature, as we have always rather uncritically concluded, but because it is ours. If we knew with computer precision what we wanted in life, and therefore also what we were going to get, our life would be ended. Lack of surprise—a lack that is the essence of despair—would make us kill ourselves. Hope—the possibility of surprise—always inserts itself into our calculations and displaces the course of events, not outside us but in our minds. We are not satisfied; we are not through. Hope acts as a rain check of sorts, because even as fortune rains upon us from the most wondrous cornucopia, it is never the right rain, never the manna, never what we had in mind."

We were about to thank Mr. Lecht for his lecture, but he smiled and went on, "Don't leave. I haven't really answered your question yet. I am not a computer. You asked me about these boxes here with the inscription 'The No-Nonsense Machine' on them, didn't you? All right. Let me answer you. They are evidence in support of the views I have just expounded to you. This year, our company decided to take an exhibitor's booth at the Spring Joint Computer Conference in Atlantic City, and we had the smallest booth available, which, because it was placed at a stategic point, managed to impress upon every visitor the fact that here was a computer industry with the impressive name of Advanced Com-



puter Techniques, or ACT, yet with nothing but a few chairs and a desk. Our position was particularly alarming because we were flanked by giants in the computer field, whose huge machines made us appear even less well equipped than we were. During the two weeks before the exhibit opened, my vice-president and my other assistants spent a few sleepless nights trying to concoct an idea that would convey the reason for our presence there, but all they could think of was one more of those booklets telling on slick paper the story of the young corporation and saying what wonderful things computers are. In despair, I opened all the drawers of my own desk to see what ideas or objects had top priority on my unwritten everyday agenda. And what did I find in my desk? A model airplane such as a high-school student might tinker with, a slab of metal with no technical identity and no usefulness at all, and a few other silly objects I am in the habit of fondling while I talk business with prospective or actual clients. 'Not another one of your brainstorms,' said my vice-president as he saw me consider these objects with unusual attention. 'Look,' I said. 'Here is what I have discovered: This man whose desk I am searching likes to fondle objects. He is, in this, not much different from the other people in the computing field. Therefore, the only way for us to attract the attention of executives visiting the exhibit is to give them a toy.' I immediately thought of the one thing we had that could be transformed into a toy; namely, an ad we had placed in the *Wall Street Journal* a couple of months before, showing the faces of our staff, under the heading 'THE NO-NONSENSE MACHINE.' I called up Tuco Work Shops, the puzzle people, and had them make a jigsaw puzzle of over three hundred and fifty pieces out of our ad, and I packed them neatly in a cardboard box—namely, this box here—and that was all we had to offer the occasional stray visitor. Actually, getting the puzzle made was no simple task. It involved coördinating the activities of a printer in New York and the Tuco plant, which is near Buffalo, and there were problems of weather conditions—aircraft grounded, owing to fog—and, when the puzzles were ready, the great problem of getting them from Buffalo to Atlantic City while the truck drivers were on strike. We hired a plane and got the puzzles to the exhibit on time. By noon the first day of the exhibit, the line in front of our booth spread past several other booths and around the corner, down one of the aisles. On the first day, a thousand puzzles were given away, and we achieved the top attendance of the whole exhibit. The president of one rival consulting firm came running into our booth at about 2 P.M. the second day, shouting, 'What are you giving away? Money?' I handed him a puzzle, and that seemed to calm him a little, only to irritate him still more as soon as he realized that he had gladly accepted it. The next day, we had to announce that we had run out of puzzles but would get more at a certain hour from New York and distribute them as soon as they arrived. Our booth quickly became a legend on the conference floor. People were asking who this small, unknown company was that commanded the largest attendance at the exhibit. The last day, we threw a party—not at the exhibit, God forbid, but at a hotel—and were accused by a prominent exhibitor of being intellectual. What he meant by this we have never understood; it sounded like a cry of despair. Yet I assure you that I have never engaged in anything less intellectual—not even when I was in high school."

This time, we knew that the lecture was finished, but Mr. Lecht was still reluctant to let us go. "Come back soon," he said. "I have so much to ask you."

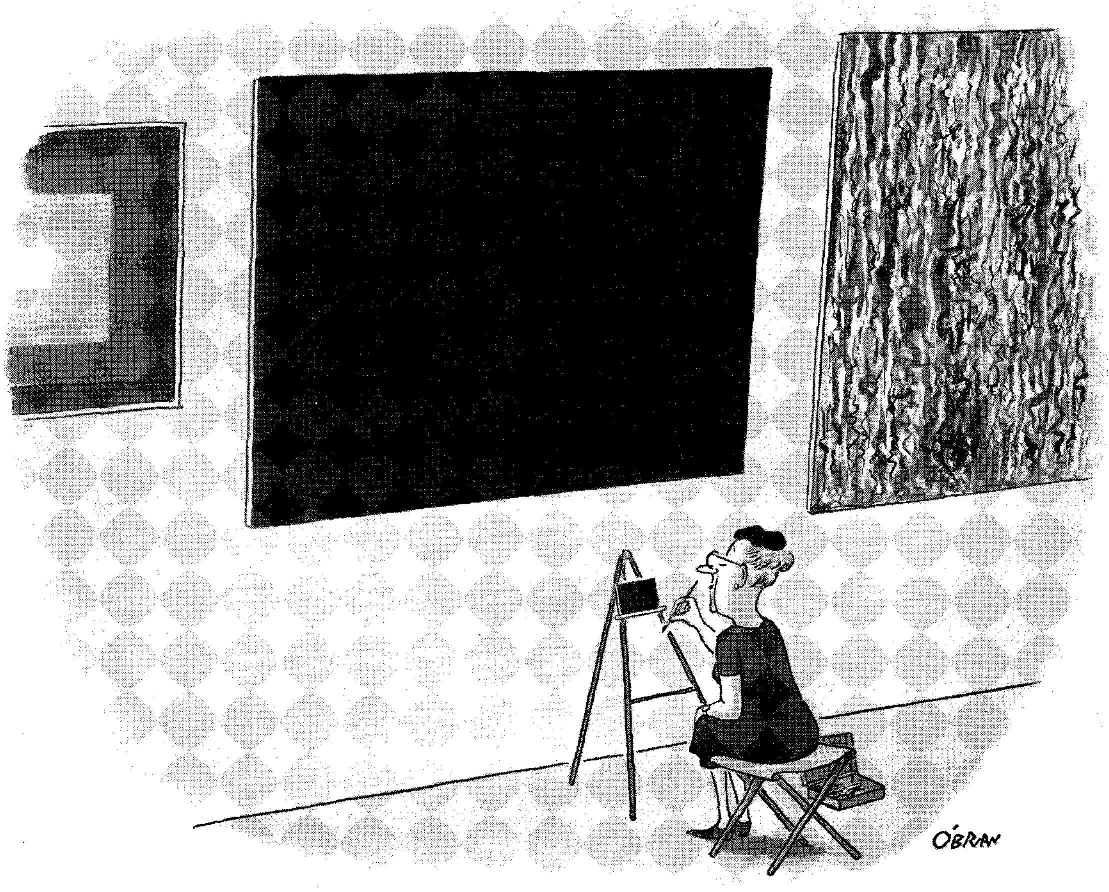
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ROGER ANGELL

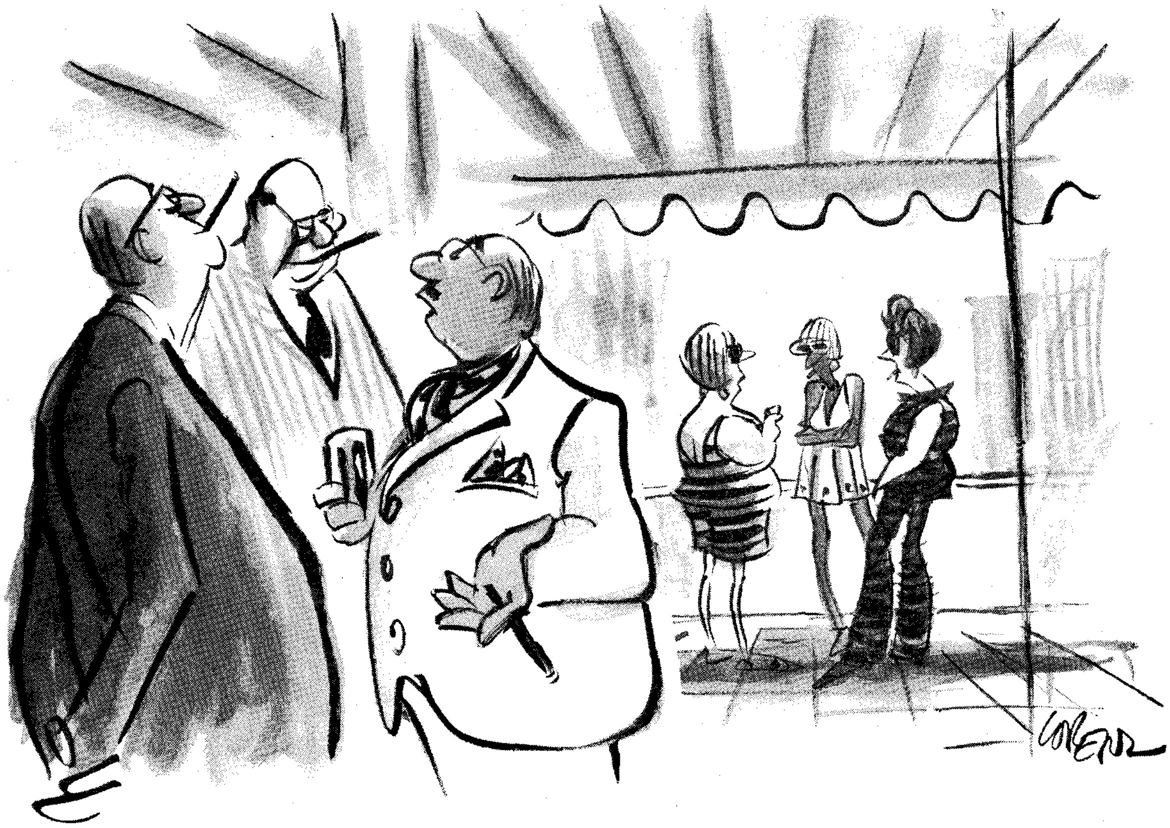
(MR. JIM BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT," "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON," ETC., GRAPPLES UNFLINCHINGLY WITH STILL ANOTHER BIOGRAPHEE.)

6:47 A.M.: The sun, a molten gaseous ball measuring 864,000 miles in diameter, is already up and doing business at its old stand. In Copenhagen, 92,900,000 miles away from the sun and 3,958 miles east of New York's fashionable upper East Side, the sunlight falls straight down like a dropped cymbal, clanging noiselessly off a sidewalk-café table where Jens Nielsen, a fifty-two-year-old bicycle-clip manufacturer, is tucking a snowy napkin into his vest. Mr. Nielsen, obeying certain familiar gastric signals, leans forward and gnashes down pleasurably on his first bite of *smørrebrød:* lunch has begun. At Weather Ship Charlie, Lon. 35°30′ west, Lat. 52°45′ north, in the North Atlantic, the sun at midmorning glowers through a high skin of clouds, casting a swaying gray lozenge of light onto the bunk of Seaman Apprentice Orbert Grummond, who is writing a letter to his mother in East Pharaoh, Kansas. "Dear Mom," Grummond writes after several minutes' cogitation. "No news. This morning we had cirrostratus at 20,000 feet and chipped beef for breakfast. Yesterday it looked like rain again, but . . ." At this moment, the same sun peeps like a débutante over the ramparts of the abandoned Ruppert Brewery on Manhattan's Third Avenue. Polite morning shadows tiptoe through the quiet streets of the East Nineties, but here too there are stirrings, unmistakable signs of significance. A bus clears its throat somewhere to the north. A pigeon, patrolling a narrow third-floor ledge of an old but tasteful brownstone, pauses in its vigil and cocks an amber optic at a half-shaded window. Within the window, in the South-Facing Bedroom of the Walkup, Roger Angell lies face down on the great Sloane's Bed. One massive arm is flung above his head, the hand open in a curiously boyish gesture of ennui. The stern, lightly lipped mouth lies half open. Roger Angell, quite unconscious of Jens Nielsen's lunch and Seaman Grummond's letter, is asleep. Not for him yet is the business of this day, the awful awareness of details, the knowledge that it is *now*. He is lucky.

Others are asleep here too—Mrs. Angell beside her spouse, a daughter in the adjoining Narrow Room—but already the urgent machinery of living has caught up some in the household. The gray, sagacious elder member of the sleeper's personal guard, known by the code name "Daisy," has heard the pigeon's inquiring *"Croo?"* Instantly awake, she lifts her head from its resting place on the bedroom rug. The slitted yellow eyes come open. The pigeon flaps off, and now there is a stirring and an irritable sigh from the right-hand side of the bed. The junior guard, code name "Emma," pads in through the half-open bedroom door, eager for assignment, but a warning glance from her superior stops her in her tracks. The Master, a man of Renaissance moods, does not always react favorably to being awakened by a cold nose stuck in his ear. Now there is a magisterial groan from the bed, and the cats leave the bedroom together, walking fast. In both their minds is the knowledge that the Master, when taken by an early-morning mood of scientific inquiry, sometimes indulges his hobby of high-altitude cat-throwing, stubbornly testing his theory that a feline, when lobbed skyward with the proper degree of spin, will not *always* come down on the bed on all fours. At times, while whirling dizzily near the water-stained ceilings of one of the East Side's most extemporary bedrooms, the senior cat has had to remind herself sharply that none of the Master's behavior is intentionally unbearable. She remembers that this is the same man who, on the evening of January 5th, 1964, impulsively slipped her, at her post under the table, a fragrant sliver of roast chicken taken from his own plate. The fact that he claimed no public credit for this gesture, never permitting mention of it to the press, is as typical of the man as is the fact that it was never repeated. Roger Angell has many attributes of "the boss." Generous, large-footed, and joky, he is still no do-gooder or sap. Cats and people in his administration shape up or get out.

Now the South-Facing Bedroom lies silent again, gathering itself for the day to come. Beside the bed, within reach of Roger Angell's hand, lies a telephone instrument, its dial pierced by a circlet of ten finger holes. By picking up the receiver and swiftly rotating the dial with an intelligent forefinger, the man in the Walkup can instantly provide himself with the voices and the immense burden of information necessary to the





"Shall we join the ladies?"

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business of his day—a plumber's answering service, a delicatessen, the correct time. Across the room, on top of a scarred applewood bureau believed by some historians to have seen combat service in the Salvation Army, there lies eighty-seven cents in change, two paper cups, a hairbrush, an American-made rubberoid comb with three teeth missing, and this day's schedule, decisively scrawled the previous evening by Angell himself on the back of an old bank withdrawal slip. The schedule reads: "Gin. Pay Con Ed. Missing pants at cleaner's?" At first glance, it does not look like a busy day, but there is room in it for innumerable new challenges and chapters. Some of the challenges are simmering at this moment within the enormously wrinkled brain still resting on the right-hand pillow. Fifty blocks south of the Walkup and twenty floors up, in the west ventricle of Megalopolis, lies the office of Roger Angell, editor. It and the surrounding offices are empty now, but in a few hours they will be filled by some of the most unforgiving mentalities in America. On the Rectangular Desk rests a matter for decision—a superfluous and possibly dangerous semicolon in a manuscript. This still ticking crisis would understandably tax any human brain, but yesterday Angell studied the problem unwaveringly, chin on fist, before deciding to sleep on it. Now the twisted seedling of the semicolon lies inside the rich loam bed on the pillow, and today, perhaps, the solution will flower.

8:13 A.M.: Roger Angell sits at the Breakfast Table in one of the East Nineties' most eclectic living-dining rooms. The man has already been up for thirty-six minutes. Moving with typical dispatch, he has brushed thirty-two teeth and, with swift, unerring strokes, removed over seven thousand fragments of whisker from chin and jowls. Now it is the time of the eggs. He looks at the eggs, which have been boiled for exactly two hundred and forty seconds, eye to eye. Evidently satisfied, he transfers his attention to the others at the table. The daughter sits to his left, the wife opposite. There is scarcely a face at this table that is not pleasing to him. By example, long silences, and occasional reprisals, he has welded these women into a family. He knows the capacities of his team. Within minutes, the daughter will rise, make her silent adieux, and depart, behind gigantic circular sunglasses, to keep her sullen diurnal appointment with a Smith-Corona upright, deep in the urban pampas. She leaves behind her, in the Narrow Room, a sweetly feminine and American compost. On the bureau, an empty bottle of L'Interdit lies on its side, halfway between an ashtray containing fourteen cigarette stubs and a small straw basket full of hair rollers, unmatched earrings, and buttons bearing arcane contemporary messages of love and defiance. The bedside table is a scene of girlish disarray, reflecting an eager, scholarly mind—*TV Guide*, "The Olympia Reader," a dead moth, and an 8-mm.-film camera containing an undeveloped but arresting closeup of Allen Ginsberg's left ear. The lady of this room is nineteen, an almost-fledged arrow uneasily at rest within the family quiver.

Absent from the Breakfast Table but warmly present in the bulging filing cabinets of Roger Angell's mind is the other daughter, the younger one, who is at this moment spooning prunes into the two-year-old mouth of a boy currently in her charge at one of Cape Cod's most ineluctable "beach" colonies. At sixteen, she is already a passable bedmaker, a barefoot summer soldier in the ranks of the employed. Now she retrieves a fallen prune from the floor and absently reinserts it in the trusting mouth. The tanned shoulder blades rise and fall in a brief sigh. Even if her father were President of the United States, she would still be here spooning prunes, for the homeliest familial task, when tersely limned, speeds narrative and royalties.

At the table, Roger Angell has thrown himself full tilt into the New York *Times*. Names, issues, torrents of data fly up from the gray columns as the dim, four-eyed gaze, flicking from left to right, absorbs, considers, forgets. At the far end of the table, the lady of the house sips coffee. She is a pretty woman who eats pretty. Soon she too will take her leave, coifed and A-shaped, to meet her economic responsibilities, for everyone in the Angell boat pulls full weight. Within her Gucci pocketbook, the Bonwit's charge plate confidently awaits its noontime airing.

Now the newspaper at the head of the table is lowered briefly, and Angell

ESTATES OF THE LOIRE

It is, for as much as we know,
Made for the delight of that vassal the eye,
Richly painted, rimmed like a cat's,
So that the velvet of the green iris
Swims in a fume over fume
Before such lightness and grace,
Launching upon its bold course
Of emblems, initials, and arabesques
Panoplied with the heraldic beast
Sea-silvered in azures, figured in gold,
Till, subdued by so much necessity
Of marvel and longing, of trepidation,
It softly closes on some faltering glimpse
Down the green-baized grove,
Hearing every imagining
Of the coming and going of mothed footsteps,
The closing of doors on the lost rooms,
Where the insect dryly ticks
Off huge stifling heart-tired strokes.
If, before that, it is an encounter on fields
When a wind comes to trifle with leaves,
Turrets that flow on to pennons that lavish their tongues
On every chance to stiffen and flare
Before towers so quick to the abutment of towers,
There is not room for the pronouncement of more;
A blazoning, too, beside bridges,
An absorption subverting flowers into tiers,
That ganged assortment not purely of color;
Intricate double stairways up which they passed
Into the regardant descent of the other;
On the roofs a very second city
Tiaraed with the stone royal lily
And ever the effervescence of salamanders
Held in the carved foils of flames,
It is less that an understanding is beggared—
By these mazes of boxwood bitter in dusk,
By the infantine sadness of withdrawn grass courts,
By façades that did not know the plumb line
(Seeming countenances with the irregular charm
Of the deep brow, the delicate mold)
Crests of this carapace
Carving great symmetries in space,
Royalling out into harmonical whim
By arches that pull in the sky—
Than that, having held on to,
Having been braced by
This profusion just made to blaze
Down the enormous perspectives of avenues
To the last of the barriers and borders,
It is to be enlarged by, to gain light from a mind,
It is to gain light from a world
Where, although we are poachers on these estates
(Ears ringing with the recounting of plots,
Cabinets crowded with poisoned gloves),
It is irrelevant to question our right to be here—
We have as much right as the caretaker's cat—
Irrelevant, too, to add that this is no legacy belonging
to everyone,
For above all it was embellished
Like an unreasonable glory
Surging and twining in air,
Like an imaginary dwelling exciting belief,
Maintaining an expectation at full strength
In the tide of the hopes that drown
As the clouds come down to these storeys
And the sunset caught in the pinnacles
Still seems to be blowing bugles—
Heroical rumors, rumors!

—JEAN GARRIGUE

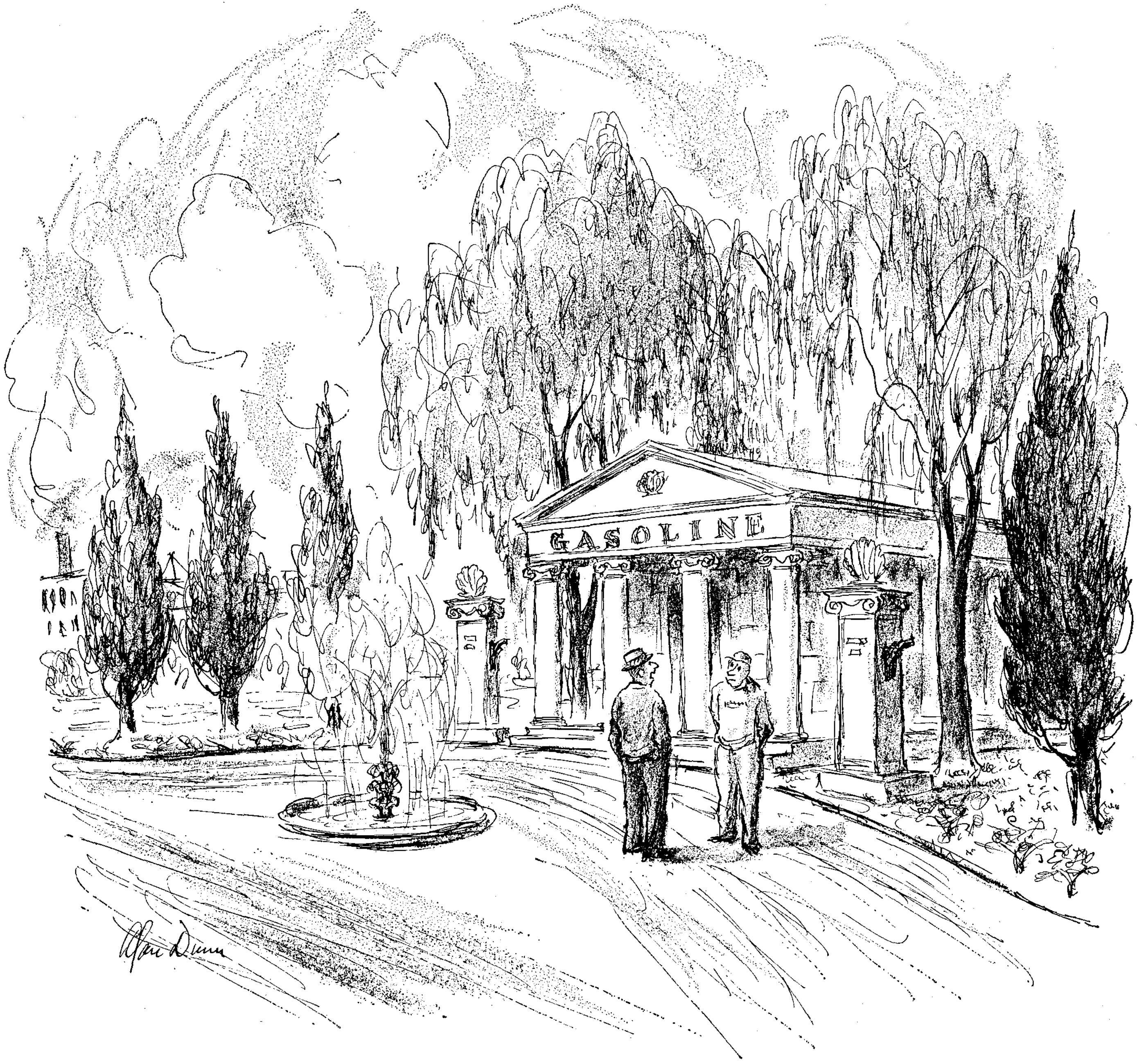
• •

clears his throat. A thought is on the way to his tongue. The mouth opens. "The Giants," it says, "is dead." Even before the words are out, Angell's quick-striding consciousness has flicked to the next column, where it absorbs more technical intelligence—news of a tennis tournament. Into the Sportsman's mind there floats a clear image of a memorable double fault served by him the previous Saturday, at set point, on a green *en-tout-cas* court eighty-five miles to the north-northeast. The well-netted balls hang in his mind like gasping shad. He rubs his towering forehead and sighs, remembering the aces that once flew off the racquet of a promising editor-athlete named Roger Angell.

The pages of the *Times* rustle and turn. There is a pause at the fashion page, and abruptly the stern face breaks into a creased smile, like a Mark Cross overnight bag being opened. In a soft, pumalike tone, Angell murmurs, "I think Twiggy is a stick." The front door slams; the daughter has gone. The two cats leave the room together, padding on burglar-quick paws. Mrs. Angell is in the kitchen, clashing dishes. The man at the head of the table looks up, puzzled. Breakfast, it seems, is over.

9:07 A.M.: The first Gristede delivery bikes rattle up Madison Avenue on their life-giving rounds. In Copenhagen, Jens Nielsen nervously paces the worn carpeting of his dusty office. On Weather Ship Charlie, Seaman Grummond stares irritably off at the horizon and bites his nails. Both are waiting to resume their parts in this drama of the present. Is it possible that they have been forgotten? Roger Angell is alone in the Walkup. Wearing pale-fawn boxer shorts, he stands in front of the kaleidoscopically jumbled tie rack inside the closet door of the South-Facing Bedroom. Low-key reps, rich silks, brightly checked ginghams come before his gaze. This is the time of the tie, and Angell the Dandy does not hurry. There is reputation to be sustained in this area, for Roger Angell knows that a junior reporter, hopelessly overmatched in a struggle for office hard-worsted supremacy, was once heard to mutter petulantly, "No one has *ever* seen the tops of Angell's socks." Today, however, the lightning of decision does not strike. Yawning, Angell shuffles to the bureau and begins to pull on a clean shirt. One arm is in the shirt when his eye falls on the scribbled day's calendar. Now the lean-shanked frame swings into action. He picks up the telephone and dials the dry cleaner's. The voice on the other end recognizes the caller and replies at once, ready for action. Inefficiency is raw skin at the Walkup.

Like many middle-aged literary men, Angell is unafraid to descend to the use of plain language in time of stress. "Hey," he rasps, the voice rising dan-



"It's probably not exactly what Lady Bird had in mind, but it's nice."

• •

gerously, "where the hell are my gray pants?"

Accustomed to brusque demands from this quarter, the voice on the phone suggests a possible solution. The tall instigator of the inquiry demurs flatly. The voice placates, rephrases, suggests. Angell, the half-on, half-off shirt flying behind him, strides to his wife's closet and finds there, swathed in Pliofilm and hidden between two freshly pressed dresses, the erroneously placed garment. He returns to the phone. No social amenities are brooked at such a time. "Right," he snaps, and hangs up.

Roger Angell has been awake for an hour and forty minutes, and one-third of the day's calendar has already become history. Now a weariness, a mood of introspection typical of sensitive men, comes over him. It seems to him that the knuckle of the day has already been gnawed. He spots the gawky, half-dressed figure in the bedroom mirror, and looks away. Unaccountably, the sleeved arm comes out of the shirt. The shirt is thrown aside. Angell sits on the bed and studies his Gothic feet. The man on the bed considers the issues that lie in wait for him. He thinks of the semicolon still dangerously coiled on the snake pit of the Rectangular Desk. He remembers the unresolved riddle of the necktie. Once, the man in the Walkup would have charged pell-mell at these problems, but slowly, steadily, he has come to accept the truth that everything cannot, or at least need not, be accomplished at once.

The wise gray guard slips noiselessly into the room and takes up her post on the rug. She watches while the Master lies back on the tastefully flowered bedspread. Then, with an infinitely delicate gesture of contempt, she lowers her head onto her paws. Across the room, the great feet are swung up onto the bed and comfortably crossed. Now there is a sigh. Now a soft snore rises into the morning air. Roger Angell's day—or certainly more than enough of it—is over. —ROGER ANGELL

•

"Die Fledermaus" is a light, frothy opera that deals with the mixed-up lives and loves of a group of Vietnamese who sing and dance their way through a series of escapades which end happily.—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Et tu, Met?

THE EVERLASTING DELIGHT

TO a foreigner there is something not quite credible about the stillness of the Italian countryside on a July afternoon. Even an American woman who had spent, as Mrs. Olivia Drew had done, a year in Italy doubted whether this suspension—it almost seemed—of life itself could be a habitual state of affairs, and she looked about her at the deserted plain as if to say, "You can't mean this." There was not a car to be seen except her own, not a soul, not an animal on the road or even in the driveway through whose gates she ultimately drove.

When she first lost her way on the mountain above, Mrs. Drew had seen a pair of woodsmen among the trees and stopped to ask the way. "*Per Sant' Andrea, come si va?*" But these country people had never heard of the village for which she was headed, though she knew it must be nearby. It was one of the woodsmen who had directed her to the house on the plain below, pointing it out from the spur where she had stopped the car. She could inquire there.

It had seemed so far off. "There's no house nearer than that?"

No, that was the house where she could be directed. "*Il Conte*," the woodsman said, pronouncing it "*Honte*" in his regional voice.

She had set off down the mountain, on a road of red dust that changed, from time to time, into loose pebbles or into an arrangement of stone slabs whose central prominence made her afraid for the axle. She was sure, at first, that some house or village would turn up before she got all the way down. But no, the track wound onward, downward, losing sight of the villa below but always, she knew, approaching it. The woods were very close on each side of the car, and birds sang at her open window. An occasional overgrown stone wall suggested that this land had once been cultivated, and she caught a glimpse, through trees, of a solitary ruin—the stump of a white stone castle, half covered with ivy. The single tiny clearing she came upon, however, was made around a monument, and she slowed down to read the inscription, so strange did it seem to find oneself addressed in that lonely place. A simple slab surmounted by a cross, the monument bore nineteen names in alphabetical order and a brief legend to the effect that these men ("*martiri*"), executed here by the Germans in 1944, had comprised the Resistance of the villages that circled the foot of the mountain.

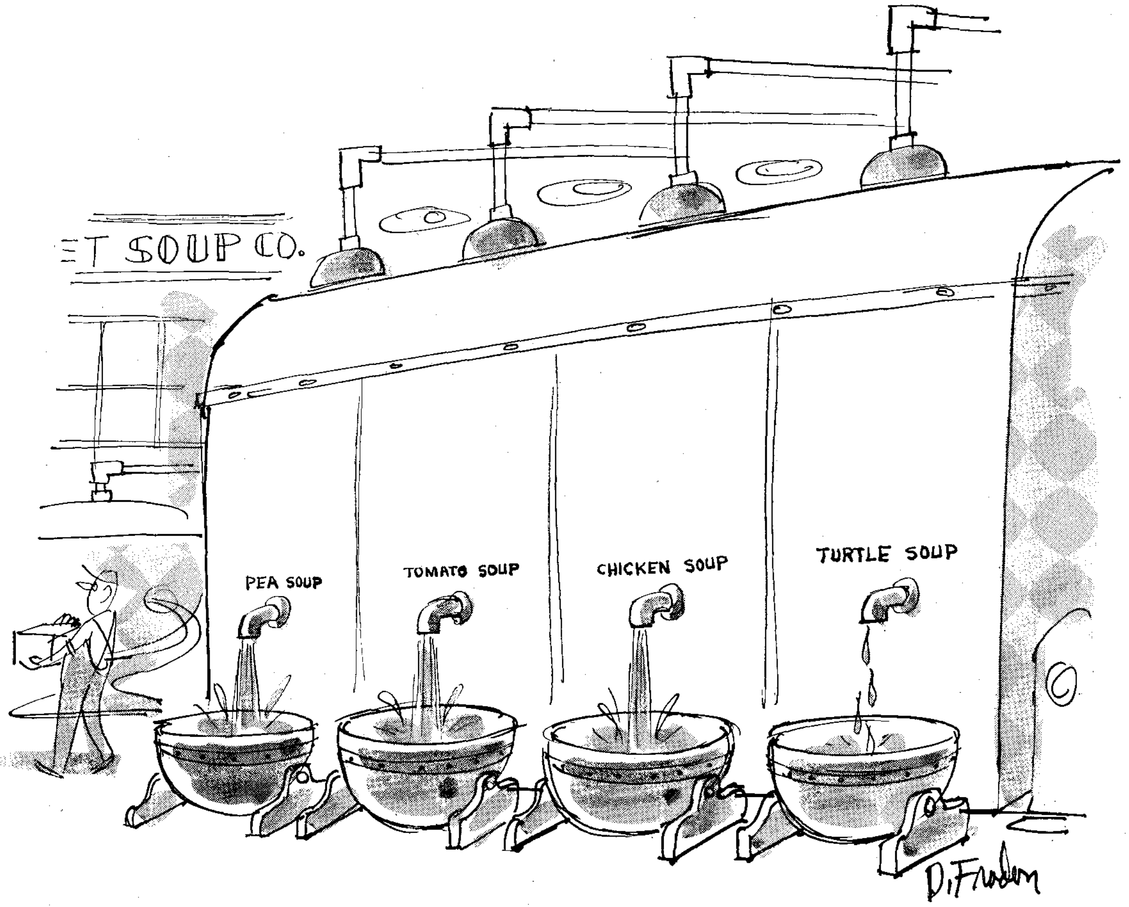
As she drove on, the Conte's villa came into view again. She could see, still farther off, clumps of stone houses, a Romanesque campanile—villages as distant, as tentatively suggested, as in a seventeenth-century painting. The nineteen honest men from these towns of the plain weighed on her heart as she came down the last loop of the mountain road.

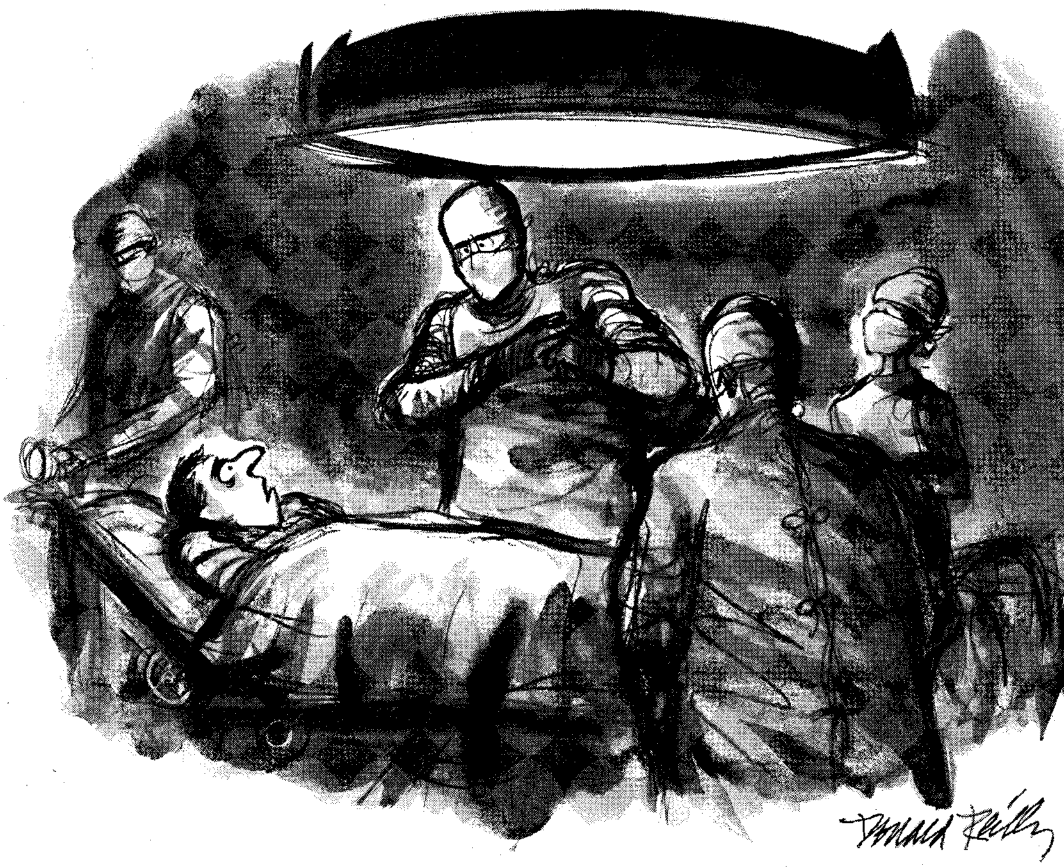
Now the road improved abruptly and she passed quickly into the open plain. It wasn't until she entered the open gates of the villa and found herself in a short, shaded driveway that she recalled how early it was. She hoped the Conte took his afternoon nap in some lofty chamber, far from the reverberations of his doorbell. Perhaps a servant would come out to meet her so that she need not even ring. It was no time of day to pay a call.

Parking the car under the trees, she opened the door, swung her legs to the ground, took out her mirror and comb. When she looked again at her watch, it was still no more than three o'clock. She closed the door with a warning slam, and walked through the garden to the house.

She saw at once that this was no ordinary villa. Or, rather, that it was singular just for being ordinary in a part of the world where every country house is distinguished. One could not have said, for example, that the house was ill-sited; it simply had no site—as if on this unexpected plain, between so many inviting elevations, its owner had jabbed a finger and said, "I'll have my house there," with no reflection whatever. Moreover, it was a new house: though built in the Florentine manner and stuccoed the usual light pleasing yellow, it was certainly no more than fifty years old. And it had, of all things, a prosaic, comfortable, almost suburban porch fitted into its main façade—a porch that had nothing to do with noble loggias or spacious terraces and in which a fringed, swinging garden seat had been installed. This seat was littered with magazines.

Mrs. Drew turned to look back at the garden she had come through. Pebbled paths led to a large pond, almost a little lake, but here too something was peculiar. Although its form had been prettily reproduced from some old design, the pond was disproportionately shal-





"*Wait a minute! How do I know you're not George Plimpton?*"

low; at present, though half full, the water made little more than a deep film, clustered with rubbery foliage. Around it, the garden was extensive, well tended, and, even on this hot afternoon, brilliantly alight with flowers.

The doorbell was of the kind that draws out from the wall on a handle—the handle in this case being a flowered ceramic one. Olivia Drew heard it ring inside the house, but this sound was followed by no other. Rather than ring a second time, she wondered whether she might simply drive on to one of the villages she had seen. She stood on the porch, undecided, her eye wandering over the scattered magazines with their cover photographs of royalty, posed and deposed. There was a full ashtray on a wicker table, and a loop of narrow purple ribbon.

She was about to go down the steps when she noticed, on the wall of the porch facing the swing seat, an engraved plaque:

This House Was Erected in 1928
By Federico Gasparini-Bondi
And His Consort Maria Laura
To Enhance the Youthful Joys
Of Their Children and for
The Everlasting Delight
Of Their Descendants

Everything about the little plaque was as charming as its message. Each of the marble corners had been lightly scrolled; the lettering was elegant, and surmounted by an incised decoration of leaves and tendrils. It provided, Mrs. Drew thought, a smiling counterpart to the sorrowful monument she had just seen on the mountainside.

She was reading it over, and wondering whether "delight" was in fact the best way to translate "*diletto*," when a quick step sounded and the door opened.

The man who stood there gave no sign of having been roused from sleep. That he was a servant was evident only from his way of holding the door as if it were his responsibility rather than his property. He was trimly dressed in light clothes. His face was dark, blunt but not ill-natured, and he had a deep scar on his cheek—a semicircular scar as precisely inscribed as one of the curved decorations on the marble plaque.

She begged his pardon. She had lost her way up there on the mountain. Did he know the village of Sant' Andrea?

He knew two of that name. One was in this direction (he pointed so vaguely that she was reminded of her conjecture about the siting of the house), and the other was in that.

They were both silent, confronting this information. Then he stepped back and went on courteously, "Won't you come in? A glass of lemonade—"

She thanked him, but she must get on to Sant'Andrea. She was going to visit friends there. If she could telephone, perhaps?

Inside the house, a man's voice called out. "Fulco! Someone lost? Bring them in."

Fulco said, again motioning to her to come in, "*Il Conte.*"

A woman called from upstairs, "In the *salotto*. It's cooler there. I'm coming straight down."

"*La Contessa.*"

Mrs. Olivia Drew did enter the house, but hesitantly, feeling that there had been a mistake, that some other lost traveller was expected. Ringing steps approached her from the back of the house, and lighter ones down the curving staircase at whose foot she found herself. Nothing about her presence in this unknown house could justify an eager reception; waiting there, she felt sure to disappoint.

They appeared at the same moment, the Conte short, stout, and twinkling, his consort taller only by her coil of faded hair, fragile, dressed in grey. Before she had properly presented herself, Mrs. Drew had been conducted from the stairs to a doorway, and before she had properly told her story she was seated on a sofa and lemonade had been sent for.

"I really must get on—my husband expects me back in Florence this evening. I drove out to meet these friends, you see, and got lost coming over the mountain. The village isn't on the map, and I relied on someone being able to tell me the road."

"It's not a village at all." The Conte slapped the arm of his chair. "Not the Sant'Andrea you're looking for. It's an old estate with an enclave of houses round the main building."

"My friends have rented a house for the summer. I don't even know the owner's name. The house is called—"

"Il Palazzolo."

"How ever did you know?"

The Conte and his consort exchanged a gleeful smile. The Contessa

THE DREAM

The top of my head opens
and out you go
into the pink-and-violet light of morning.

How bold you are!
You rise like the moon
while I sit on the edge of my bed

afraid to move.
A breeze comes in the window,
brushes against my cheek, and I feel you shiver.

You will not last the day.
When they see you,
dogs will bark,

children will run to their mothers,
and birds will flock to you for shade.
You shrink at the thought.

Come back!
Bring the girls, the doctor, and the samba band!
There's plenty of room.

I shall close my eyes
and lie down in the dark
and look at you.

—Mark Strand

• •

explained, "There's only one house there it could be—"

"And that's my cousin's! He always rents it out to foreigners for the summer. Keeps him there in comfort for the rest of the year." Now the old man slapped his bald head in dismay. "Wrong thing to say. I beg your pardon."

The lemonade was brought by a brawny country boy wearing white cotton gloves. Leaning back on the sofa, which was covered with a pretty chintz of lilac flowers, Mrs. Drew looked about her. Since this could not, in the circumstances, be done discreetly, she said aloud what she was thinking. "What a charming room!"

Like the house itself, the room was not splendid. It was comfortable, even lovable, a room of armchairs, of small tables and small objects, of flowers and photographs—of photographs above all. Young people, swimming, riding, skiing; formal portraits of babies, snapshots of children playing with animals; a boy being presented with a heavy book; a shy girl in the tight-waisted, long-skirted dress that in 1947 was known as the New Look. There were houses, gardens, parties on terraces, groups on beaches, a couple in a gondola. On some photographs the written messages were so long that they disappeared into the frame; other pictures had been mounted in pairs or as a series.

"These are your children?"

The Contessa did not at once respond, but leaned over the back of the sofa where they sat and handed Mrs. Drew a youngish woman in a garden chair. "This is my daughter." After a moment, she added, "She lives in Argentina. In Buenos Aires."

"Does she come here? Do you go there?"

The Contessa put the photograph back. "Her husband represents an Italian company there. She comes—yes—every four years, for a few weeks. They've been out there for eighteen years."

The Conte said, "At first they thought they would be sent home after a few years—so we didn't go. And now we're too old, it's too far."

"And—this is your son?" Mrs. Drew put down her glass and took up a picture from the table beside her.

"No. No. That's my grandson, my daughter's boy." The Contessa smiled. "Nearly two metres tall."

"Something in the food out there," put in the old man. "All so tall, so stringy. Something in the food." He took on the peculiarly serious look Italians assume when delivering lay opinions on scientific subjects. "*Non ingrassa, ma fa crescere.*"

The old lady got up suddenly and came back with another photograph, of two young men in a sailing boat. "Our sons," she said. She sat down again and looked at her husband. "They both died in the war."

The Conte made a movement as though to reach out and touch her. "One died in the war. The other—"

Across the room his wife returned his gesture with her fingertips. Husband and wife seemed, still, both so spirited that this grief would have to pursue them to the end of their lives in order to crush them completely. "The other," she explained, "was missing, then a prisoner. He did come back from the war, but within six months he was dead of cancer. I still feel he died from the war. I can't help believing that without the war he would be alive." She leaned back, pressing her hands together in her lap, not resigned to being so sad.

The old man said, "My dear."

The Contessa touched her guest's arm apologetically. "You mustn't think we make everyone sad with our story. I keep the photographs here. I like to have them out, and we're only here in the summer, when hardly anyone visits us. In our apartment in Perugia I keep very little from the past—except furniture, of course. So much furniture, from both our families. Now some of it is here, upstairs, but this house was never intended for antique furniture."

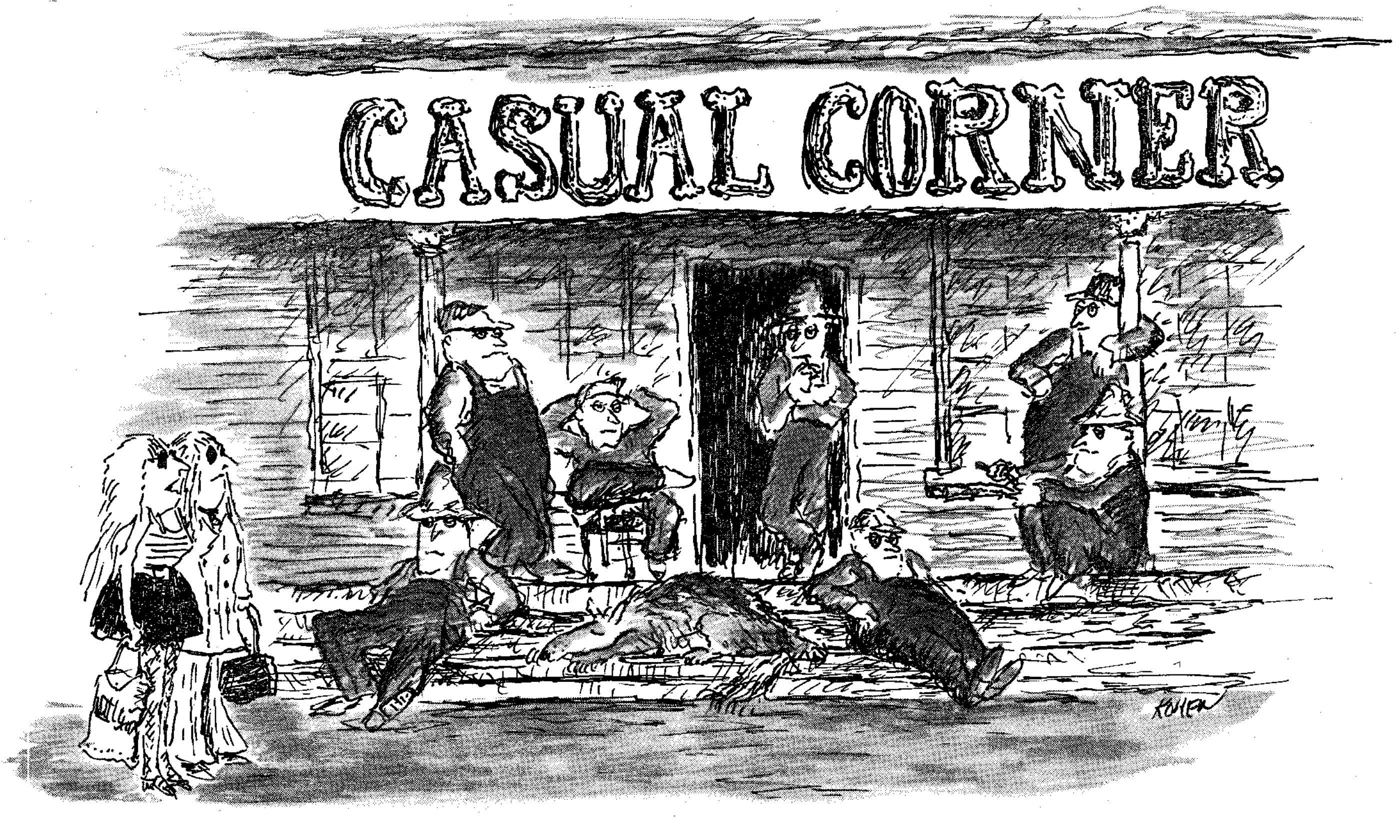
"We had the idea, when the children were babies, of making this house for them." The Conte lifted his hands to invoke the surroundings. "We have land here, and there was another villa that belonged to us, a mile or so away, now sold. But this was to be their house. No antiques, nothing to spoil, nothing to get scolded about. No cliffs to fall off, no pond deep enough to drown in. Everything easy, nothing intimidating. Just for children—ours and theirs."

"What a sweet idea. What a sweet house."

"It *is* a sweet house," the Contessa said. "I was worried, while it was being built, in case it mightn't have a nice nature when it was finished. Because houses have that too, like people, something they're born with; things happen to them later, of course, but a good disposition is more mysterious. This one turned out well. It really is *simpatica.*"

Mrs. Drew put her hand on the chintz cushion beside her, a departing gesture. "I must be going."

"Not a bit of it," cried the Conte,



"Oh dear! It isn't a boutique!"

• •

twinkling up again. "You'll be too early if you set off now—it's only twenty minutes from here. Take time to get your breath back and we'll send you on your way. Look, I'll have Fulco telephone. It must still be the same number as my cousin's, I've got it here." He snatched up a leather address book from a pile of albums, opened it on his knee, and pulled a monocle from his pocket. "Here we are. Oh no, no, that's another cousin. Yes, here it is."

Mrs. Drew smiled at him. The old man was like Proust's duke, with all his cousins. He was also irresistibly kind. While the telephone call was made, she described her journey down the mountain.

"It was a woodsman who pointed out this house—the villa of *'Il Honte.'* " She reproduced the Tuscan pronunciation with a smile.

"I sometimes think," said the old man, "that that chap in the poem of Catullus, who pronounced his 'c's as aspirates, must have come from hereabouts." He broke off to declaim, " *'Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet dicere—'* But forgive me, you were telling us about your drive down the mountain."

"It was beautiful, really. So solitary, except for the woodsmen, and so silent, except for the birds. There must have been hundreds of birds singing beside the car all the way down."

"There are *upupe* all over that mountain."

"The striped one that looks like pieces of other old birds put together? Yes, I saw him. Pheasant, too—a lot of pheasant, mostly female."

"There used to be boar up there, and deer, in the old days. Now only pheasant and hare. It doesn't look it, but it was an inhabited place until fairly recently—there are overgrown paths that used to lead to farms. The farms are all derelict now, abandoned, everyone gone to the towns. It was too hard a life, you know—water's the great difficulty, and then no electricity, and so cut off in winter. No one wants to do it these days."

"I didn't see a single building—oh, except a ruin, but that was no farm. More like a castle."

"That's Montevecchio. That belongs to us. It was a marvellous place for picnics when the children were little—battlements, towers, and a great stone staircase leading to nowhere. No one really knows when it was built, only that a noblewoman fortified it and lived there with her retinue in the twelfth century. A queen, the people round here will tell you, but it was actually an exiled Lombard countess. In the days when we used to go up there, there was still one noble room intact, almost like a throne room, with a stone dais at one end and curved capitals on either side of the door—perhaps that's where the legend came from, about the queen. Fulco tells me it's all ruined now—young people drive up there on Vespas at the weekends and pull it about, carve their names and heaven knows what else, and the weather does the rest. It isn't safe, either, these days. The grass there is full of poisonous snakes—as soon as people leave the land, the snakes come back."

"I thought of getting out to look at it, but I was worried about the time, and then the road was difficult just there. In some places—but of course you know—there are big stones, almost like rocks."

The old people smiled at each other. "So what are they, then"—the Conte lifted up his finger in a classroom attitude—"those big stones?"

"Not—Roman road?"

"Of course it's Roman road! An old, old road that existed before the Cassia was built. La Via Romea, that's what it's called, La Via Romea. This is ancient country round here, though not much digging has been done. God knows what's underneath. Before the war we found an Etruscan tomb right here in our garden. The government sent someone to look at it—he nosed around, made off with the loot, all that. There must be other tombs, cities perhaps, who knows? Once in a while someone comes across a piece of a pot or a weapon. There was a lot of fighting over this area. Though I suppose," he added glumly, "one could say that of any spot on earth."

Mrs. Drew said, "It's serene enough now."

The Contessa shook her head. "Not for much longer. They're building a highway—you can see it from the upstairs windows, coming closer all the time. It'll pass by about half a mile from here. A link to the Autostrada. It's called—" She appealed to her husband.

"La Superstrada," he said solemnly.

"*Ecco. Superstrada. O Dio*, it's all very well building these new roads, but the way they speak about it you'd think it was an act of Divine Creation. A cousin of ours was here last month, talking as if no one had ever seen a new road before. 'The future of Italy is in these roads,' he kept saying. Well, the past of Italy is in the roads too—they made roads from Rome to the ends of the earth. Now they're at it again, that's all."

"Something for the road, that's it!" The Conte leapt to his feet. "That lemonade doesn't do anything for you. A drop of something stronger, to give you courage for the journey?"

"No, really not, thank you."

"Well, you're right, it doesn't give you courage at all." The old man flopped back into his chair. "When our daughter went out to South America the first time, in '49, we decided to have a bottle of champagne always at hand on a table—in an ice bucket, you know, with a couple of glasses. The idea was to cheer ourselves up from time to time." He made one of his absurd, endearing gestures of total capitulation. "And it didn't help at all! Not at all!"

Mrs. Drew put her hand out once more on the cushion beside her. "What pretty material."

"Those are my colors," said the Contessa. "Lilacs and lavenders and blues. I found the material in Florence in the Via Tornabuoni. I loved it so much that I sent some to my daughter, but the sun must be different there, for it faded immediately."

"*Ma che dici?*" her husband asked indulgently. "How can the sun be different?"

"I mean—the light must be stronger. Or her chairs were more exposed." The old lady's mouth drooped at the thought of the life she would never even have a glimpse of. Then she turned to her guest. "Let us show you the rest of the house."

UPSTAIRS the rooms were again large, cool, and pleasant. The old couple led their visitor through two or three bedrooms and a room with a piano before the Conte paused at a pair of double doors in a delighted certainty of surprising her. Throwing the doors open, he preceded Mrs. Drew across the room and opened the shutters.

"My bedroom," the Contessa said.

The room, in contrast to the rest of the house, was richly furnished with eighteenth-century Venetian pieces. Commodes, chairs, tables, fantastically contoured and painted, stood around the walls, and between the windows an immense mirror, perhaps eight feet tall, mistily reflected the splendid bed that took up half the room. A vast canopy, containing a smaller, bell-shaped canopy of the same material, was supported by twisted and gilded posts and descended in scalloped hangings drawn back with gold silk cords. Canopy, hangings, and bedcover were all of the same peacock-blue and gold embroidery.

"It's never been restored." The Contessa lifted a fold of the curtains to show the work. "The other pieces have been touched up from time to time, but the bed never."

"This is the furniture you spoke of, from your family?"

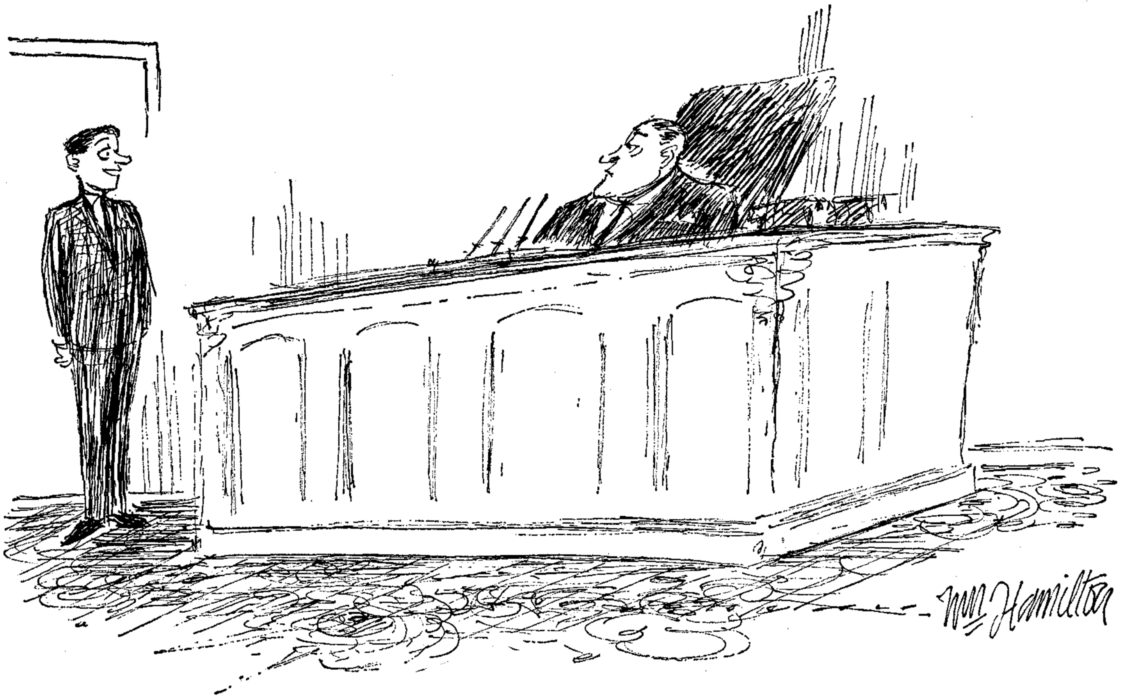
"This is the bed I slept in as a girl." The old lady hesitated.

"But we bought it only last year!" the Conte finished.

His wife smiled. "You see—I was brought up in a big house." She named one of the great villas of the Veneto. "It had a famous series of these beds that were commissioned from embroiderers in the seventeen-fifties—a red one, a rose one, a gold one, green one, and so on, in connecting rooms. Seven in all, for the seven children of the house at that time. The villa was sold by my brother before the war, and sold again a few years ago—I knew all that, naturally, but I hadn't been near the house for thirty years. Then, last year, my husband and I were in Venice and went by chance to a furniture exhibition at the Palazzo Rezzonico. There were exhibits of rooms from various periods—you know the sort of thing—and all at once I came through a doorway and found myself in my own room, with this bed and furniture I hadn't seen since I was a girl."

The Conte held up his hands. "What a scene!"

"Nonsense," said the Contessa, smiling still. "Only a few tears. But it was too much. I'd given up even my memories of that time, and there was the room come to find me. We discovered that the present owner of the villa had sold off all the other beds years ago, and this was the last one. So we rescued it. We couldn't afford the rest of the room—besides, I already had these other chests and chairs from the time of my marriage—but I got my bed back again. There was no room for it in our place in Perugia, so we broke our rule about this house and made a Venetian room here." They walked around the bed; with its enclosure of draperies, it was like a small chamber in itself.



"I hope you don't mind, sir. I just wanted to gaze upon you a moment before beginning my tasks of the day."

• •

THE bedroom opened on the far side to the landing of another, smaller staircase.

"We can go down to the garden this way, through the chapel," the Conte told Mrs. Drew, leading her down. "Then you can see the house from the other side."

The chapel was tiny, full of flowers.

"The Mass was given here regularly," the Contessa told her, "when we had a real staff, and *contadini*. The chapel is so small that half the congregation had to stand outside, around the door. When our daughter was married here, the guests stood right up to her elbow."

There were two memorial tablets, one on each side wall. Mrs. Drew, glancing away from this terrible symmetry, met the Contessa's eye.

The old lady nodded. "My elder son was killed in Greece, in 1941." When her visitor was silent, thinking of the other, rougher tablet on the mountainside, she went on, "Yes, the campaign of Italy against Greece—you're thinking, What could be worse?" She repeated, after a moment, "What could be worse?" The Conte went across the room to unbolt the doors into the garden. A shaft of hot light struck the travertine paving where they stood, and the Contessa said in a low voice, "The following year, our other son was reported missing in North Africa. We did everything to get news of him, things one could never imagine oneself doing. I went down to Rome. Through my mother I had a distant connection with the Pacelli family, and I used this remorselessly to get help from the Pope in finding out if my son was alive. When we discovered he was a prisoner, I made more trouble to have parcels sent to him, badgered people to get letters through. You think yourself incapable of behaving in this way, but when your child's life is involved you find you can do anything." Now she did turn away, and they walked slowly out into the garden. The Contessa took her guest's arm, not for support but with an air of giving encouragement. "Anything at all," she said.

"I'll get Fulco to bring the car round," the Conte said. "He can dust it off a bit for you." He disappeared around the side of the house. They were standing at one end of an *allée* of immense lavender bushes in full flower.

"Do you like it?" the Contessa asked.

Mrs. Drew smiled with pleasure. "I've never seen anything like it," she said. "Can we go down a little way?"

They strolled along together between the double row of bushes, whose scent and color were so deep as to give an illusion of shade. Every bush was filled with the whirring of bees.

"It makes the finest honey of all." The Contessa stopped to break off a faded sprig or two. "The flowers are past their best now. At the end of June it was marvellous—so beautiful that I wouldn't have exchanged it even for the avenue of lemon trees they have at Montegufoni. There are some new plants here—the bushes get tired after a few seasons and have to be renewed. But we should have shown you this garden from above—it should be seen first from an upstairs window, because of the patterns of the flowers and the boxwood. We designed it all so carefully, long ago, and it's only now coming to perfection."

The Fiat, driven by Fulco, appeared at the corner of the villa. It had been cleaned off on top and looked like some humped animal that had waded in red dust up to its haunches. When they walked over to it, Mrs. Drew saw that someone had put, on the front seat, half a dozen small gauze bags of lavender, tied with violet ribbon.

"A little souvenir," the Contessa said, taking her hand.

The Conte gave directions. "*A destra, a sinistra, poi dritto*. Then you come to a tiny track of stones, and you think, It can't possibly be this—and that's how you'll recognize it, because that's it!"

Mrs. Drew laughed. The Conte kissed her hand. She got in the car and leaned on the windowsill, thanking them. "I've loved seeing your house," she said.

"If you come this way again," the Contessa told her, "be sure to let us know. We're here until September. It's too far from Perugia to come for weekends, but we spend the summers here now."

The Conte smiled his permanently rueful smile. "So it does get some use, after all." —SHIRLEY HAZZARD

A REPORTER AT LARGE

“ON THE EVE”

TATTOO: This is a word which the Israelis have borrowed from the English. It means primarily the beating of a drum at night to recall the soldiers to their quarters, but as it is defined by the Concise Oxford Dictionary it may be extended to mean an “elaboration of this with music and marching as entertainment.”

The tattoo which in Israeli Jerusalem, on the night of May 14th, preceded the next day’s parade that celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of Israel’s Independence Day took place, beginning at seven-thirty, in the big new Jerusalem stadium. Seventeen thousand people in the stadium seats and many more watching from windows and roofs. A terrific demonstration: feverish, high-keyed, a little sinister. Fast-paced, nasal Jewish music—popular songs and marches—assaulted us from loudspeakers. A military rally with elements of circus: the arena illuminated or darkened to dramatize special events.

The units marched in one by one, representing all branches of the service. But the only weapons permitted were such comparatively light ones as drill rifles and anti-aircraft guns. By the terms of the armistice of 1949, heavy armaments were supposed to be banned from Jerusalem, so no tanks, big guns, or planes were paraded. The Jordanians, regarding the demonstration as an act of hostile defiance, had demanded of the Armistice Commission that the rally and parade be forbidden, but the Commission came to the decision that if the armistice regulations were observed they had no jurisdiction to prevent it. The majority of the diplomatic corps—it is said under pressure from Britain, which is already in trouble with the Arabs—did not attend the ceremonies, and the Israelis, I think, were miffed that almost the only foreign representatives present were those of the minor South American countries and the newly established African republics to which Israel has been sending advisers to help them in establishing their new regimes. Ben Gurion so disapproved of this deference to foreign opinion that he boycotted the whole celebration. It was thought that he would have brought out the tanks in contempt of the terms of the armistice, which, intended to guarantee Jerusalem as an international city, had become a complete dead letter. The more important Israeli Arabs, in their black gowns and white headdresses, were occupying some of the more prestigious seats, and Jordanian Legionnaires were seen to be watching the proceedings with binoculars and periscopes from the Old City wall.

There was, however, no mistaking, in any case, the militant character of this occasion. The performance had begun with the tattoo proper—the drumming. But it was not merely the name and the nature of the ritual that had been learned from the English. The whole style of the troops on parade was British: the exaggerated swinging in rhythm of the arms, the long strides with the legs wide apart, the emphasized stamping in coming to place. The various commanders and officials made individual entrances, preceded by motorcycles. They were driven around the arena and escorted to the official stand. This culminated in the advent of the President, with a motorcycle guard in front and outriders on beautiful white horses behind. (In going back through the gate, one of these horses slipped and fell and broke the rider’s leg—no doubt to the malicious satisfaction of the Arabs, who pride themselves on horsemanship.) Everybody now stood and sang the national anthem—composed by a Palestinian Zionist years before the State of Israel. A poem by Natan Alterman was read. It had originally been written at the time of the Sinai campaign and, when it had been tried out at rehearsal, was considered too bellicose for the present occasion; some passages had been cut in the Prime Minister’s office. Then the lights were turned out, and, in the dark, pairs of big glowing dots were seen coming down the aisles. These were soldiers wearing bulbs on their shoulders—white, bluish, and pink—who, gradually filling the platform, performed interweaving evolutions. Everybody specially clapped. Spotlighted choirs sang in the frames of a high stand and one of the gates.

When the lights went on again, the President made a speech in which he carefully refrained from any show of belligerence but regretted that “the harmony in which we wish to live with our neighbors is very slow in coming. All our attempts to coöperate and to communicate, even in the slightest, with them have not yet borne fruit, and if hatred against us no longer assures them of unity among themselves, it is still far from weakening.” He spoke of the economic difficulties which Israel had lately been having—the unemployment, the lessening of immigration, the dangers of “spiritual relapse”—and the hopeful indications that might be taken to offset these: the narrowing of the gap between imports and exports, improvements in agriculture and advanced mechanization. I did not understand Shazar’s speech, but I was close enough to see the repercussions of his back at every emphatic statement, and he seemed to me very forceful. Hebrew is a peculiarly positive language; it packs most of the meanings which we relegate to adverbs into its varied and pregnant verb forms. I spoke of this afterward to an Israeli friend, saying that in contrast to the Russians, who, even when they are making speeches that are intended to be strongly assertive, can never seem to get away from a complaining, lugubrious tone, a speech in Hebrew always sounds dynamic. (This is partly due, I believe, to the long, trailing cadence of Russian words as contrasted with the short words of Hebrew.) He said that if I had understood Shazar’s speech I would not have had this impression. Why not? “Because he makes everything sound pathetic. If he spoke about that table, he would make it sound pathetic.” But why? “Because he’s a Russian.” Shazar was only forceful, he said, “phonetically.” And, indeed, when I came to read the speech, I saw that the sentiments were actually, as has been indicated above, quite moderate. This seemed to me a striking example of the transformative powers of language.

The maneuvers were now continued. These included a contingent of men and women veterans from Eastern Upper Galilee, in white shirts and blue trousers or skirts, and there was a reading of an appropriate passage from Josephus, in which the valor of the Galileans in their war against the Romans was commended: “These two Galilees, of such a size and encompassed with so many nations of foreigners, have always been able to make a strong resistance on all occasions of war; for the Galileans are inured to

"I hitched my wagon to one of those, and here we are!"

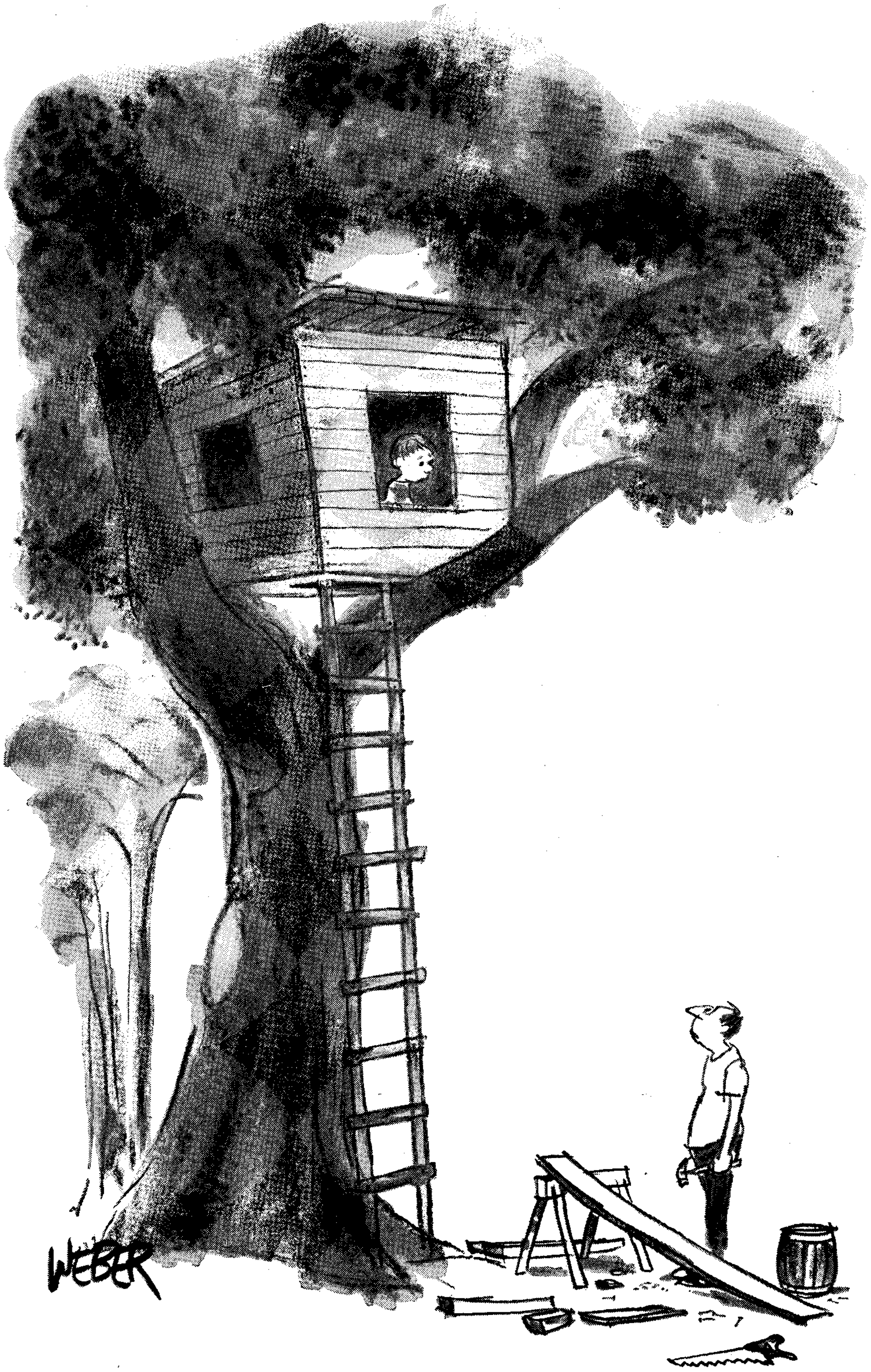
• •

war from their infancy, and have always been very numerous; nor hath the country been ever destitute of men of courage, or wanted a numerous host of them." Nineteen caldrons in which gas was burned were set blazing by a torch which had first been lighted at the tomb of Herzl—one for each year of independence—and went on burning through the rest of the evening. Children brought flowers in pots and set them on the edge of the platform, while the band played "Happy Days Are Here Again." As each unit passed the reviewing stand, a shattering cannon shot was fired. I had not been warned about this, and thought at first it might be the Jordanians bombarding from across the line, as the tension in the air when I came in had made me fear that a siren which was suddenly heard and which was followed by sudden silence might herald an air raid from Syria. It was explained that this was simply a signal of the ending of the Day of Remembrance of the men who had died for Israel, which had preceded the celebration. The evening performance concluded with a crackling display of fireworks, the most splendid and explosive I had ever seen. The rockets and other starbursts were fired off from both sides of the stadium and so low over the heads of the audience that the sparks just fell short of peppering us. I was told that this display had been very expensive, since the fireworks had been bought in Paris.

It was not till the next day that I learned that Egyptian troops were being moved out of Cairo along the Nile.

PALESTINIANS: The King David Hotel, in which I stayed, was crowded with visitors who had booked their rooms for the Independence Day festival, and I had to move out for a night. I was invited to stay with a young lawyer and his family, and I was glad to make their acquaintance and to see how such young people lived. Their apartment seemed to be typical of the newer apartment houses—modest, comfortable, and with plenty of light and space. (I do not remember, however, seeing one with an elevator.) Since the wife as well as the husband had to be away during the day, they had managed to have a maid—which seemed easier than at home—who came in to do the housework and to be with their little girl. Both husband and wife were old Palestinians, whose families had been there for seven generations. They had found, on comparing notes, that her forebears had been there two years longer than his. Her great-grandfather had been the founder of the first Hebrew-language paper published in Palestine, as well as of the first Jewish settlement established outside Old Jerusalem. I was becoming more aware of these old Palestinians than I had been on a previous visit to Israel. I met quite a number of them, including a handsome Sephardic lady who told me that her family had come straight from Spain to Palestine in the sixteenth century. When a Palestinian has told you about his lineage, he sometimes adds—though she did not—"Mayflower." These natives, I felt, were the bottom rock on which the new state had been based. They are quite self-assured and as indigenous to their country as are the people of any other. They have never had to adapt themselves to another culture. They do not seem to have been influenced by the Arabs, and although the British let them down and have not been especially beloved, they learned from them, in the days of the Mandate, a competence in English and in military training. They speak foreign languages with a Hebrew accent, which is not at all the same as a Yiddish one. I remembered that Frances Gunther (the former wife of John Gunther)—who I was sorry to find had died since my earlier visit—had believed herself to be descended from David, and when I mentioned this I was told that there were even Israeli royalists who also thought themselves the descendants of David and asserted, like all royalists, that the problems of the country could be much more easily solved by a monarchy.

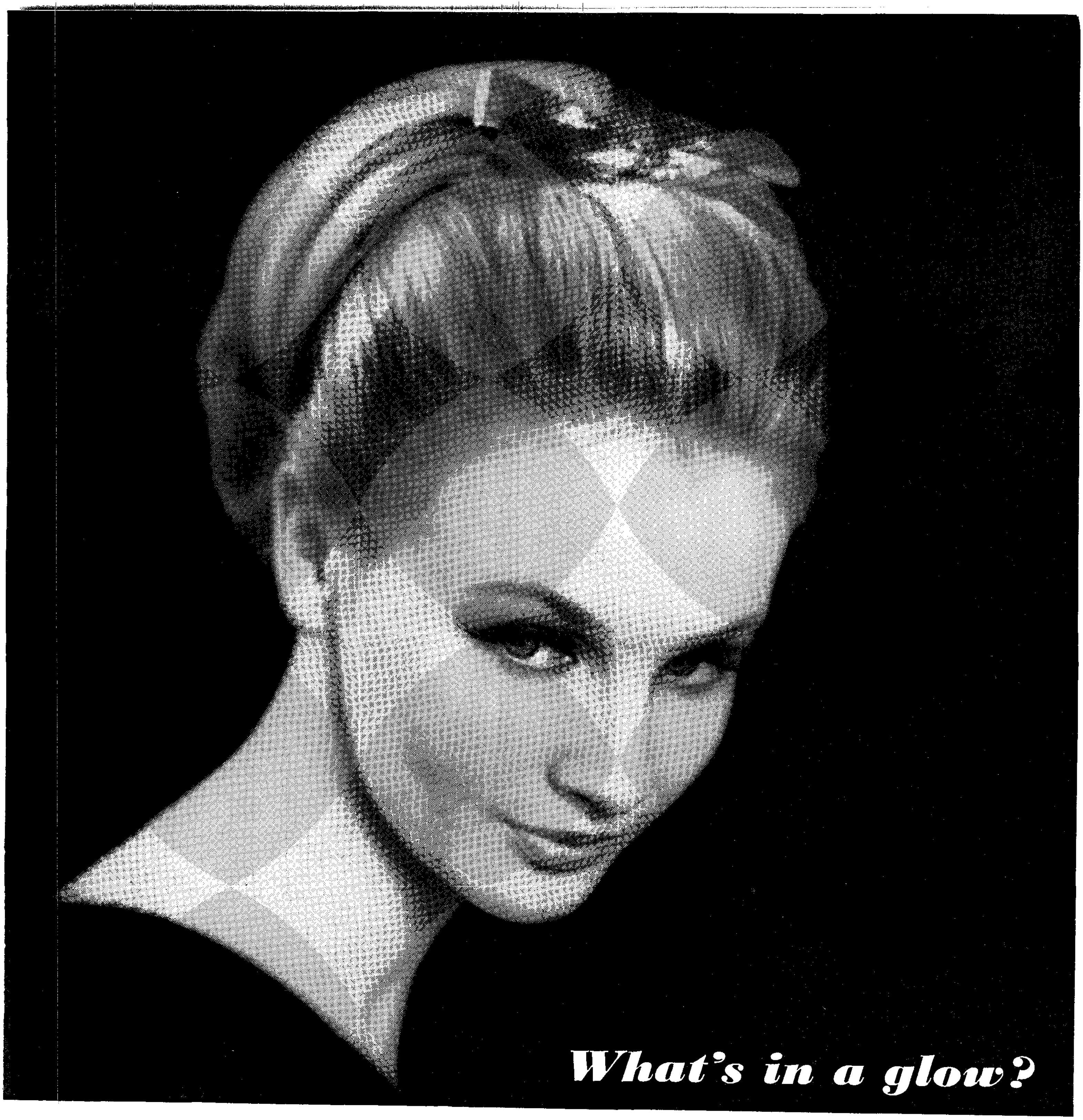
The lawyer and his wife who were good enough to put me up were examples of the kind of young people whose prime aim, apart from their family life, is to work for the new state. The wife was kept busy all day attending to the foreign visitors. She dressed simply, like many of the women, in one of the straight-falling waistless gowns that are circled by green-and-orange or pink-and-blue stripes. Her husband said he drank very little aside from the sweet Carmel wine which they have on Friday night with the Sabbath supper. There was some card-playing, but it was thought rather "decadent." He was worried about the Syrians, who were constantly *mining* the roads, so one hardly dared nowadays to take one's family out for a drive. Even the road to Tel Aviv had been mined, though this had been cleaned up. The possibility of five Arab states' combining against Israel was a very disturbing prospect. "They want to drive us into the sea!"



"Now what do I do?"

THE visitors at the King David Hotel present an unattractive contrast not only to these native Palestinians but also to the Israelis in general, who are active, industrious people, with skins that have been darkened by the Eastern sun. The visitors, on the other hand, are Jewish bourgeois from all over, usually pale and fat and amorphous—all bulges and bay windows and thick ankles and necks—and, though evidently prosperous, dowdily dressed. Occasionally there are a lean old couple, who are touching in having, at the end of their lives, taken the trouble to journey to Israel to see what their fellow-Jews have accomplished. They have almost all come for the celebration, and most of them leave the next day. I saw only one old gentleman who wore his black cap in the dining room. All these visitors, I was reminded, belonged to an income level that enabled them to afford the King David prices. The young people who had made it on a shoestring were only to be seen in the hostels. At any rate, it was strange and striking to go from the hotel lobby to the offices of Air France next door and find a beautiful young Israeli girl, as dark as any Arab, with black and high-powered eyes, her slim figure so hidden by one of those sacklike dresses that it was impossible to see its contours. She made no play with her beauty, and, when I looked at her, dropped her eyes.

THE TWO JERUSALEMS: I had come over to Israel from Jordan, where I stayed, as I had on my earlier trip, at the American School of Orien-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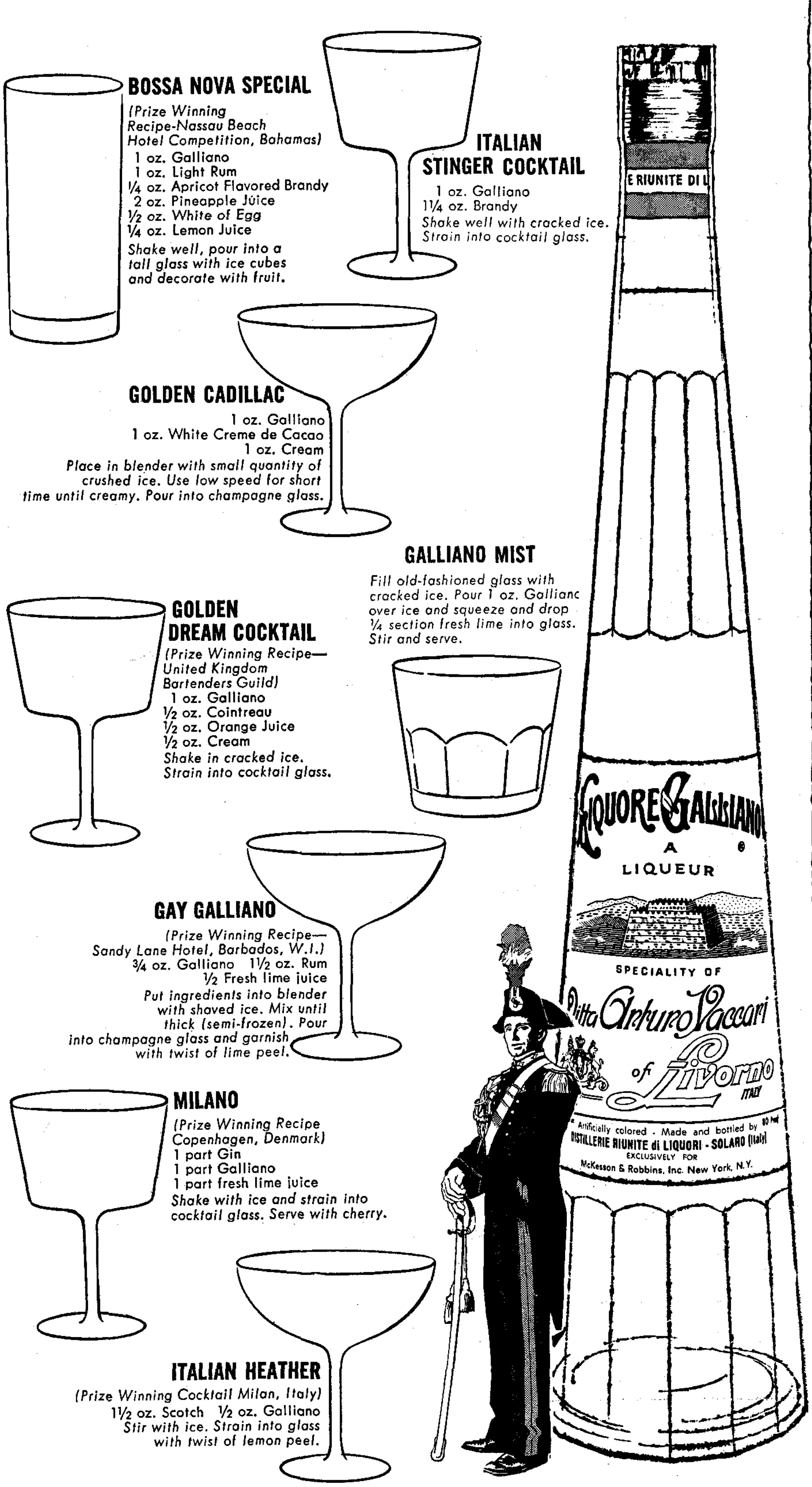
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Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
¾ oz. Galliano 1½ oz. Rum
½ Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1½ oz. Scotch ½ oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

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tal Research. I have always found the atmosphere there friendly and the conversation interesting. I had come to the Middle East in order to bring up to date a volume on the Dead Sea scrolls that I had published twelve years before, and I have found that I can learn a good deal at the School, whose inmates are mostly archeologists, historians, or Biblical scholars. I was impressed by the passion for archeology which has developed during the last few decades. The excavation of Jericho by Kathleen Kenyon, of the Qumrân monastery by Père Roland de Vaux, and of Masada by Yigael Yadin are the Palestinian feats that have been most in the news, but Jordan has been full of foreign excavators—the Arabs seem to take little interest—and the Israelis have been equally busy, with the result that the world of the Bible, with its palaces and temples and tombs, and all the textiles and food and utensils and ornaments of its daily life, is being brought thus before us in these terms of the concrete objects that have been disinterred in their ancient settings and that disengage this ancient past from the language of the King James Bible and the atmosphere of legend which it inevitably creates. Among the archeologists at the School were a Dominican, a Jesuit, and a nun—all, I should say, in their thirties. Most of the time they were away at "digs," and came back only on weekends or when the scrambling and exposure had made them ill. They were very agreeable company. When I had been at the School thirteen years ago, no one, I believe, except the Director, in his house, had ever offered me a drink, but now these youngish scholars would invite me to their common room, where I found them fortifying themselves against facing the dreary dinner—monotonous rice and lamb, accompanied by leathery Arab bread—with a couple of shots of whiskey. Sister Marie was in ordinary clothes, and her pretty brown hair was unshaved. She and the Jesuit told me that the cropping of nuns was in America today "a myth."

But the School is a "compound." The foreigners keep to themselves, and complain that at the cocktail parties they see always the same people. I met only two educated Arabs. My happiest impression of an uneducated native—ninety per cent of the Arab world is illiterate—was the night watchman at the School, whom they called "the Hajj," because he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He wore a turban, a white robe, and a beard, and was shaped like a huge hogshead, with, apparently, the consistency of a bol-

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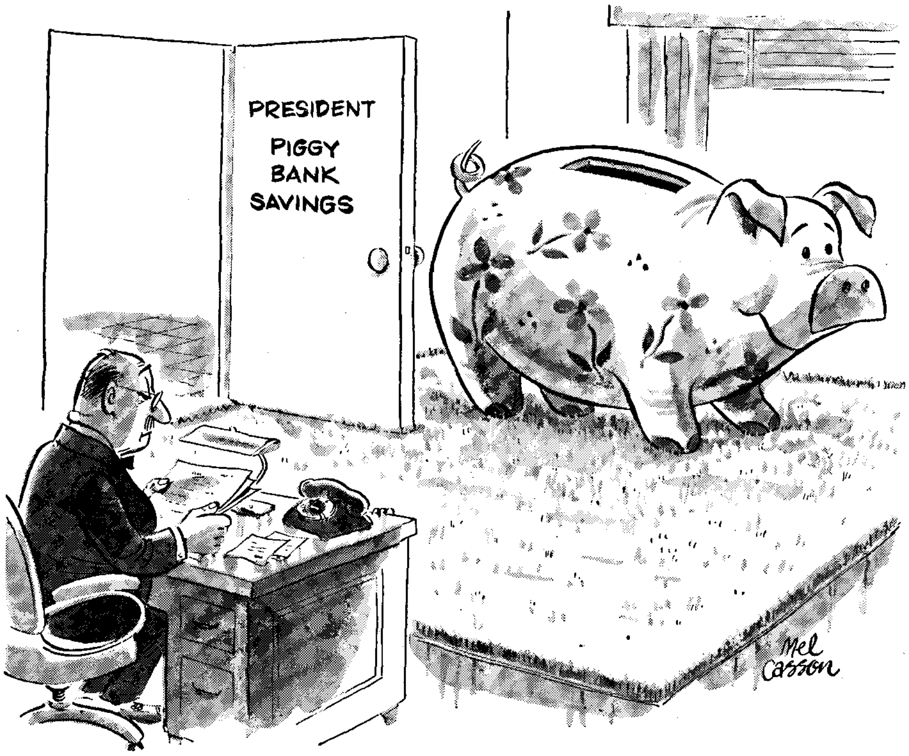

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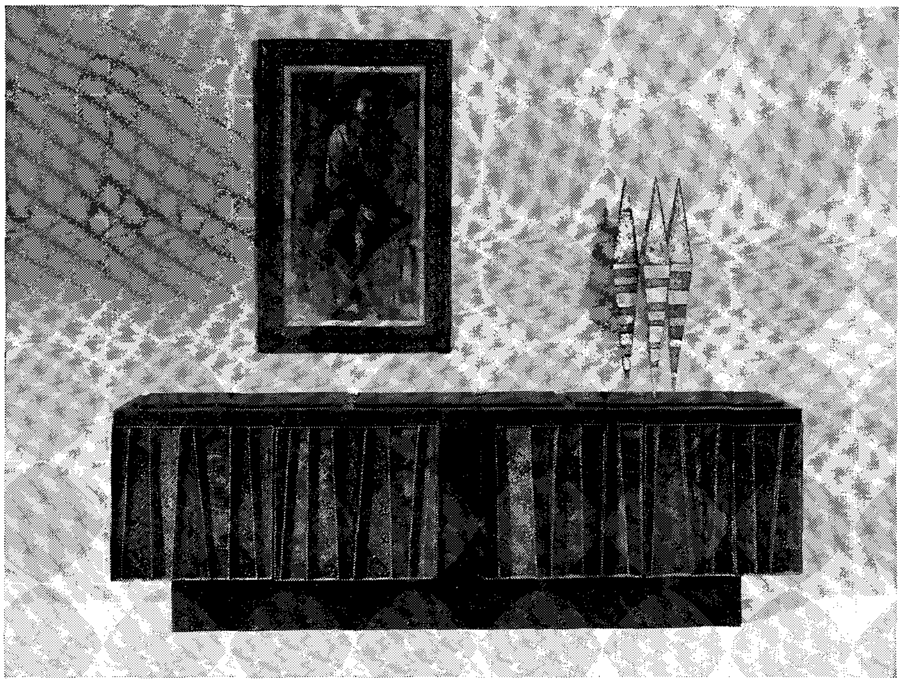

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ster. He was posted on the little porch at the top of the steps to the door, either curled up in sleep or praying. He did not know a word of English, but invariably shook hands and blessed one with an air of extreme benevolence. The permanent residents of the School he sometimes embraced and kissed. One has to remember that Mohammedanism, in spite of the fierceness attributed to the Arabs, inculcates, aside from its ritual, gentle virtues like the Christian ones.

The Muslims outside were not always so attractive. A whole little Arab Rue de la Paix—in the windows of the women's-wear shops, half-Europeanized dummies, with miniskirts but slanting Arab eyes—has grown up, since my previous visit, on one of the principal streets outside the old wall, where the School and the chief government building stand, and here you are continually leaped at and waylaid by bootblacks, antique dealers, pimps, and people who want to drive you to Petra for at first an exorbitant price, which they will very quickly reduce to a half or quarter but which still remains excessive. The unwary are subjected to colossal swindles. An American girl warned me—she has lived for some time in the Middle East—"There's no right or wrong about it. They're out for all they can get." I was told that even the post office cheated in selling stamps and that the old Oriental tradition of doing nothing without a bribe had made it difficult for the people at the School even to collect a consignment of books which had been ordered to stock its library. Not that I did not find—in bookstores, for example—quite sober and dignified men, but to walk through that street was annoying. Of course, this kind of thing is found in any city that mainly attracts tourists, but Jordanian Jerusalem is worse than anything I remember in Italy. If you say no, they will not accept it but will follow you for any distance. I was advised to throw back my head and make a clicking sound with my tongue, and I found that this was effective. On the street, people saunter along, with no system for sharing the pavements. There is no system, either, of traffic control, and although there are few cars, they so recklessly hurtle about, with a constant and insolent honking, that they make crossing a street seem dangerous.

I HAD seen most of the sights when I was there before, and I went only once into the Old City. My re-

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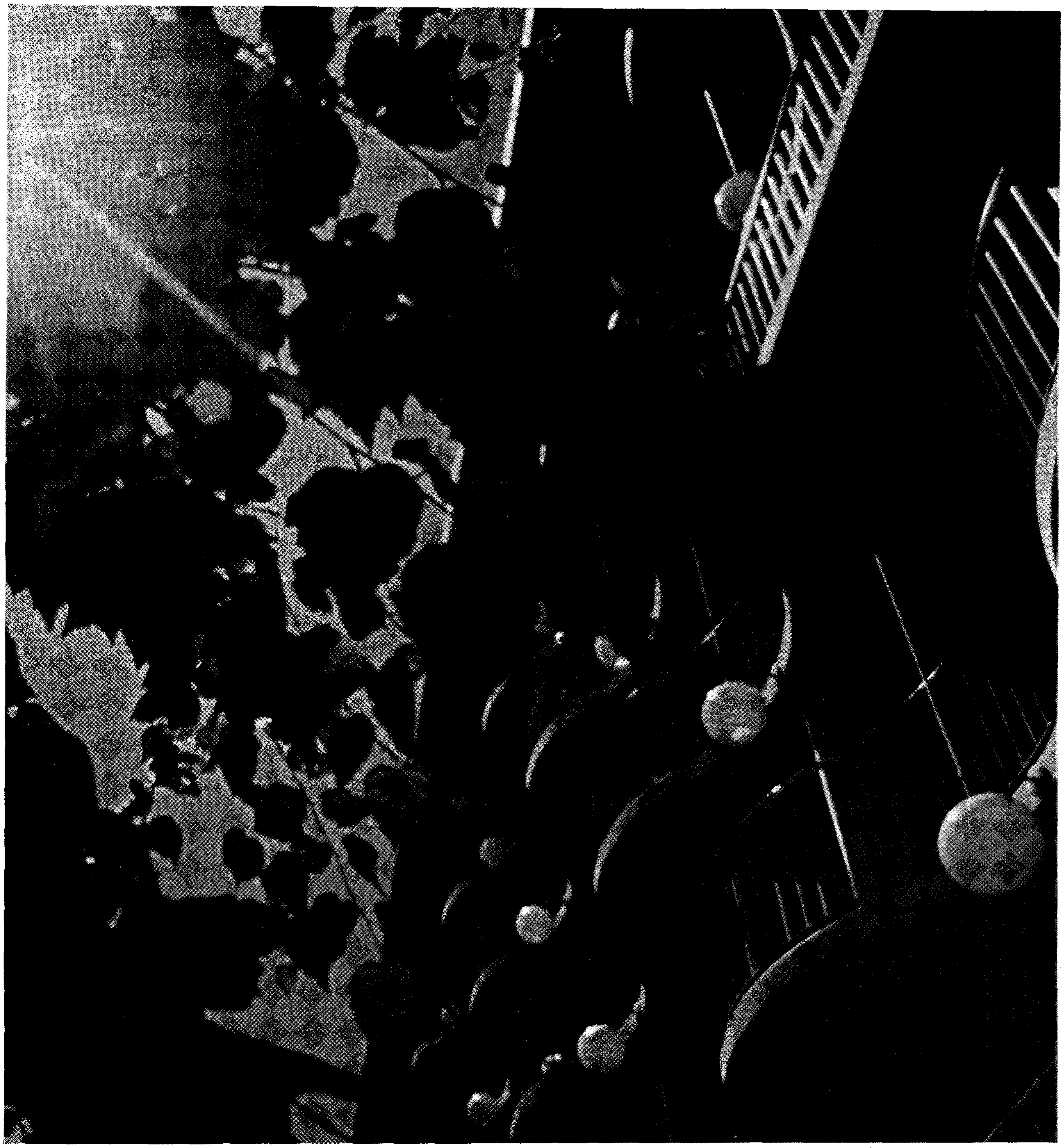

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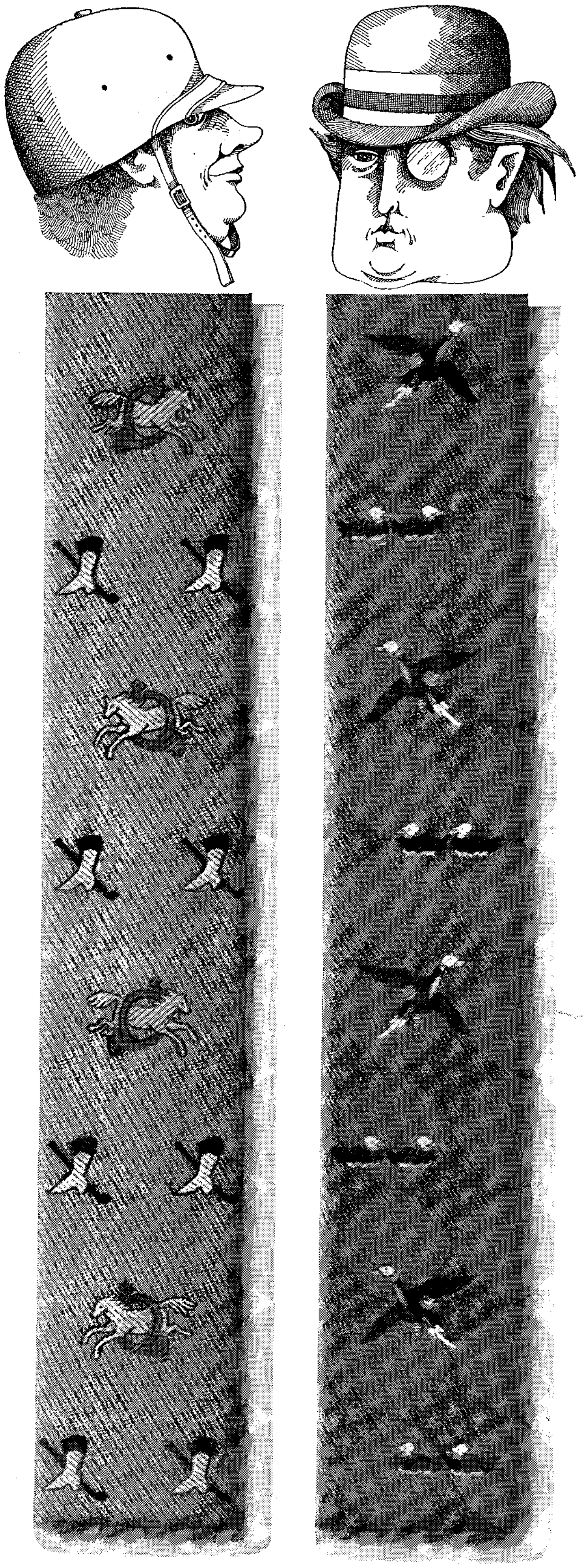
actions to it were no doubt influenced by my ailments and advancing years—it is hard for me now to go up and down steps, and the ancient Damascus Gate lets you in for a good many—but I am not very fond of Old Jerusalem. When I first saw it, years ago, it appealed to my imagination; now it only fatigues and disgusts me. When you go in by the Damascus Gate, you find yourself in narrow, bad-smelling tunnels—market arcades called *suqs*, full of all kinds of little booths and shops selling butcher's meat, pastries, sweets, clothing, jewelry, postcards, and all sorts of ornamental brass objects—which bazaar the amateurs of Old Jerusalem pretend to find fascinating but which only seemed to me repellent. It makes it, for me, only a little more interesting, but not very much more easily tolerable, to know that this has been for two thousand years the principal market of Jerusalem. I was glad to get out into the open air, but the ancient monuments themselves, with the exception of the Mosque of Omar, are not of remarkable beauty. The Wailing Wall, so important to the Jews, is not in itself impressive. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is, as everyone says, "a mess," and was, as usual, surrounded with scaffolding to fend off an abject collapse. At the doorway, you are confronted with what are surely two of the worst sacred murals in the world and with the women leaning down and kissing the insanitary cover of the stone on which the body of Jesus is supposed to have been laid. I invaded the interior twilight, which is not so much sombre as turbid, in order to get out of the sun for a rest, and, avoiding the claustrophobic sepulchre itself, went on to a room where there were benches and read "Dick Tracy" in the Paris *Herald Tribune*. The whole atmosphere here is uncomfortable. No well-informed person believes that these "holy places" are authentic, and the monks of the various rites are always quarrelling among themselves. This year, at the ceremony of the Holy Fire—at which people have been crushed to death and from which a number of women were carried out unconscious—these monks were, I was told, making the spectators uneasy, in the courtyard in front of the entrance, by throwing rocks at one another.

I was driven to Pella one day with a party of archeologists. The Christians, in their early years, are supposed to have gone out to Pella in order to get away from the Romans, and it became



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a considerable Christian settlement. There was a Byzantine cathedral there, the stone foundations of which are now being eagerly excavated. The Director of the School, when we started off, told our consul, with whom I was driving, that the road was "not very good." Before we had gone far, the consul said, "I see what he means about the road's not being very good." It was the very worst road I have ever seen—full of great holes and gaping fractures that had to be jolted over, and never quite wide enough so that meeting a truck or a bus did not create a problem. The countryside, I suppose, was typical: Bedouins in black tents; family dwellings that consisted of one or two cooplike cells—a primitive and miserable standard of living. Though they grow things where the soil makes it possible, these people are mainly occupied in attending to their sheep and goats. Burdens are carried by donkeys or by women who balance them on their heads. A few women wear long black veils that cover them from head to foot. Neither the beasts nor the people pay very much attention to the cars. The most the men, women, and children will do is slowly move out of the way when a car is right at their backs. The donkeys, unless somebody pushes them, will stubbornly stand in the middle of the road. If one passes what appears to be, in comparison with the rest, an integrated and built community, it turns out to be a refugee settlement subsidized by the United Nations. These settlements have schools and clinics, which are otherwise unknown in this countryside. In the background, the hills are great barren folds. In the stony fields stalk a few camels. The Jordan runs narrow and muddy.

It takes only about fifteen minutes to drive from the School, in Jordanian Jerusalem, to the King David Hotel, on the other side. At the frontier, on the Jordan side, one sees, still in ruins, the old Mandelbaum house, which was bombed in the first Arab war. The contrast, when one has crossed, is, in atmosphere and tempo, abrupt. Jordan is retarded and static, but Israel dynamic and purposeful. This produces an equally dangerous traffic; there are more cars, and the drivers are equally reckless. But they are subject to some traffic control, and at the time I was in Jerusalem a conference was being held in Tel Aviv for the purpose of eliminating accidents. Medals are given to the

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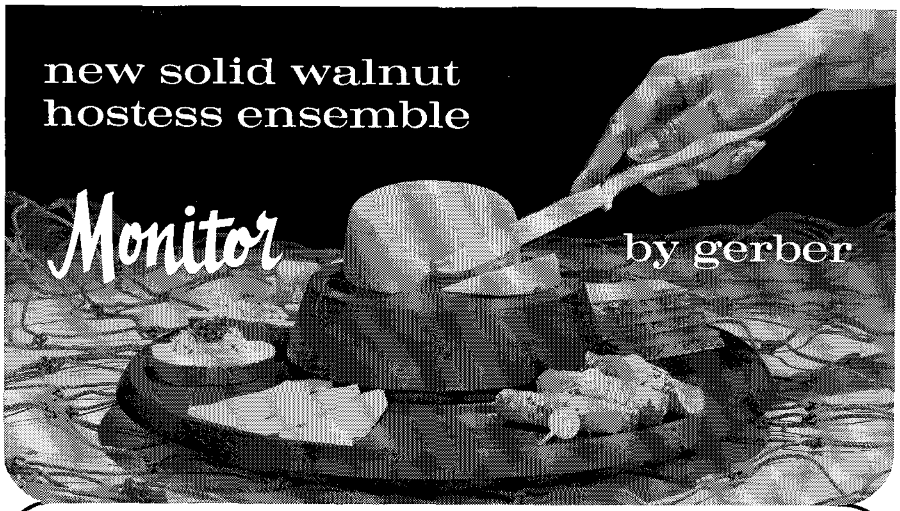
bus drivers who have had the fewest crashes. Yet this fragment of the prewar Jerusalem is developing into a solid town. I was impressed by the good taste that has been shown in the construction of the new office buildings and apartment houses as well as of the Museum and the University, and I learned that the expansion of the city is directed by a planning board. It is illegal to build houses of any material other than the pale local rough-finished stone. Unfortunately, for reasons of expense, the houses can no longer be roofed with the attractive red tiling that relieved the monotony of this. I noticed, on King David Street, that a vacant lot I remembered as littered and partly bare had now been cleaned up and planted.

It seemed to me that the new Museum was the best-designed I had ever seen. It is relatively low and makes a rambling impression, since the different departments are segments which are adapted to the configuration of the hillside on which it stands, so that one goes up and down steps in passing from one to another. There is so much space inside that the presentation of exhibits is never confused or crowded: gold and silver and copper menorahs and scroll cases and spice boxes and other rich and curious objects collected from wealthy synagogues; folk pictures illustrating the Bible, and modern paintings, including one gruesome Francis Bacon, more distorted than any folk painting; Latin inscriptions and pseudo-Greek fauns from the Roman occupation; the mosaic floor of a synagogue and the whole of a Venetian one, transported and reconstructed; the old bones and stones and fabrics that take us back to Solomon or Abraham. Behind the Museum is an esplanade park, with a widely spaced display of sculpture—much of it bequeathed by Billy Rose—which ranges from Rodin and Maillol, through a collection of Epstein busts (also left by the sculptor to Israel), to the mechanical contraptions and outlandish objects of which one may now see so many in the avant-garde museums of New York. Jerusalem is quite austere—not merely, I think, from necessity but also, as I get the impression, because of the traditional Mosaic ban against making graven images, which, in spite of the splendor of the sacred objects that have been gathered from these richer synagogues, extends to the visual amenities in general. It has been only in our own day that it seems to have become possible for a Jew to indulge in such artistic exploits as the blazing and gorgeous windows created



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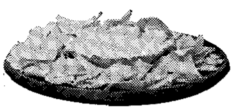

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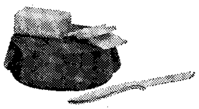

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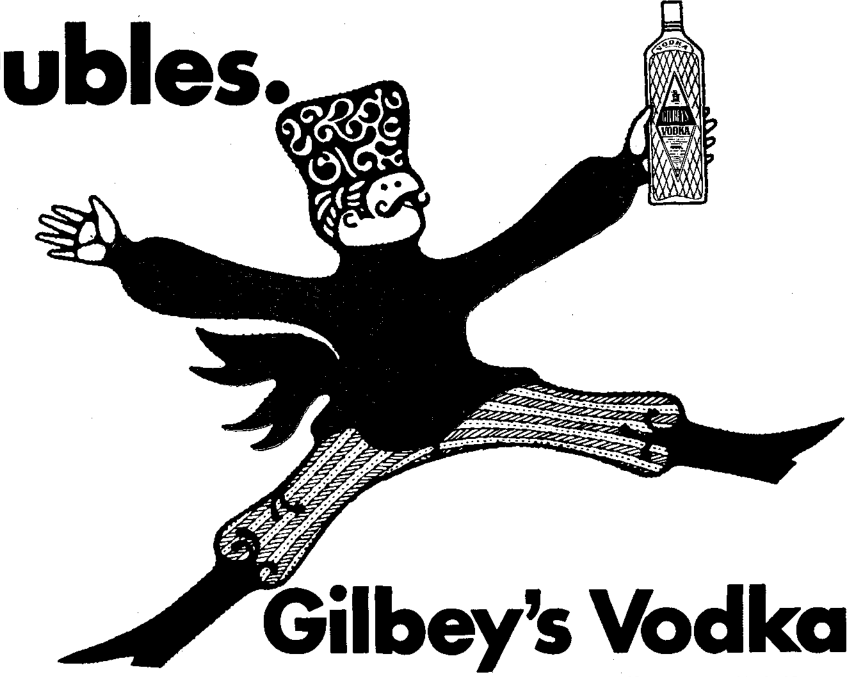

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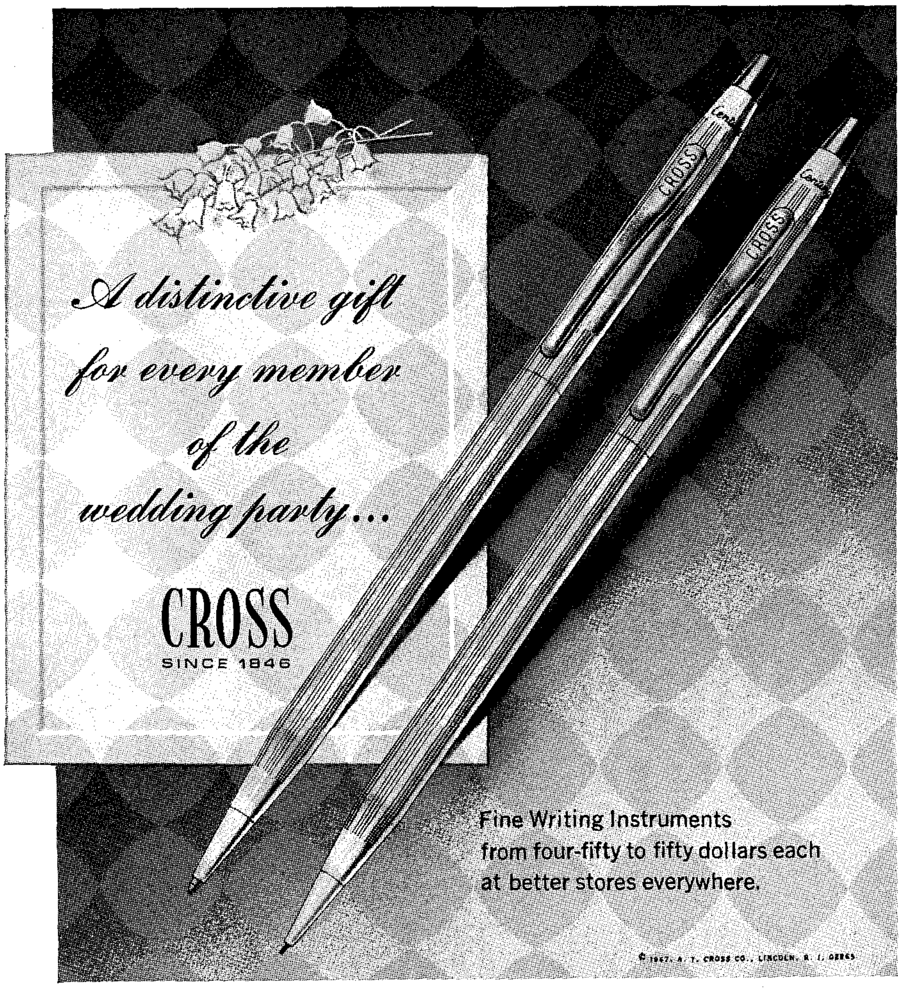

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WHEN I look out from my hotel window on the prolongation of King David Street, I see the long road, jewelled with street lamps, and the other thoroughfares of the city's fringe stretching away toward the quiet hills. There is no obliterating blur such as glows in the night sky of a modern American city; a swift rush and hum of motorcars, but none of the nagging of constant horns. It is a feature of the city planning that these streets can be easily joined to the roads on the other side of the city. (I could not foresee at that time how soon this would become convenient.)

Yet, stimulating though the new Jerusalem in so many ways is, one sometimes feels an emptiness and bleakness—that the Jews who have come here from other countries, in which they had become partly assimilated, must have found themselves half in a vacuum. And there has always been an element of uncertainty, of dependence on outside support. Just now the Israelis have been going through a difficult time. The German reparations have come to an end, and they are no longer sustained from this source by seventy million dollars a year; it has besides, it seems, become more difficult to obtain American loans. There is supposed to be ten-per-cent unemployment, and an attempt to freeze wages has already resulted in strikes. Emigration has been increasing and immigration falling off. The presence of Oriental Jews and of Jews from northern Africa has also created problems. The literacy and the standard of living of many of these people are very low. It is the Westernizers who run the country, and the newcomers do not yet really merge with them. I was shown new blocks of apartment houses on the edge of the no man's land that separates the two Jerusalems, which I was told were intended for "slum dwellers." My chambermaid, good-looking and very active, of a dark and African appearance, was a Moroccan who spoke French but said that she now spoke Hebrew better than French. She had travelled to some extent in France—I gathered, on some mission for, or on some bourse provided by, the government. I thought that she must represent the better class of the North African immigrants.

THE SCORPION: I learn from the paper that fourteen people—including several tourists and police—

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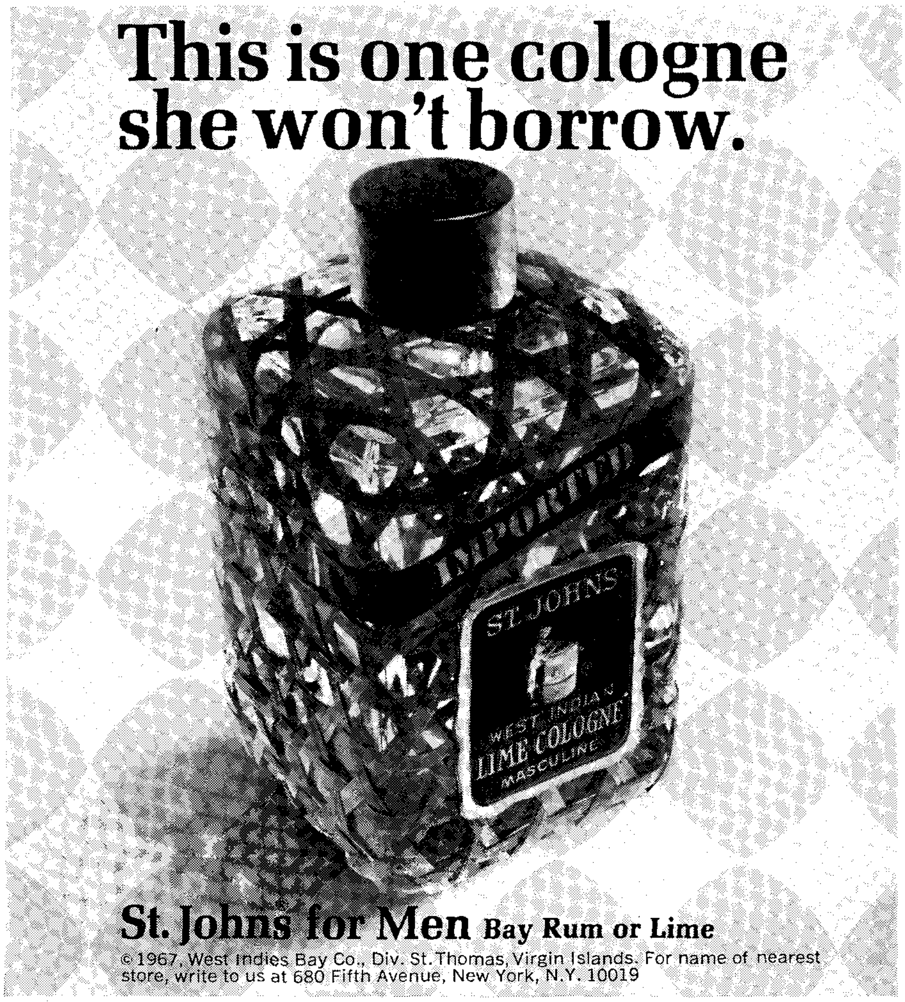

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have been killed by explosives in a Syrian car which had been driven into Jordan by Syrians. This was evidently an assault by the Syrian Left: the country, where changes of government are frequent, is now supposed to be socialist and, in consequence, anti-monarchist, and inimical to King Hussein, whom they accuse of being too "soft" on the Israelis. (The Syrian and Jordanian governments broke off relations in the later crisis and were only persuaded to resume them by the pressure of Nasser for Arab unity.)

A story that circulates in the Middle East and has even reached a column in the Boston *Globe*—I should think an Arab fable brought up to date—tells of a Scorpion who comes to a river and asks a Frog to carry him across. "But you'll sting me," protests the Frog. "Oh, no, I won't," says the Scorpion. "I want to get over to the other side." So the Frog undertakes to ferry him, but when they are only halfway over the Scorpion does sting the Frog. "Oh, why did you do that when you'd promised? Now I'll die and you'll drown!" "This is the Middle East!" hisses the Scorpion.

CONVERSATIONS WITH YADIN AND FLUSSER: I had two long conversations about the Dead Sea scrolls with Professor Yigael Yadin. Yadin is the son of the late E. L. Sukenik, the former head of the Archeology Department of the Hebrew University, who was the first, amid the confusion of the Arab war in 1947, to recognize the antiquity of the scrolls and who bought some of the first batch from a Bethlehem dealer. Yadin (he had assumed a Hebrew name), also an archeologist, played a leading role in this first Arab war when, at thirty, he became Chief of Operations of the Israel Defense Forces and, later, Chief of the General Staff. He has an extraordinary combination of high intelligence, informed authority, and almost hypnotic persuasive charm. One understands how it was recently possible for him to direct the staff of three hundred volunteer workers who succeeded in two seasons in excavating the rock fortress of Masada. He combines the scholar with the man of action in a very unusual way.

We discussed the possible relation of the Sect of the Dead Sea scrolls—who are usually assumed to be Essenes, though in the manuscripts that we have they do not call themselves so—to early Christianity. He thought that the influence of the Sect on John the Baptist and Paul was obvious in their utterances, and he suggested that the impor-

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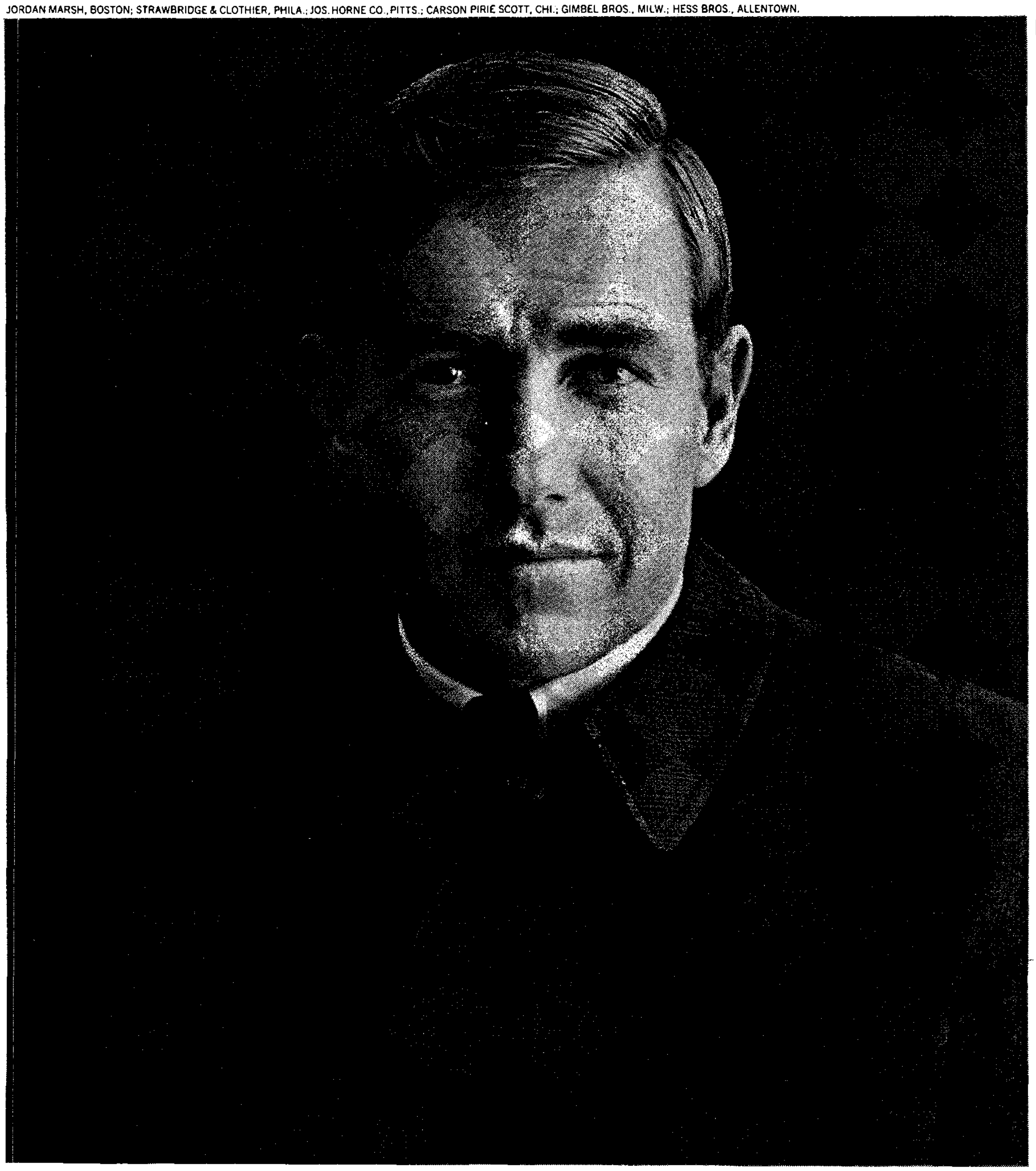

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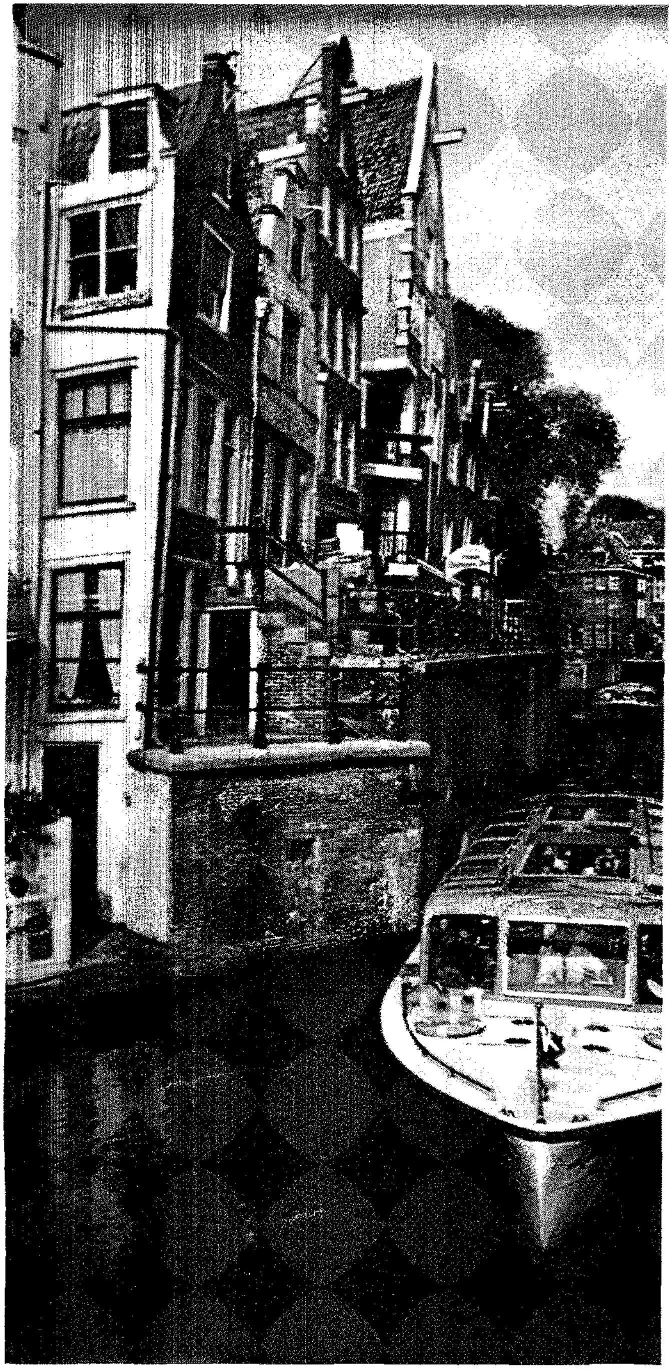

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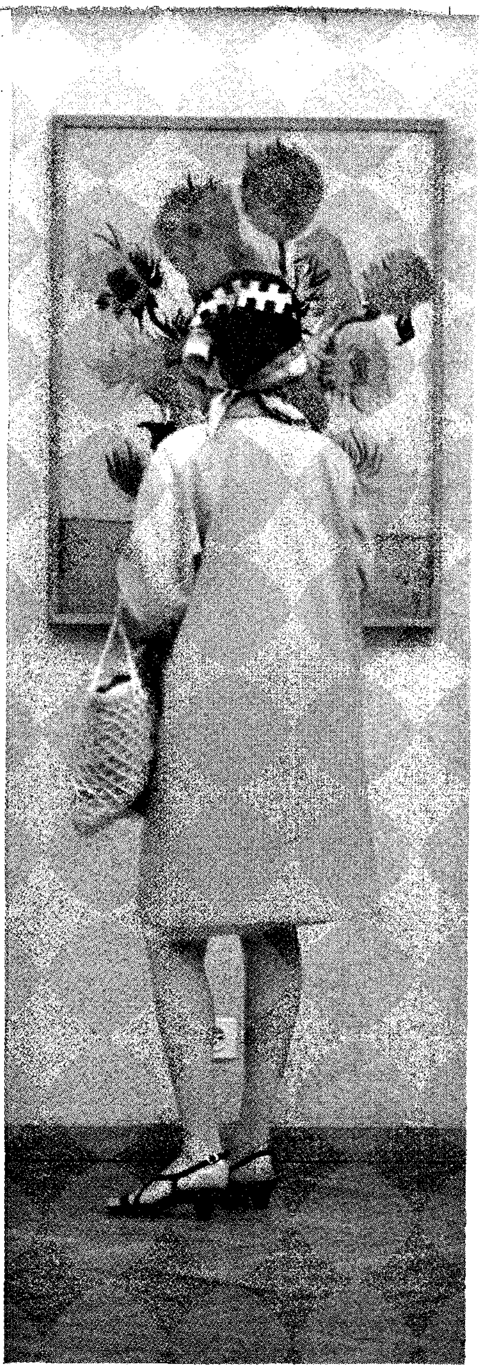

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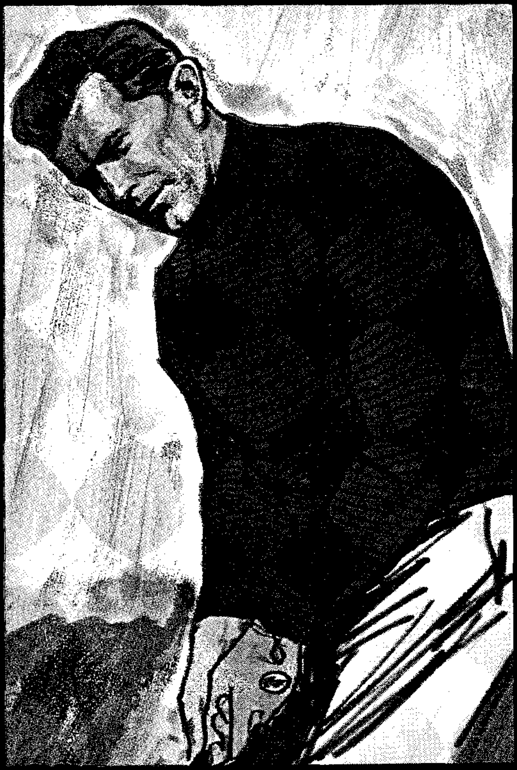

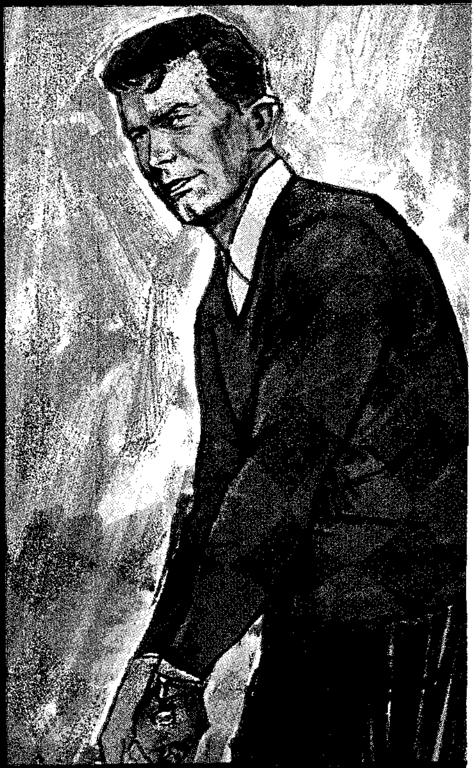

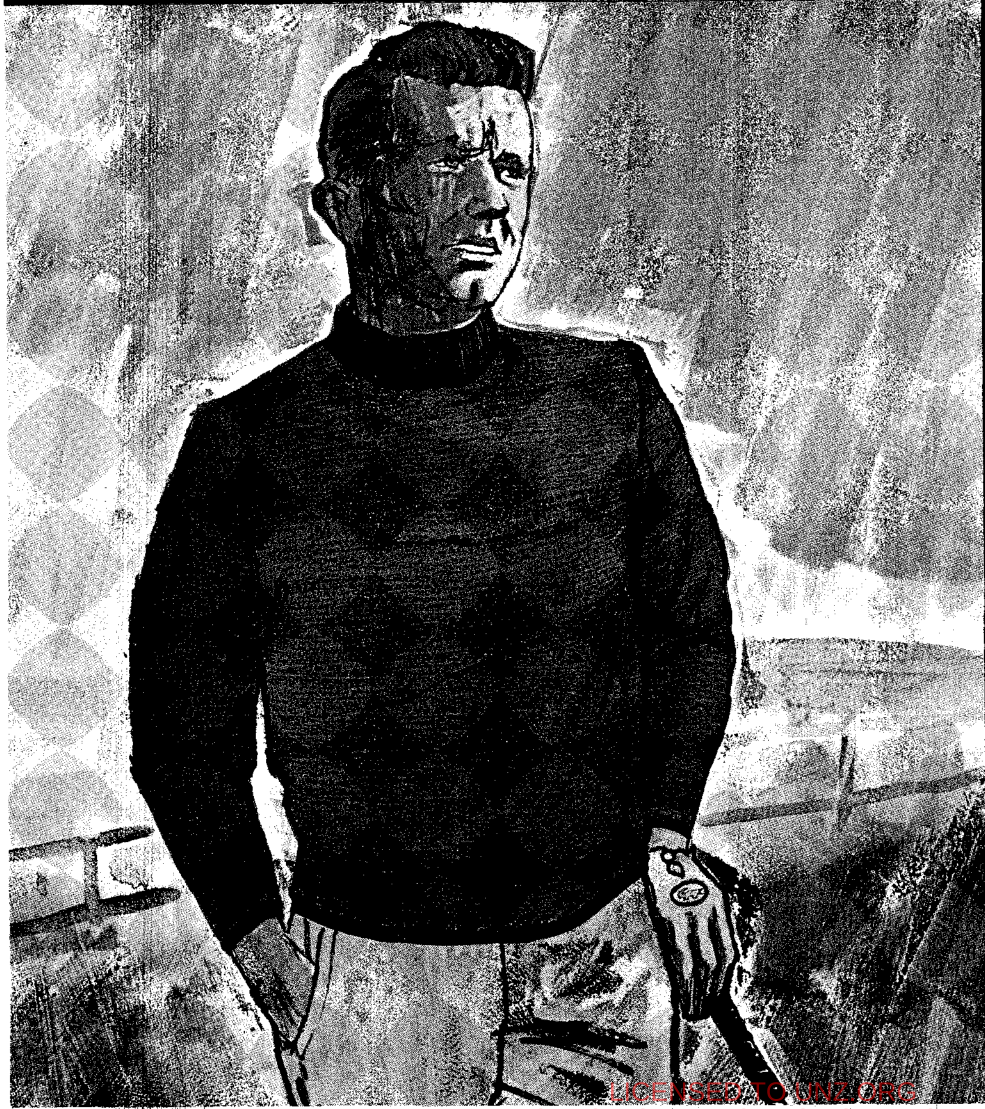

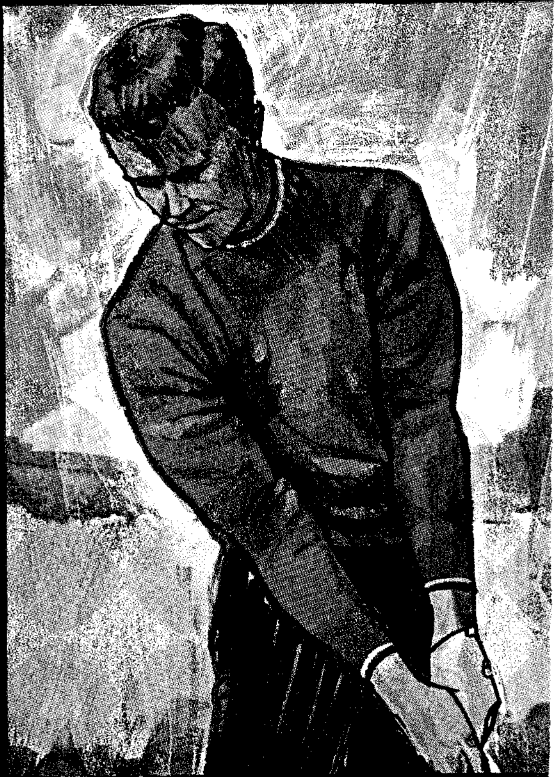

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tance of Damascus both to the Sect, who, according to one of their documents, at one time retreated there, and to Paul, who is supposed to have been suddenly converted on his way there to persecute the Christians, was a subject that might be looked into. It is assumed that these sectarians afterward returned to their monastery on the Dead Sea, but what if some had remained in Damascus and communicated their doctrines to Paul? Yadin said he was not aware of anything in the sayings attributed to Jesus which could be credited to Essene doctrine. He suspected that the presence of the Romans in the subjugated Palestine of Jesus was more important in the Gospels than is always made explicit. People must have come to Jesus and said, "Rabbi, what attitude should we have toward the Romans?," and Jesus would have told them to submit for the time being—"render unto Caesar," etc.—but that eventually they would fight and conquer when the moment to strike came. Yadin reminded me of the passages in the Gospels in which Jesus appears to give evidence of a covertly militant spirit—"I came not to send peace but a sword" (Matthew 10:34) and "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one" (Luke 22:36), adding afterward, however, when two swords are produced, that these are enough. Then there is Simon the Zealot, who is named among Jesus's disciples (Luke 6:15). The Zealots were the fiercely resistant group who made their last stand at Masada. And then, one of the disciples of Jesus disregards the Master's admonition about turning the other cheek, when the enemies of Jesus have come out with swords and staves "to take him," to the extent of cutting off the ear of the servant of the High Priest. I was ready to agree with Yadin that the non-resistant precepts of Jesus are sometimes inconsistent with his bidding his disciples to

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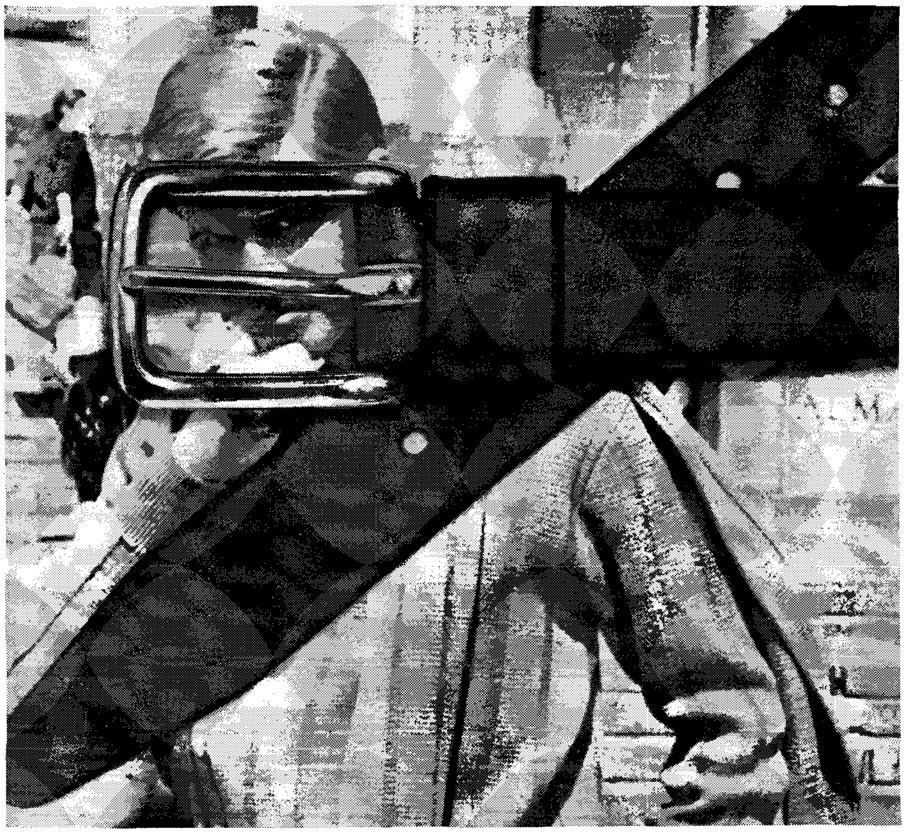

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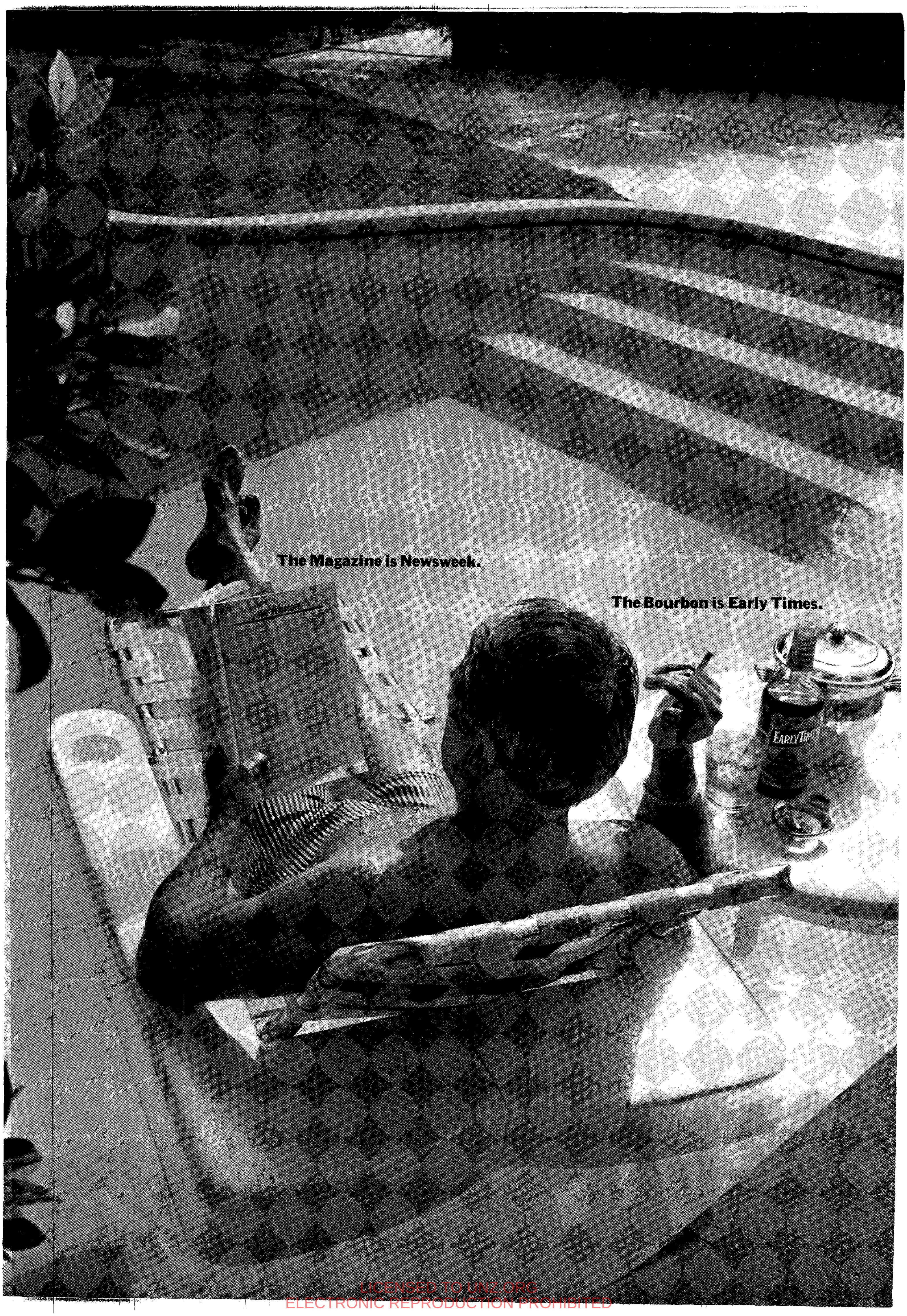
stand up to their enemies and the retaliatory gestures of these disciples. Yadin thought that emphasis on forgiveness and self-surrender to authority might have been imposed on Jesus's teaching after his death, at some later phase, but I have no difficulty in imagining that though Jesus, after the triumph of the Romans, found it best to preach resignation, he might occasionally have had flareups of the fighting spirit. In any case, in the Gospel accounts of the cutting off of the ear, the four evangelists have curiously different ways of reconciling this act of violence with the gentle spirit of Jesus. In Matthew (26:52-3), Jesus says, "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"—that is, he preaches non-resistance—yet he tells them that he can summon superhuman protection: "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" In Mark (14:48), he says simply to his persecutors, as he also does in Matthew and Luke, "Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me?"—reminding them, as also in Matthew, that they had listened to him without hostility in the temple. In Luke (22:51)—I use here Ronald Knox's translation, somewhat clearer than the King James Version—his followers ask Jesus, "Lord, shall we strike out with our swords?," and he answers, " 'Let them have their way in this.' And he touched his [the servant's] ear, and healed him." In John (18:10-11)—it is here Simon Peter who cuts off the servant's ear, and the servant is named Malchus—Jesus says to Peter, "Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

As I was leaving, I asked Yadin what he thought about the mounting crisis. I had just talked to several people who had not seemed to take it very seriously. I had been wondering whether, after all, the whole thing might not be a comedy. "A strange comedy," he replied, "with their troops massed along the frontier and ours massed on the other side, and seven hundred tanks on each side! If they block our shipping, there'll be war."

THE next day, I went to see David Flusser—my friend the incomparable Flusser. He is in every way except scholarly accomplishment the opposite of his colleague Yadin. He had married since I had last seen him and now held a full professorship at the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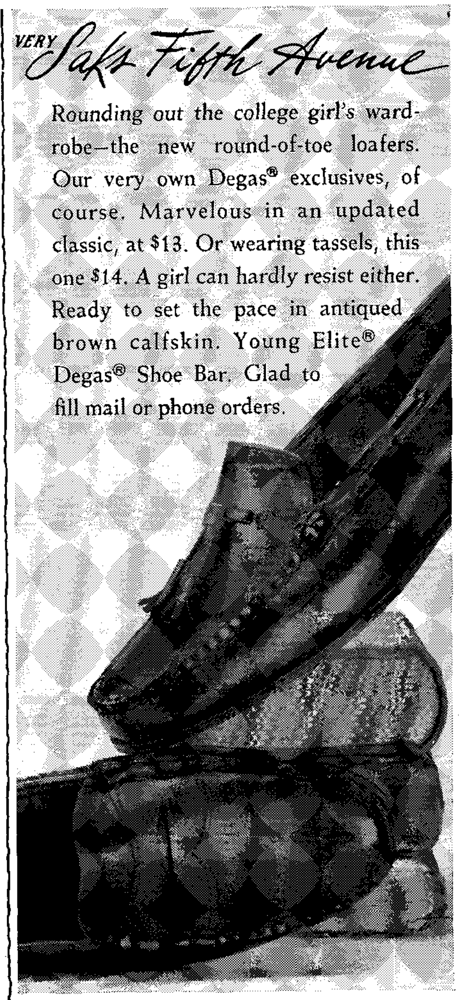
Hebrew University—about both of which events he had written me in the medieval Latin which he had told me was then in Israel his best spoken language. Though a professor, he is completely unacademic. He is a scholar who loves scholarship for its own sake, not to secure any kind of advancement. His central interest is comparative religion, but the range of his reading is voraciously immense, and his mind is so teeming with ideas which he feels such an urgency to communicate, and one idea so irresistibly suggests another, that his conversation becomes overwhelming. One of his colleagues once said to me, "The thing about Flusser is that he flusses." And Flusser's *Fluss* may turn into a torrent. He seems to have simultaneously before him in his mind, for instant reference, both the Old and the New Testaments, the Apocrypha and the Pseudepigrapha (that is, the intertestamental writings), the Talmud and the other rabbinical literature and the Fathers of the Church, as well as modern Biblical scholarship and the philosophy and belles-lettres of classical and modern Europe. Though I cannot always follow his leaping and shifting thought and am often left blank by his significant quotations, which he recites or reads in the original tongues, under the impression that I can follow them, I find him fascinating to talk with about the scrolls and kindred topics because his exact memory, his comprehensive learning, and his powers of intuition have led him to make connections and to draw conclusions that nobody else has or would have thought of. Two points that came up in our conversations will give some idea of this. The central figure in the literature of the Dead Sea Sect is the leader referred to as *môrêh haṣ-ṣédeq*, which has been variously translated as the Teacher of Righteousness, the Righteous Teacher, the Rightful Teacher, and Le Maître de Justice. A Protestant scholar whom I met in Israel at the Hebrew Archeological School, one of the professional skeptics in regard to the theories about the scrolls, told me with satisfaction that he had found the phrase in the Mishnah in a reference which could not have been to anything Essene, and that he was going to write about it. When I mentioned this to Flusser, he told me that the phrase occurred quite often in the Talmud and that it had been applied to Maimonides. This is a good illustration of the handicap under which a Christian scholar suffers from not having been trained in rabbinics. On another occasion, Flusser showed me an old Slavic text of the Book of Enoch,



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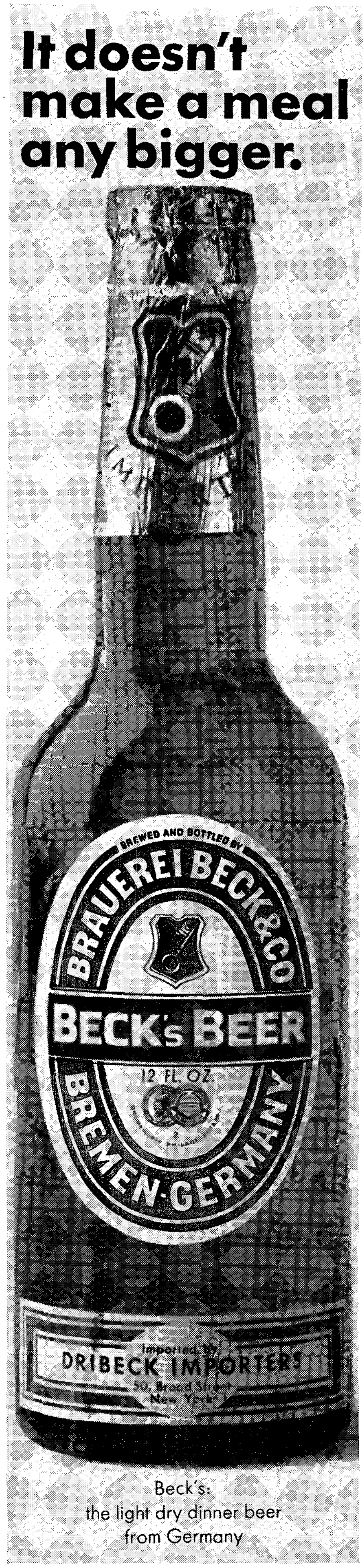

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which his Czech origin enabled him to read. The apocalyptic Book of Enoch is an intertestamental work without which, the great authority on this literature, R. H. Charles of Oxford, has said, "the history of the development of the higher theology during the two centuries before the Christian era could not be written." Here the term "Son of Man" appears "for the first time in Jewish literature, and is, historically, the source of the New Testament designation, and contributes to it some of its most characteristic contents." The Son of Man in the Book of Enoch is he "with whom dwelleth righteousness" and "who revealeth all the treasures of that which is hidden, because the Lord of Spirits hath chosen him" and who "shall loosen the reins of the strong and break the teeth of the sinners," etc. Those who "deny the name of the Lord of Spirits . . . persecute the houses of His congregations." Flusser showed me that there is a passage in this Slavic text of Enoch that does not occur in those known to Charles. In this there is a mention of a Teacher who is credited with divine origin. It should be noted that fragments of no less than ten manuscripts of Enoch have turned up among the Dead Sea scrolls.

David Flusser is full of irony as well as excitement, and likes to perpetrate deadpan jokes. He has grown heavier since I last saw him and is thus even more extraordinary in appearance, with his red hair, his sharp little eyes that sometimes look green, sometimes blue, and his rather large pointed ears, which have no lobes and grow directly out from his head. I was not surprised to learn that at some recent scholarly congress in India he was the only one of the delegates whose feet were kissed by the natives and who was regarded, with his genielike appearance, as a semi-supernatural being.

Our conversations about religion were sometimes involved with current events, of which Flusser was very much aware. Before the crisis arose and the Arabs had begun making public statements, he had explained that they were still thinking, as they had been when they were massacring Christians, in terms of a Holy War: every man or woman of Israel that they blew up with dynamite they regarded as a score for Islam. The Jews already, in Talmudic times, had given up the idea of a Holy War. And the Muslims, besides, were still feudal. The countries had quite primitive quarrels with one another, and the groups quarrelled within their own countries. I

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mentioned the Israeli retaliations. I had talked with a driver for the American School who had spent years in the Jordanian Army and was bitter about the Israeli raid on Jordan last year, when, after driving out the inhabitants, they had blown up forty houses in Jordan. "They resort to reprisals," said Flusser, "because they have come to the conclusion that that's the only language the Arabs can understand. And we don't succeed! We don't really believe in it."

I went to see him on May 23rd, the day before I left. He greeted me with "This is the War of the Children of Darkness against the Children of Light!"—the title that has been given to one of the scrolls, which predicts a kind of Armageddon. "A cloud over Elath! You remember the cloud that Moses saw over Elath." The Egyptians at the moment were threatening Elath in their effort to block Israeli shipping to and from the Gulf of Aqaba. Moses, on his exodus from Egypt, is supposed to have passed through Elath, but I have not found the reference to the cloud. It was very uncomfortable, said Flusser, with a wife and two small children, to have something like this looming. "What if this whole thing here should be wiped out! The prophets are always right! They either say that the disasters have occurred because the Jews have been so sinful or that the Jews are being so sinful that disasters are going to occur. And the Jews are always sinful, so the prophet is always justified!" Whom should we invoke now to intervene? Jeanne d'Arc? No, she would fight for Nasser. Thomas Aquinas, perhaps. I told him what Yadin had said about the attitude of Jesus toward the Romans. Yadin had been a soldier, said Flusser, and he would naturally think in terms of weapons. The burden of the teaching of Jesus was something entirely different. He then gave me the most eloquent disquisition on Jesus that I remember ever to have heard. (He told me that he was just about to write a book in German on the subject.) The Teacher of Righteousness and Jesus had had completely different ideals and aims. The former wanted to create, in his isolated Dead Sea community, a little élite utopia. The members of the community were to be forbearing toward one another but to regard everyone else as their enemy; they denounced both the Romans and Jerusalem. But Jesus was out in the world, and he instructed his disciples not to resist authority: it would only make the civil authorities worse; they would very

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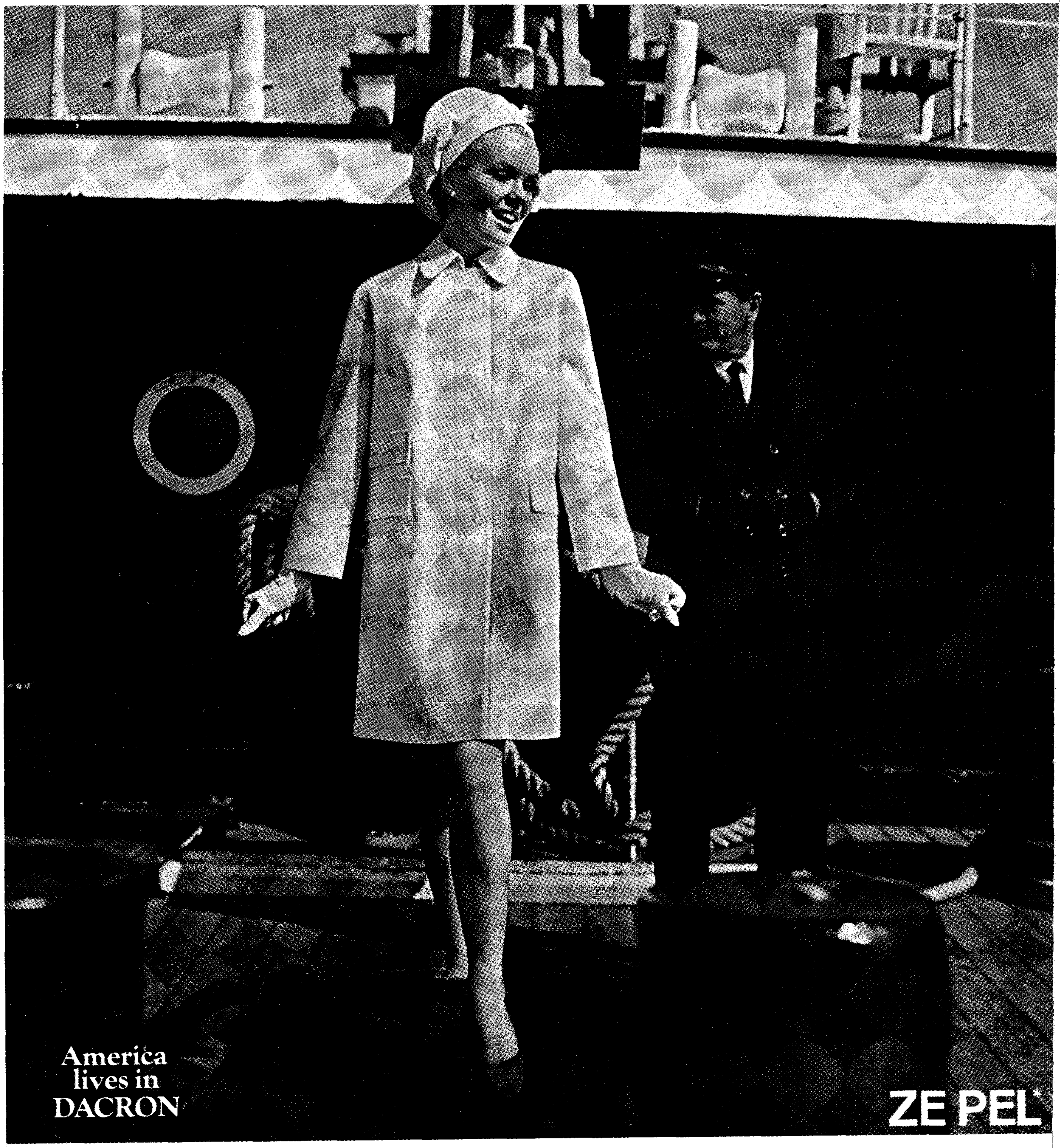

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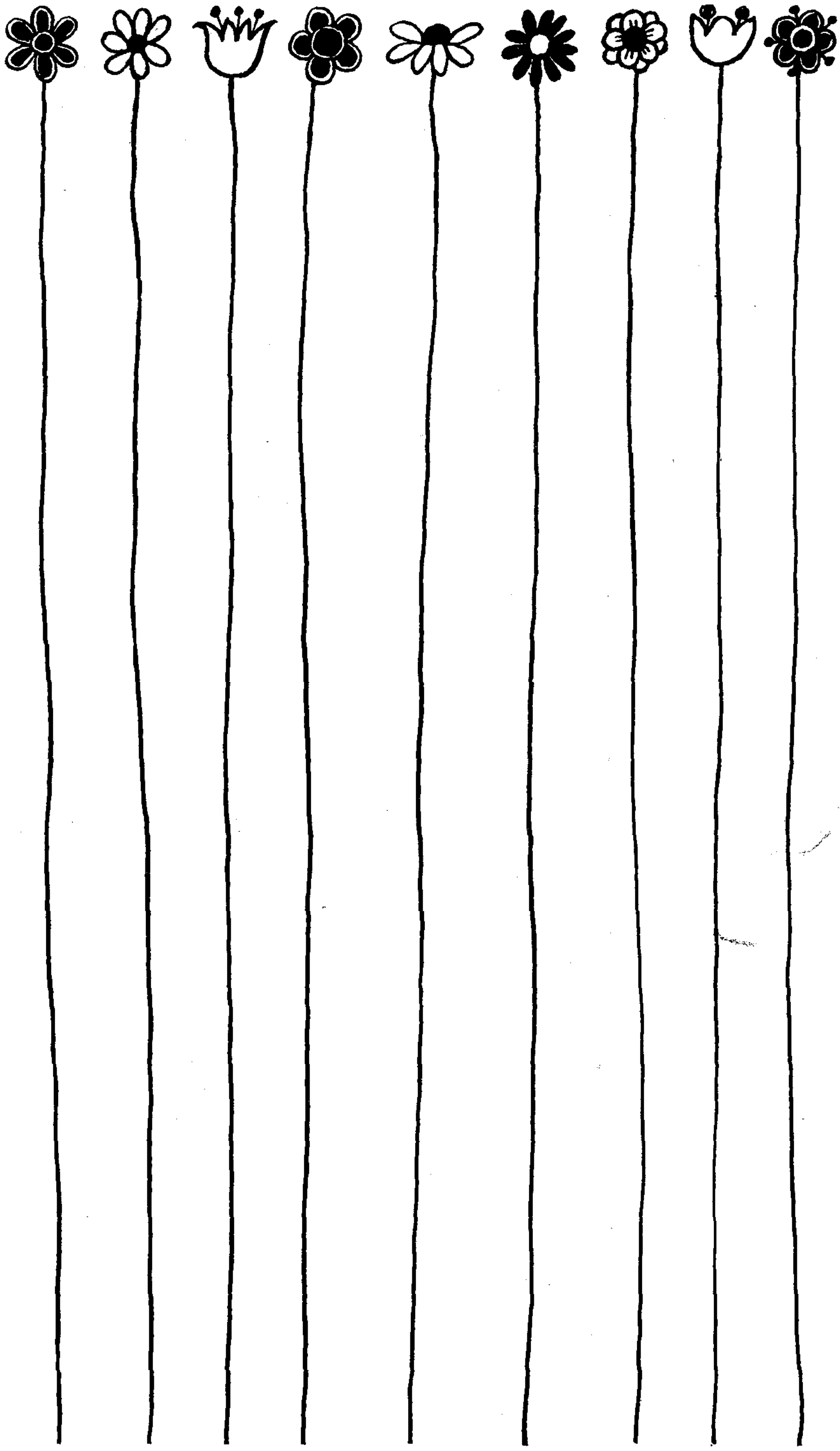
soon put you in prison. "The Kingdom of God is within you." Yet Jesus was crucified, whereas the Teacher of Righteousness, as Flusser now believed, on the evidence of one of the Dead Sea fragments, was not, as had once been supposed, either executed or murdered by his enemies. Mrs. Flusser, at the back of the house, had been listening to the radio news, and Flusser now left the room to find out what was going on. "Eshkol has appealed to de Gaulle," he reported when he came back. "Now, if Jesus were here and had heard this, he would say about Eshkol, 'Poor man!' "—because Eshkol was appealing to authority. Wouldn't he, I suggested, say the same thing about Nasser? Flusser was silent a moment. "Yes, he would say, 'Poor man' about Nasser, too, but he would not be particularly interested." I did not think to make the point that Eshkol represented authority, too. I realized afterward that Flusser, as a Jew, could put himself in Jesus's place and think he would not have behaved like Eshkol, but that he took it for granted that Nasser and de Gaulle belonged to the other side—the authorities of this world who would want to suppress the Jews. It seemed to me, too, that Yadin, when he had imagined the other Jews coming to Jesus and asking what attitude they should take toward the Romans, must have been interpreting this situation in terms of his own experience when he had doubtless, in the course of the armistice years, been consulted by his fellow-Israelis as to what they should do about the Arabs.

DEPARTURE: I had already made, before I left Boston, the arrangements for my whole trip, and was flying from Tel Aviv the morning of May 24th. On the afternoon of the day before, the American consul called me and said that he had had word from Washington to tell all the Americans to leave.

I did not expect to see again any of my official friends, but late in the afternoon Teddy Kollek, the Mayor of Jerusalem, and Moshe Pearlman, a veteran of the first Arab war, the author of many books, and at one time the spokesman for the government, turned up at the King David with a former Israeli ambassador and his wife, whom I had not met before, and, the upstairs bar being closed, which suggested mobilization, we went to the one downstairs. The energetic Kollek, whose family passed through Prague and Vienna, has something of a Germanic toughness and bluntness but has lived



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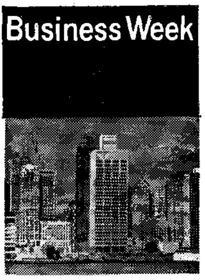
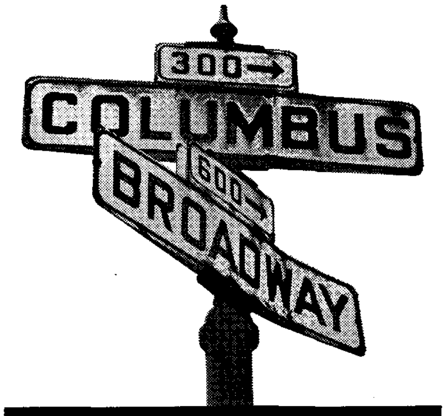


since his teens in Palestine. I was told that he had said of his present office that the trouble with running for mayor was that you risked getting elected. He has not removed his number from the telephone book and has made himself accessible to everybody—with the result that he is likely to be called up at night by someone who complains of being kept awake by the barking of a neighbor's dog. Kollek has a library on the Middle East of the kind that can be acquired only by following catalogues and putting in standing orders, and he has also a carefully chosen collection of ancient utensils and jewelry, which he keeps in glass-doored cupboards. When I first saw him on this visit, he had said, "You're here to talk to people about the scrolls, but I have to worry about garbage disposal." I now asked him if they had a dump. Yes, they had. "And Teddy," cracked Moshe Pearlman, "has a problem to get it back on the streets." The conversation became quite convivial. When I spoke of Eshkol's having appealed to de Gaulle, the wife of the diplomat corrected me quietly: "Reminded him."

I got up at five the next morning and was driven in a car to the airport. Riding along the roads that lead down from Jerusalem, whether in Israel or Jordan, is likely to be rather nerve-racking. The drivers dash around the loops, where one cannot see ahead what is coming, with a sheer unguarded drop at one side, and in Israel the driver, if one talks to him, is likely to gesticulate so wildly that one fears he may lose contact with the steering wheel. The airport gave the impression of a shelter for refugees fleeing from a hostile army. I have never, in a public place, heard such chattering, shrieking, uninhibited howling. The only people who seemed calm and quiet were an occasional old man with a bushy beard or one, shaved, with an open-necked shirt and a Ben Gurion halo of graying hair fluffing out around his head. There were also young Orthodox rabbinical Jews, wearing spectacles and sprouting earlocks, with fringes of black beard underneath their chins and long black coats that reached almost to their ankles. It is charming to read about such people in Agnon, and yet these young neophytes, so spindling and pale, so little adapted to the modern world, I could not help finding out of tune with everything now happening in Israel. The hysteria at the Air France bureau I attributed to Jewish excitement, but I found it much the same at Orly—the same confused officials, the same feverish checking and stamping, the same yelping of some



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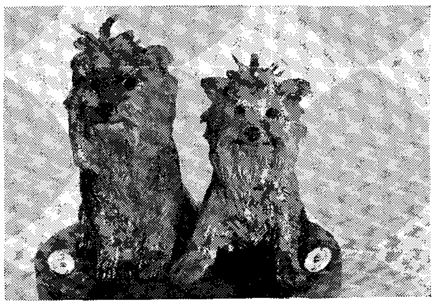

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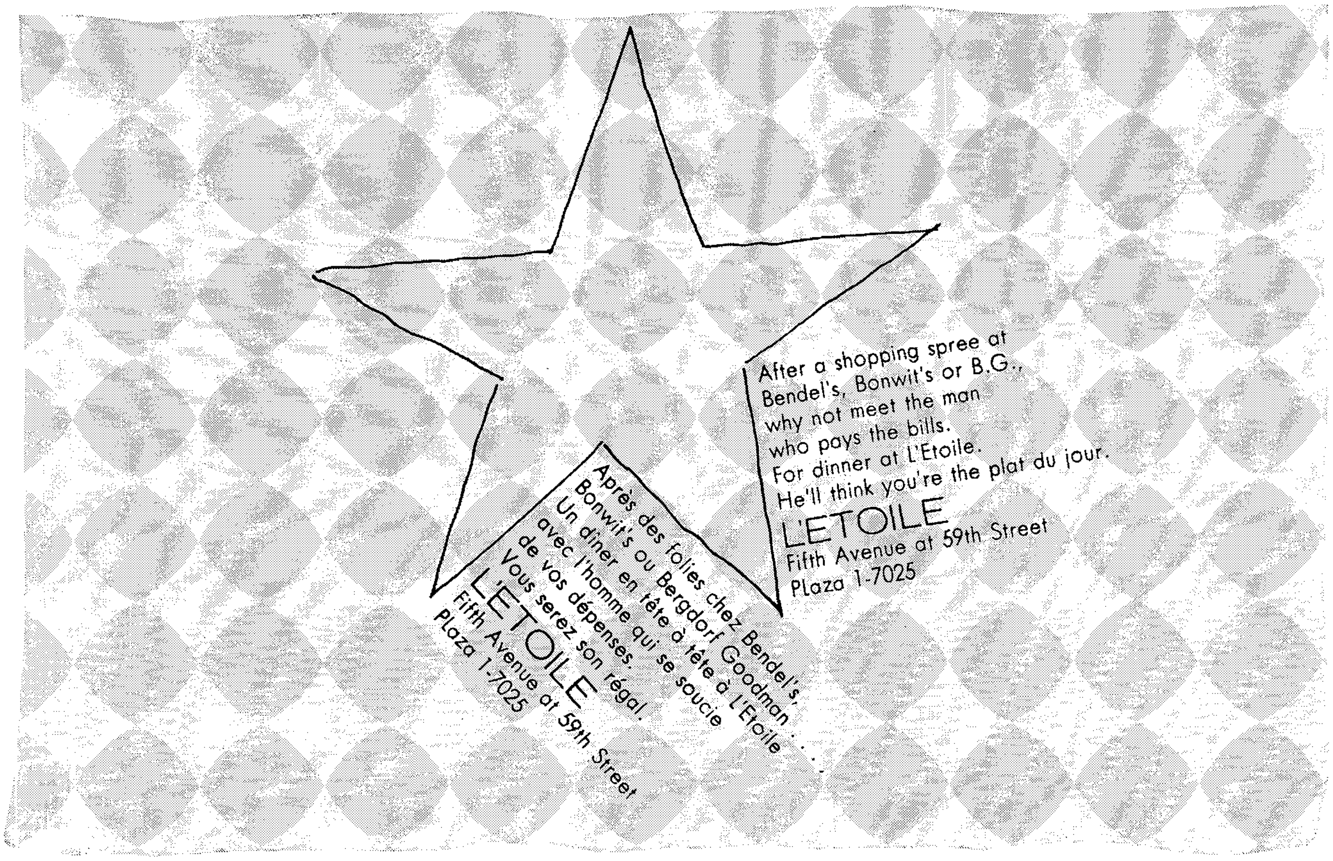

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Bendel's, Bonwit's or B.G.,
why not meet the man
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For dinner at L'Etoile.
He'll think you're the plat du jour.
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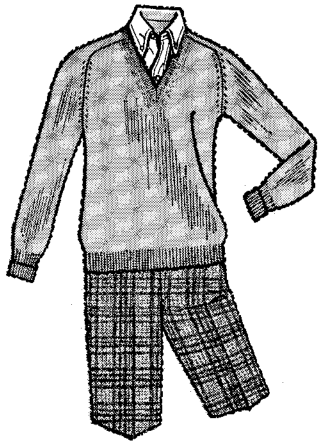
French family whose arrangements were somehow not in order. When you find these two kinds of hysteria combined in the French-speaking officials waiting on French-speaking customers at the airport of Tel Aviv, you have something which makes getting a boarding pass a challenge to a war of nerves.

It was a relief to board the plane. Once in the air, we travellers subsided.

BACK at home, I read in the papers of my friends of the American School, the Director and his family, getting away from Jordanian Jerusalem just as the shelling of the frontier began, with the dome of the Church of the Dormition smashed and Mount Scopus, once the home of the Hebrew University, so long a useless enclave in Jordan, about to be recovered by Israel; of the refusal of Mrs. Vester, the dowager of the Jordanian American colony and now over eighty, to be persuaded to leave the hotel which had been run for generations by her family; of the Israeli Museum's having been hit by a shell and its contents having been put away for safety; of a shell going off and destroying a tree in front of the King David Hotel, of the inmates' resorting to the downstairs bar, where the windows were now protected by sandbags and where drinks were still being served, of the bartender's losing his nineteen-year-old son, who was knifed in the Old City while trying to rescue a wounded friend (I owe these last details to the article in *The New Yorker* by Miss Flora Lewis); of Teddy Kollek's being driven through the streets of Jerusalem in order to reassure the people, while the shells went off before and behind him, and of his saying of a bullet that had lodged in his car that he would add it to his collection, and of his continuing, during the shelling, to joke about garbage disposal, to which now would be added the problem of getting rid of the debris of the war; of Pearlman, a lieutenant colonel, resuming, in Tel Aviv, his old function of military spokesman. As for the Dead Sea scrolls, to find out the latest news of which had been the purpose of my expedition, the nationalization of the Jordanian Museum had made them the property of the Jordan government, and I had been trying to get some idea of how they would be handled in the future. I now read that at an early moment the Israelis had occupied the Museum but had so far been able to locate nothing but some fragments of the scrolls, and read later that the Museum had been shot up and the scrolls prob-



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back to

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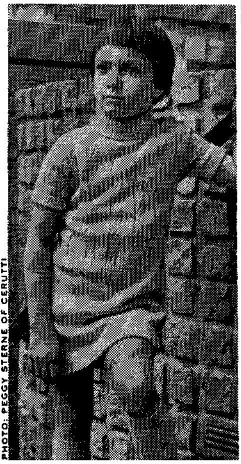

PHOTO: PEGGY STERNE OF CERUTTI

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in this orlon 'throw it in the machine' cable knit sweater dress. In gem green or real gold.

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For product ideas that are original, keep your eye on Scovill—a company that has paid continuous dividends for 112 years—the longest unbroken record of any industrial on the big board. For further information, write Scovill, Waterbury, Connecticut.

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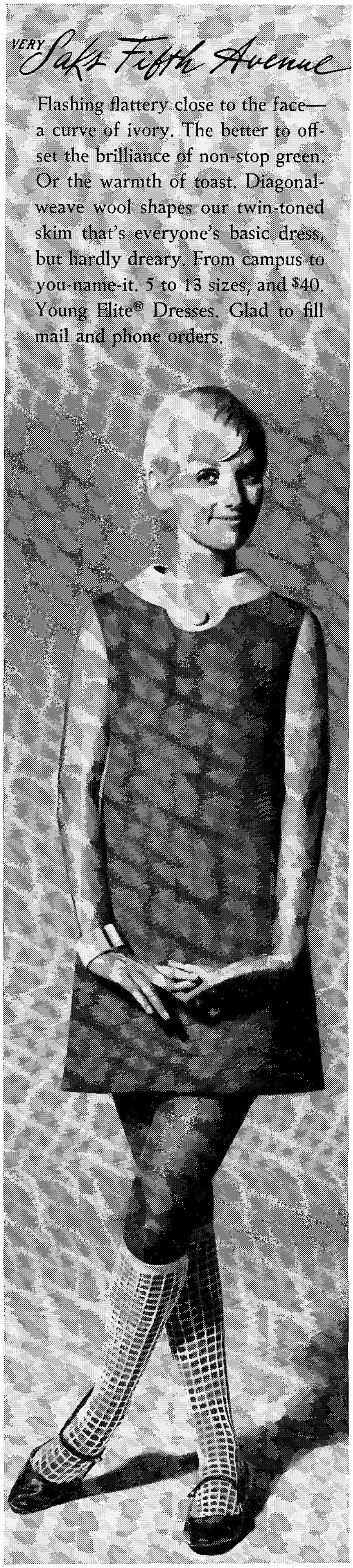

ably sent to Amman. Before I had left Jordan, Père Roland de Vaux had asked me to give his regards to Yadin and to say to him how much he regretted "the barrier" that had prevented them from meeting anywhere except in Paris or London. I had been told on the Israeli side by the American Director of the Hebrew School of Archeology that the Americans had had a meeting with the Arab authorities in the neutral house of the United Nations to request permission for foreign scholars to use the library of the Jordanian École Biblique. This request had been denied, but both Israeli and Gentile scholars are, one hopes, for the first time, at last, in a position to examine the whole mass of the scrolls, to confer about them, and to pool their findings. I hope that the alienation of the scholars of different faiths will not outlast the reunification of the mutilated body of Jerusalem.

—EDMUND WILSON

•

RITES OF SPRING AT HUNTER

[*A review by Cecily Dell of an appearance by Ann Halprin at Hunter College, in the National Dance Guild Newsletter*]

That Mrs. Halprin is now performing with a group of dancers much younger than herself presents a problem of relation between them that she handles with real sensitivity. Her own solitary appearances on the stage modified and colored the group work in wonderful ways—especially the final projection on the cyc of her washing herself after the shouting and stamping of the group. The section in which she removed her clothes, a kind of refrain in relation to the earlier nakedness of the other dancers, was very moving. She rode the scaffolding across the stage behind a scrim and as she became more naked she climbed higher and higher on the structure, finally sitting cross-legged at the top, looking out and up. The only section that seemed forced and a little odd in the context of the rest of the dance was her "softshoe" routine with props, which was, however, saved by the dignity of the goat who ate from her hand.

•

Just look around our great and fabulous City of New York. It's the magic City of the World. Progress is on the move for a better climate of business and social life. Fine, distinguished hotels like the Savoy Plaza, Park Lane, Ambassador East, the Astor and others, are being demolished—and on these famous sites will be erected the world's newest commercial buildings. An outstanding achievement in man's genius, vision and foresight! . . .

Let us plan for the future with faith, optimism and confidence. —*Robert Neaderland in a Pease & Elliman newsletter.*

And carry a bedroll for overnight visits.

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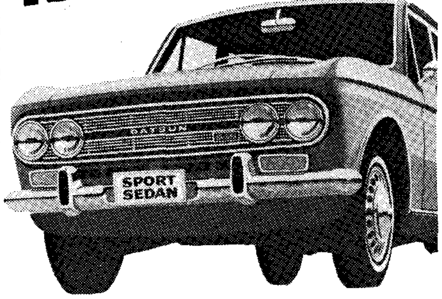

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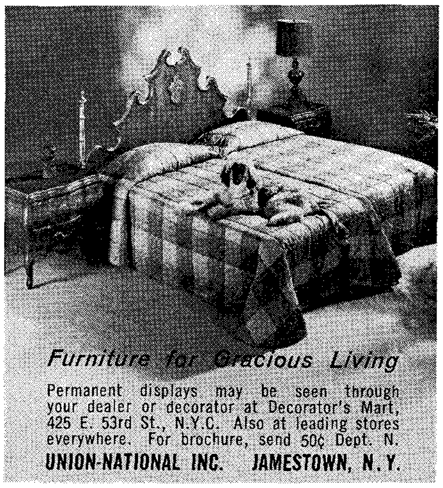

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Melissa Hayden

"I like The News the way I like a good who-done-it."

Melissa Hayden returned from a 3 week tour in Sweden to dance in the opening of the New York City Ballet, "Where I danced 11 ballets in 7 performances, practiced from 2 to 4 hours each day," said Miss Hayden. "And kept an eye on my husband, my two children, and my German Shepherd, Mr. B. That's short for Balanchine, of course."

"To relax I pop into bed with Rex Stout and The News. I've been reading The News for 17 years," continued Miss Hayden. "I read it from front page to last. It's factual, it's gossipy, the sports section is great. The News is *just* entertaining."

Miss Hayden who dines at Cafe Chauveron and shops at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's, is typical of the leaders in the arts, the sciences, the professions and business who read the N. Y. News.

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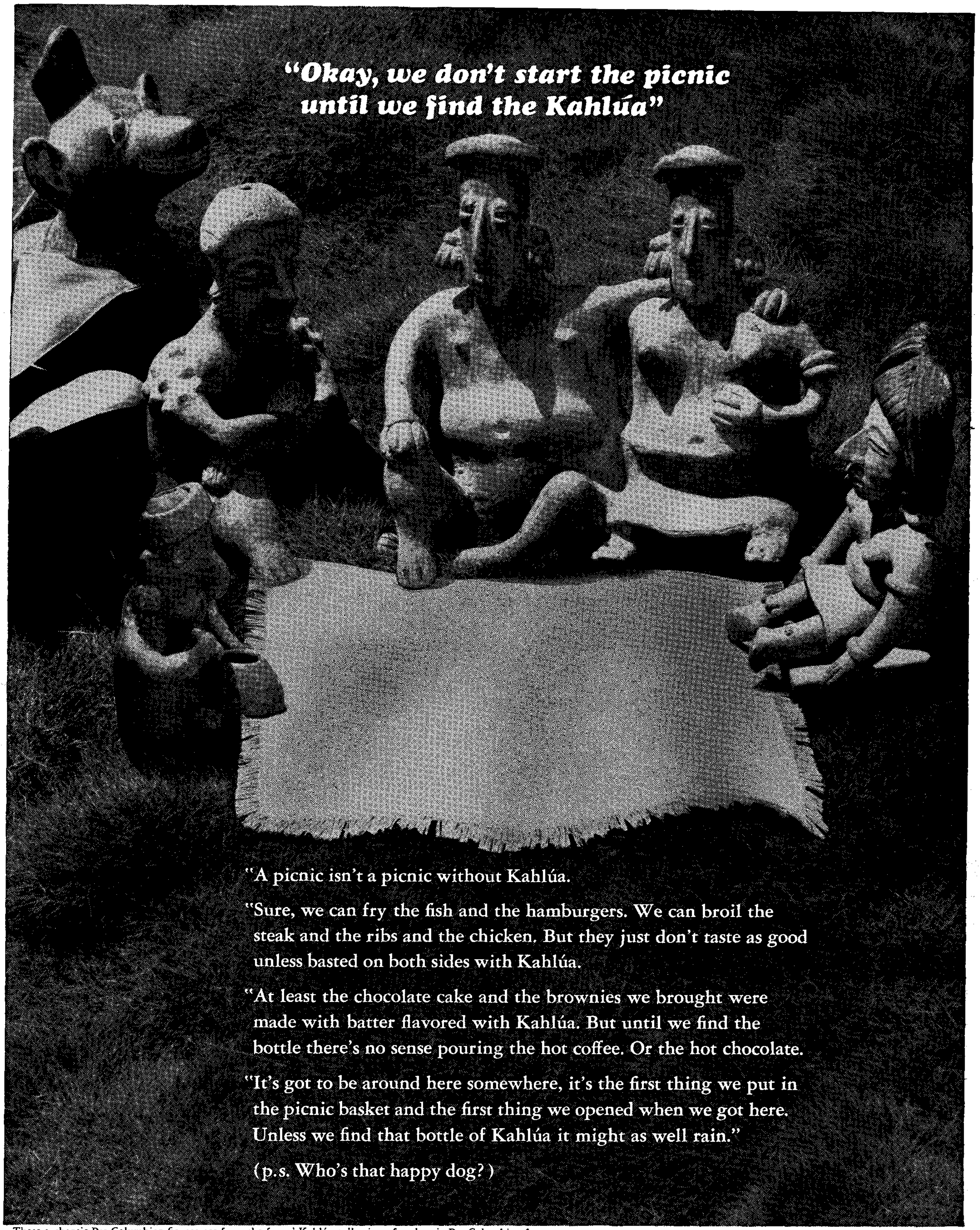

"Okay, we don't start the picnic until we find the Kahlúa"

"A picnic isn't a picnic without Kahlúa.

"Sure, we can fry the fish and the hamburgers. We can broil the steak and the ribs and the chicken. But they just don't taste as good unless basted on both sides with Kahlúa.

"At least the chocolate cake and the brownies we brought were made with batter flavored with Kahlúa. But until we find the bottle there's no sense pouring the hot coffee. Or the hot chocolate.

"It's got to be around here somewhere, it's the first thing we put in the picnic basket and the first thing we opened when we got here. Unless we find that bottle of Kahlúa it might as well rain."

(p.s. Who's that happy dog?)

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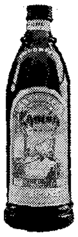
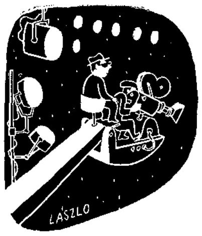


KAHLÚA
53 Proof
Coffee Liqueur from
Sunny Mexico

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Party

Arthur Penn's "Bonnie and Clyde" is about two real thieves of the early thirties who behaved as if they thought of themselves as film stars in a movie. They came of age in the Depression, when their beauty, their dash, and their tough past turned them into folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. The film shows them holding up grocery stores and banks as if the two of them were box-office draws who were bound to survive because of their audience pull. When they are finally run to earth, they die without even reaching for their guns. Their fitful contact with unwelcoming reality affected the planning of the holdups, and the resulting quality of the ludicrous in their crimes seems to have infuriated the police as much as it captivated the out-of-work public. The records of the time show that the cops used a thousand rounds of ammunition to kill them. The movie is full of scenes of giggling and showoff, but the moods belong to the characters, not to the film. "Bonnie and Clyde" could look like a celebration of gangster glamour only to a man with a head full of wood shavings. These two visibly have the life expectancy of dragonflies; their sense of power and of unending gang fun is a delusion, and to see them duping themselves is as harrowing as the spectacle of most other hoaxes. Their motive isn't gain but an urge to be theatrically remembered. Arthur Penn and the screenwriters—David Newman and Robert Benton—seem to have been especially absorbed by this drive in Bonnie and Clyde to record themselves. The picture often makes you think of Lee Harvey Oswald.

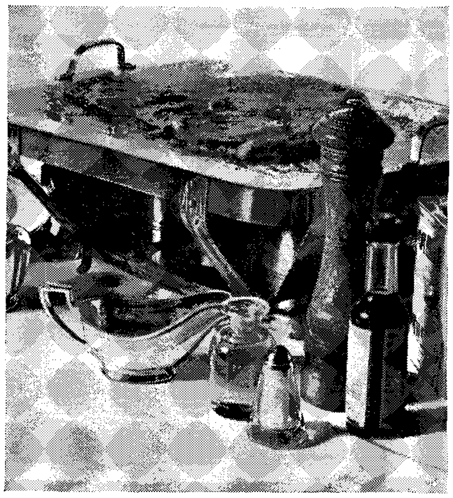


Bonnie Parker was an ex-waitress. She is played by Faye Dunaway, who gives her a schoolgirl crush on Clyde, mixed with the growing high-handedness of some overnight celebrity. Clyde Barrow—Warren Beatty, working here with an air of knowing exactly what he is doing—was a debonair ex-jailbird. Beatty plays him as a dandy who has a highly developed histrionic sense. Both characters often stand as if they were posing for fan-club stills, and photograph-taking runs through the picture. Before the beginning of the lucid color photography, by Burnett Guffey, there is a credit sequence of black-and-white snapshots—poor children, bashful relatives in poses, dilapidated motorcars that suggest they are full of saucepans and babies, like tinker's carts. The images of the bad days for whites in the South are flashed on the screen very fast, to the thud of an old-fashioned camera shutter. Bonnie and Clyde like making theatrical announcements to identify themselves. ("We rob banks," they say, like their own masters of ceremonies.) Bonnie enjoys dressing up, and you feel that she would say "Cheese" for the camera on her deathbed. When she and Clyde have captured a sheriff, she insists on being photographed in a pinup clinch with him. And when they are really on the run, she writes an eerily removed and touching ballad called "The Story of Bonnie and Clyde" and posts it to a newspaper for publication, as if both of them were already as immune as Jesse James from the reprisals of actuality. In the circumstances, the sending of the ballad doesn't seem a bad dare to have yelled from the thirties' dust bowl.

When the two meet, the year is 1931. The film carries the sense of a time when no one had much ear for anyone else, least of all for the out-of-work. Crime was a way of announcing yourself. For instance, Bonnie first sees Clyde when he is pinching a car; she slots herself into the passenger seat and stirs him to commit a silly stickup job in order to impress her, and only after he has jumped back into the car with the takings from the till do they introduce themselves to each other. As they bawl their names, the car careers into the distance, and a banjo-picking tune by Flatt and Scruggs follows them, as if they were disappearing into a jolly sunset in a frontier film instead of leaving a robbed store in a one-horse town. It is typical of the style of the film that Arthur Penn should wait a long time before he pulls the camera back on the main street to show what a dingy nothing the two have conquered. They take on aides. There is a boy called C.W., whom they cast as their chauffeur; he is played by Michael J. Pollard as a doting lad who would polish their boots with his face if they would let him, though he secretly shakes and weeps with shock when the killings start and the blood turns out not to be ketchup. The other members of the gang are roped in almost like guests dragged in-

MUST HAVE

mini-kilt and maxi-crewneck from Scotland, in wool—black plaided with red, white or yellow, blue with red; sweater in red, yellow or navy. Each, 14.00 Fifth Floor College collections—and at all Lord & Taylor stores



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There's never been a secret about the Drake Hotel's fascination for the world's most discriminating travelers. But, until now, Nino, our maitre d' would never part with his special steak recipe. We've finally persuaded him to share it. So come to the Drake and try it first hand, and if you like it, Nino will tell you how to make it at home.

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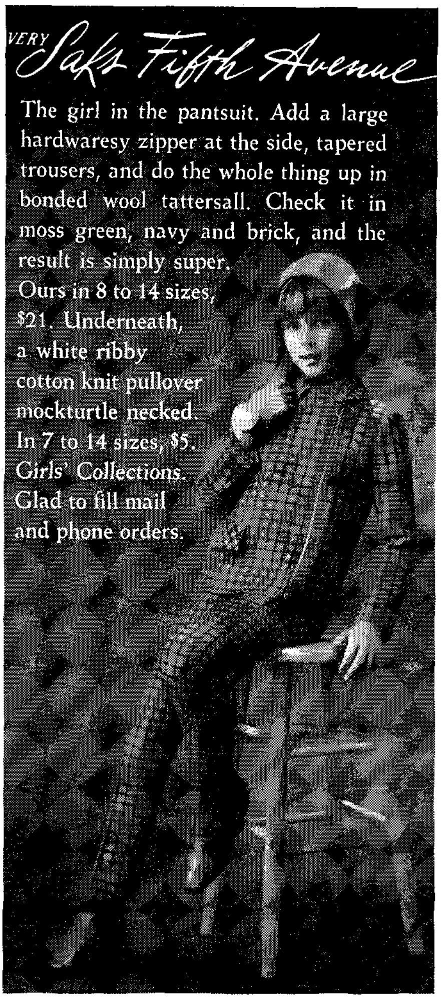
A Loew's Hotel · Preston Robert Tisch, President

to some party that doesn't yet strike the givers as noisy enough. They are Clyde's brother (Gene Hackman) and his sister-in-law (exceptionally interestingly played by Estelle Parsons), a good-natured, housewifely girl whose hair is in curlers during one getaway. Hers is the only "No!"—unacknowledged by anyone—at the sight of a face that has been smashed by bullets until it looks like a heckler's tomato. By the end of the story, it is obvious that she is the only one who has known all along what a bullet in the flesh feels like. And meanwhile Bonnie has her photograph taken in a black beret, with her foot on a car bumper and a gun on her hip. Wan bedroom scenes with Clyde seem to be saying that he is impotent, though the hints look to me more like the movies' way of misrepresenting a character who is really homosexual. In the middle of the picture there is a curious interlude, very beautiful, showing a family picnic. Bonnie had started yelling for her mother, and the wanted gang have collected in their motorcars to meet the respectable in the middle of nowhere. The violent sound is turned down and the air looks full of sand, as if the whole of God's country were suddenly a desert and impossible to live in. Clyde makes his characteristic fake charmer's noises to the old mother, saying that he and Bonnie want to come to live near her; the blessedly anti-sentimental woman merely says that they had better keep running. The shot of her American face is one of the best things in the picture. So is the line.

The real Bonnie and Clyde seem to have been admired as variants of Robin Hood, not because they were ever efficient enough at stealing to benefit the poor but simply because they were against the rich. Their most popular holdups were their robberies of banks, where the wealthy could make money breed without doing a hand's turn. But the film fixes less on the reputation of the characters than on their actorish temperaments. They are gay, too easy to scar, and avidly gregarious: versions of performers, living in a pepped-up present with sickeningly little idea of what is liable to happen next. Their escapes in thieved cars jangle with giggles and opening-night clamorousness. Once, they pine for company—for more people at the party—and kidnap a man and a girl, who are scared out of their wits. The man (Gene Wilder) is so terrified that he can't stop grinning. The strong-arm hosts, with their usual acute perception of the outside world, take the expres-



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The girl in the pantsuit. Add a large hardwaresy zipper at the side, tapered trousers, and do the whole thing up in bonded wool tattersall. Check it in moss green, navy and brick, and the result is simply super. Ours in 8 to 14 sizes, $21. Underneath, a white ribby cotton knit pullover mockturtle necked. In 7 to 14 sizes, $5. *Girls' Collections.* Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

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sion for conviviality. The scenes in crammed getaway cars are the most coldly critical observations in the picture. They are cartoons, in the original sense, of the human face when it is paying no attention. The gang's mood is apparently hilarious, but it is totally insulated from anything real—even from real glee. No one says that they are all on a frightening roller coaster, no one admits to picking up the rat squeak of panic in the air, and no one but the sister-in-law reacts in front of the others to the sight of violence.

There are a few things in "Bonnie and Clyde" that seem studied—the slow-motion sequence of the pair's bullet-riddled death, for one—but its attitude toward violence is thoughtful and piercing. Like the kids of the present TV generation, Bonnie and Clyde unconsciously assume that blood is makeup and that bang-bang-you're-dead will be over by the next installment. Bonnie and Clyde don't really know that killing kills. The film does—unlike the run of movies about violence now, which mostly know that killing sells. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

ATMOSPHERE . . .

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(35 Minutes from Amherst)

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Could we have a table under the stairs?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "Winston S. Churchill," by Randolph S. Churchill—a passage from a letter Churchill wrote his aunt, Mrs. Leslie, from New York City in 1895]

So far I think the means of communication in New York have struck me the most. The comfort and convenience of elevated railways—tramways—cable cars & ferries, harmoniously fitted into a perfect system accessible alike to the richest and the poorest—is extraordinary. And when one reflects that such benefits have been secured to the people . . . simply by business enterprise—out of which the promoters themselves have made colossal fortunes, one cannot fail to be impressed with the excellence of the active system.

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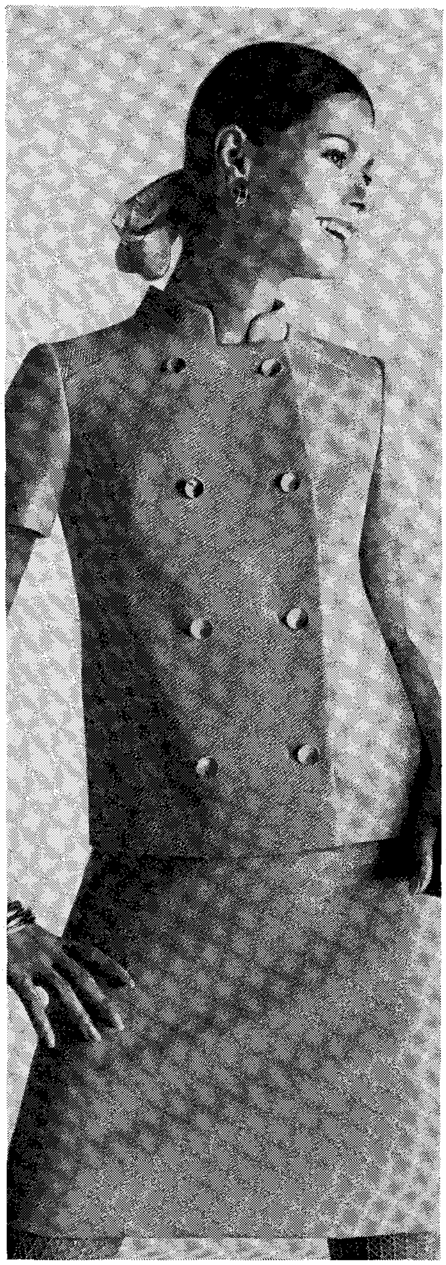

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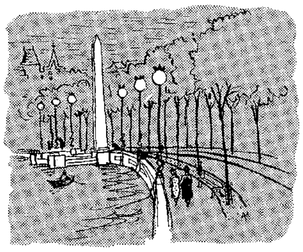
LETTER FROM LONDON

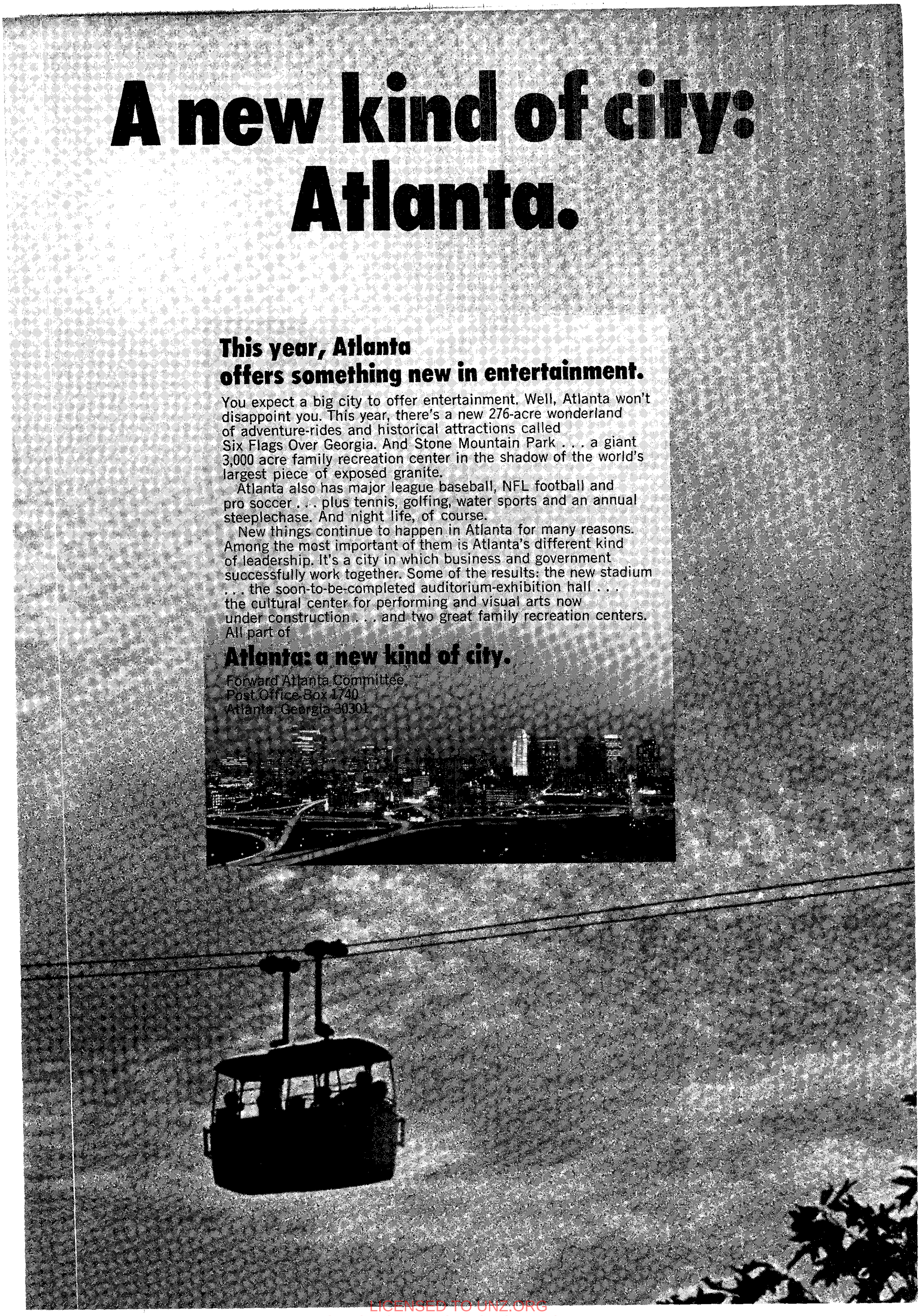
AUGUST 9



THE Government and Parliament and many Londoners have now gone their holiday ways, the tourists have taken over the city, which wears its becalmed August air, and still the beautiful summer continues—the best in eight soggy seasons, according to the experts. It is as well that nature is giving such splendid satisfaction, since man is not. The American race riots were watched on television with horror and astonishment by appalled British viewers, unable to understand (though it was well and carefully interpreted for them) what the *Observer* called "the failure of the richest and best-intentioned nation in the world" to tackle the grievances back of the tragedy. The question that is being asked here in alarm is whether Newark and Detroit could one day be repeated in, say, Birmingham and Manchester, as the racial extremists of the Conservative Party declare could happen, during the next two or three decades, when the colored-population figures will have exploded upward from their present modest two per cent. Mr. Duncan Sandys, who is their pugnacious principal spokesman in the Commons, immediately demanded a ban on letting any more colored immigrants, including Indians and Pakistanis, into the country and an effort to weed out those who are here now. Apparently, many less biassed Britons think that the first suggestion makes sense.

The Government has just shown itself even more anxiously attentive to the American lesson by announcing that tougher new laws against racial discrimination, to be added to those already existing, will be part of the legislative program for the new session of Parliament. The timing of the decision by Mr. Roy Jenkins, the Home Secretary, was perhaps pushed forward by the news from America, but the real shove had been delivered last April by a hefty slab of a report on racial discrimination in Britain, sponsored by the Race Relations Board—which has the Liberal Mark Bonham-Carter, grandson of the great Herbert Asquith, as chairman—and financed by good liberal Quaker money from the Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust. The study sifted the results of hundreds of patient interviews with Commonwealth immigrants from the West Indies, India, and Pakistan, and also from Cyprus, and with white employers, estate agents, landlords, and so on, in six areas of England, not identified in the evidence. It also organized random tests in which a white Briton, a white foreigner, and a colored man would show up for the same advertised job or accommodation, and noted results. The conclusions the report reached were certainly not calculated to make anybody here feel smug about America's racial afflictions. It found widespread discrimination against colored people trying for jobs (except on the more menial levels, where people have grown used to seeing black hands punching bus tickets or pushing hospital trolleys) or for someplace to live. In such things as automobile insurance and house mortgages, immigrants were often quoted higher terms, or sometimes refused outright. The prospects for bright second-generation colored youngsters, who will soon be entering the labor market well-educated, speaking excellent English, and able to hold skilled jobs, were, the report said, a good deal more cheerful, though resentment among white workers, various youth-employment officers feared, might lead to trouble. "Black is always black," one of them said pessimistically. "It is always there—the difference." Now the Government has announced that the existing race-relations legislation will be extended to cover just those fields of employment, housing, insurance, and credit facilities where colored immigrants arriving hopefully in Britain have received such a dusty answer. The bill will probably have a choppy passage through Parliament, not only on the Conservative side of the House. In the view of many British, it is a courageous, important step toward working out—before it is too late, but also (some consider) quite late enough—what the citizens of this small, overcrowded country will have to learn to accept, however unwillingly, if they are to prevent their own horrific Detroits.

IT will be three years this October since Harold Wilson became Prime Minister, and it seems even longer than that since the early days when Labour bustled into office full of bright, brave policies for setting straight all the measures they had criticized during the long Tory management. The mood in



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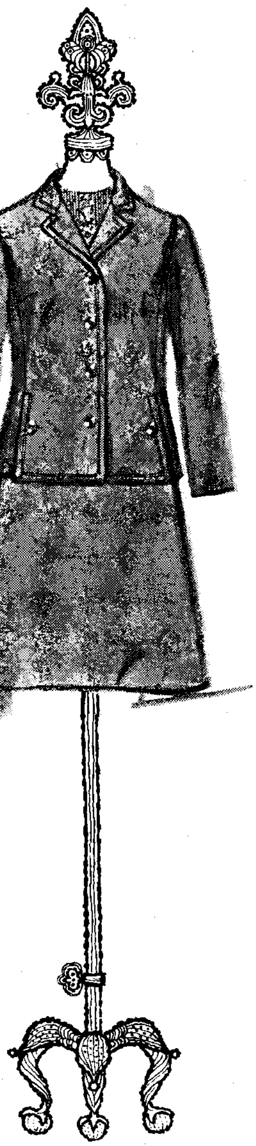

Imperialist

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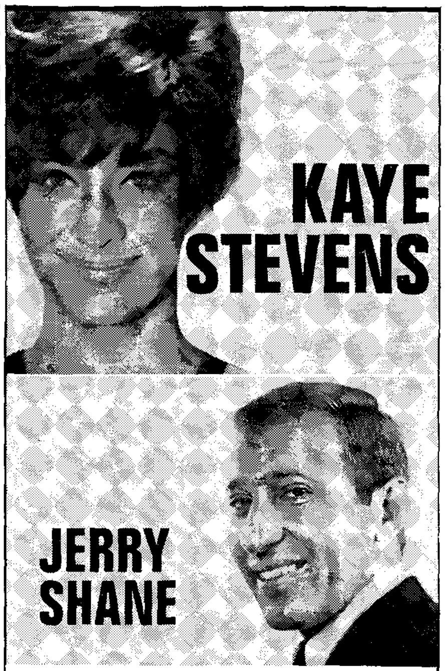
which political commentators and ordinary citizens have been taking a look at Mr. Wilson's half-term record is somewhat gloomy. Its most melancholy item, of course, is that Britain's economic troubles have so far remained as intractable to his professional expertise as they were to the measures taken by the Conservatives. The Labour Government was forced last July to act exactly like the Conservatives and apply an orthodox policy of severe monetary restraint, shocking and confusing its most faithful followers in the working classes by admitting that unemployment was now a necessity. The remedy clearly has not worked as hoped. By bad luck, sterling fell to a new low last month, tactlessly reminding everybody that it was just a year since the Prime Minister announced his long list of deflationary austerities designed to strengthen it. In spite of firm denials, talk of devaluation continues unabated in financial circles. Meanwhile, critical voices in the left wing of the Labour Party have been charging bitterly that the promises of a better Socialist new world on which they got in have been allowed to slide quietly out of sight. For instance, the Government's long-awaited proposals to improve the lot of the children of whose existence the nation has only lately become aware with shock—the children of the half million young families, mostly without an active male breadwinner, for one unhappy domestic reason or another, who are scratching along well below the poverty line in the middle of the welfare state—have come in for critical blasts from all sides. The much heralded increases in family allowances turned out to be a few inadequate shillings a week, to be given to the second and subsequent children indiscriminately in all homes, rich and poor alike, in perfect (and crazy, as the Conservatives immediately charged), fair Socialist shares. The cheaper budgetary solution of giving really adequate help only to truly needy children would involve a means test, which the Government appears to have jibbed at as being difficult to apply and deeply hated anyway, because of the emotional echoes of the depressed thirties that it brings to many of Labour's rank and file. There are rumors, however, that it was because of disagreements in the Cabinet over whether social benefits are in the future to be made more realistically dependent on real want that Miss Margaret Herbison, Mr. Wilson's Minister of Social Security—one of the most idealistic stalwarts in the Party—walked out, abruptly and without much explanation, just after



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the skimpy allover benefits were announced. All these muddled doubts and fears will be stormily aired at the annual Labour Party conference in October. Though at the moment the Prime Minister is coming in for sour criticism from certain sections of his own party (and is cordially detested by Conservatives with more concentrated venom than they ever bestowed on his predecessors in the Labour leadership), he will doubtless quell them successfully, since the majority still has faith in him.

THE brand-new topic (in British homes, at least) of drugs and the young is being debated here with moral fervor and a good deal of hysteria on all sides. Pretty well every leading newspaper or important weekly has run leading articles lately on the subject, following up with columns of letters from readers, ranging from liberal academic insistence on the freedom of the individual to curt notes severing connection with the paper forever for printing such stuff. The now celebrated full-page advertisement calling for the legalization of the sale of marijuana that appeared in the *Times* last month bearing sixty-five signatures—including those of Graham Greene, the artists John Piper and David Hockney, Dr. Jonathan Miller, two Beatles, and two Labour M.P.s—immediately started up new furious arguments as to whether marijuana does or does not lead to dangerously harder stuff, as the alcoholic's first youthful thimbleful of bad sherry does. In all the excitable publicity given to the subject by the press, there have been no reliable statistics as to how many British teen-agers are using drugs of even the milder sort, and some blessedly calm voices, emanating from people who come into contact with the young in various ways, have spoken up out of the uproar to assert, probably correctly, that the number is minuscule. Among the parental generation, hooked to their half pints and gins at the local, the notion of drugs seems appalling, or else too fantastic to believe. The public agitation has grown, of course, since the case of the two members of the Rolling Stones and their successful appeal against the startlingly harsh prison sentences passed upon them. Large numbers of people to whom Pop music is painful were nevertheless outraged by the three-month sentence given to Mick Jagger for possessing four pep pills, and by all the highly distasteful features of the case—the fact that the accused were brought to court handcuffed, the tipoff leading to their arrest from a sensational Sunday

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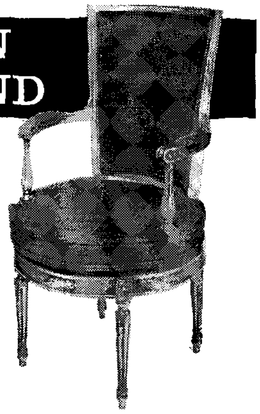
newspaper turned virtuous informer, and so on. That this intelligent, liberal view was not the voice of Britain, however, was demonstrated by an opinion poll which found, astonishingly, that half those questioned thought the Jagger sentence ought to have been stiffer. The whole extraordinary affair ended with the comic spectacle of the Master descending from the skies by helicopter to the privacy of a country rendezvous, where he was interviewed respectfully for Granada Television by a select Establishment panel consisting of the editor of the *Times*, a Catholic priest, a former Home Secretary, and the Bishop of Woolwich, no less. What the present debate does seem to have brought to light is the really formidable amount of middle-aged resentment that is harbored against the young, as much, seemingly, for the new money they have to spend and the new independence they enjoy as for the clothes they wear and the sounds they like to hear. It is almost as though Disraeli's two nations have become the young and the old, with more of a yawning gap between their ideas than ever before—or so many of the senior generation are worriedly saying right now.

A REMARKABLE new play, "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg," at the Comedy Theatre, might not, on the face of it, strike anybody as his idea of a good evening's entertainment. Peter Nichols, the author, has taken a theme that sounds more tragic than funny but wonderfully succeeds in being both. It concerns the efforts of a young schoolmaster and his wife to live cheerfully tied to the wheelchair of their ten-year-old spastic daughter, Josephine, the Joe Egg of the curious title—an insensate vegetable child with a pretty face who will never emerge from the witless twilight where she has been since birth. It is a hard play to describe, being half realistic, half a sort of charade, in which the characters suddenly step up to the footlights to let the audience into some intimate truth about themselves. The parents have learned to laugh at the cruel joke played on them by life or by a deity who, if he exists, the father says, "must be a manic-depressive Rugger player who uses us for the ball." They invent normal bright dialogue and reactions for the silent little hulk in the wheelchair, or act out brilliantly done little scenes showing how this affliction came upon them, with vicious caricatures of the doctors and the clergyman who inanely attempted to soften

TURN AROUND



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their tragedy with jovial untruths. The second act is straight and very good theatre—the husband, after an unsuccessful attempt to kill the child, can take it no longer. He clears out. This tortured buffoon, continuously making a stream of wisecracks that sound like yells of pain, is dazzlingly played by a tall, gaunt actor named Joe Melia. Zena Walker is touching as the mother, who cannot get rid of the guilty feeling that her child's doom is perhaps retribution for two or three little affairs with American soldiers during the war. The play, which was much acclaimed by the critics, has been given extremely ingenious and rapidly moving direction by Michael Blakemore.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

CODA

Love is not worth so much;
I regret everything.
Now, on our backs,
in Fayetteville, Arkansas,
the stars are falling
into our cracked eyes.

With my good arm,
I reach for the sky
and let the air out of the moon.
It goes whizzing off
to shrivel and sink
in the ocean.

You cannot weep;
I cannot do anything
that once held an ounce
of meaning for us.
I cover you
with pine needles.

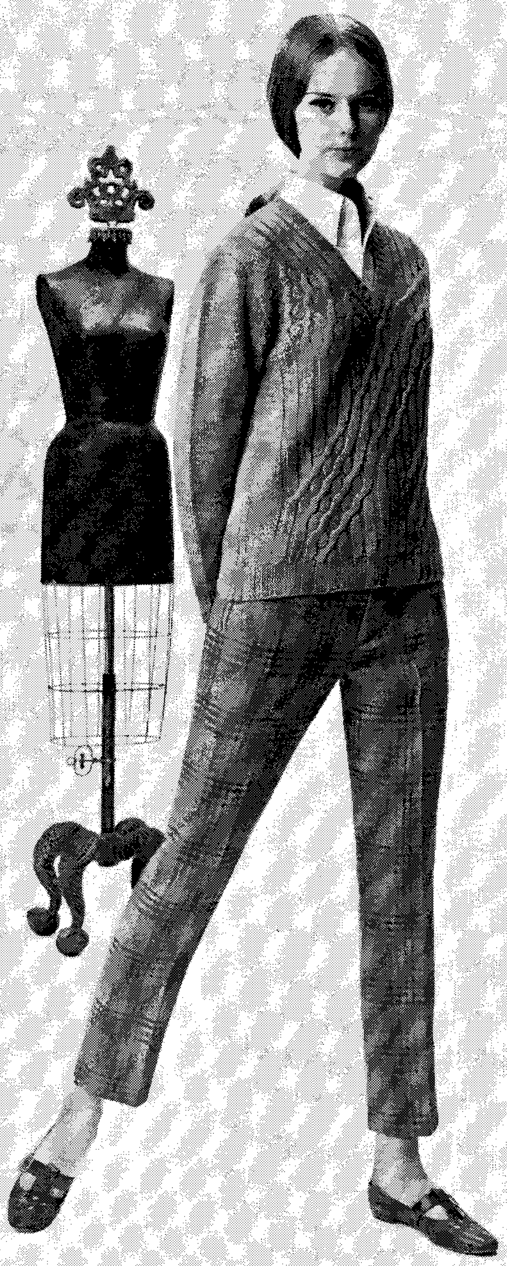
When morning comes,
I will build a cathedral
around our bodies.
And the crickets,
who sing with their knees,
will come there
in the night to be sad
when they can sing no more.

—JAMES TATE

•

A recent commissioner of parks in New York rejected a statue many art authorities had urged the city to purchase. He said, "If I don't get a thought from it, I don't consider it a work of art." One is reminded of the man in Wordsworth's poem: "A promise by the river's brim, a yellow primrose is to him and nothing more."—*From the foreword to "The Best American Short Stories, 1966."*

Never mind Wordsworth. Back to that rotten statue!



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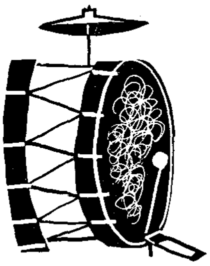
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

Duke Ellington's unique stand at the Rainbow Grill, which began on July 31st and ends on September 2nd, is a sorrowing one. Not long before the engagement, Billy Strayhorn, Ellington's indivisible alter ego since 1939, died, and certainly part of Ellington went with him. (Ellington continues to speak of Strayhorn in the present tense; his not being at bandside seems simply to mean that he is at home for the evening.) But for every sorrow there's a boffola. In mid-June, Ellington was made an honorary Doctor of Music by Yale University—a too late and too little award that was accompanied by the kind of pseudo-literary feather-boa citation one might hear at a Midwestern clubwomen's luncheon honoring a retiring president. It was the sort of well-meaning insult that has dogged Ellington for much of his forty-four-year career and that he has long parried with gracious irony. Despite all this, the Rainbow Grill stint is immensely heartening, for it proves that the older Ellington gets (he is now a buoyant sixty-eight) the more adventuresome and creative he becomes. During the past several years, he has fashioned a program of collar-buttons-to-the-front "religious" music, which he has played successfully in churches all over the Western world. He has finished and recorded (with Strayhorn's great help) his notable "Far East Suite." He has charmingly reconditioned various popular songs of the moment, and he has done a series of subtle and ingenious parodies of such as Paul Whiteman, Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, and Wayne King that suggest that parody is simply imperfection perfected. And now he has settled down at the Rainbow Grill in a workshop jam-session way with an eight-piece group taken from the big band for what may be the longest engagement for dancing he has played in New York or anywhere else since the thirties. Old numbers are being streamlined and regalvanized before one's eyes, and new numbers are being poked, shaped, lobbed, and weighed. On the two nights I spent recently at the Grill, the band played close to a dozen new numbers.



The cream of the big band is on hand, and it includes Cat Anderson, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, John Lamb (bass), and a new, rock-steady drummer, Steve Little. It is without question the equal of any small jazz band ever assembled, and in some ways it surpasses its big brother. It has the depth and timbre and revolving colors of the bigger group, but it is also looser and more intense, and the soloists, through simple thinning, have more space and time to roam in. Hodges and Carney are playing with exceptional beauty. (Carney frequently uses his bass clarinet, on which he sounds like wind moaning across the mouth of a volcano.) Anderson, who is generally restricted to high-note grandstanding, is revealing a subtlety and skill that challenge the great days of Cootie Williams and Rex Stewart. Brown is less industrial than usual, and Gonsalves, who sometimes breaks his mainspring, is ticking perfectly. At least a dozen of the numbers I heard were classic Ellington. These included a "C Jam Blues" that was better than the celebrated 1942 recording (Anderson shivered and shook his way out of his solo and Carney began his with a great, sashaying break); a "Sunny Side of the Street" in which Hodges left fat, dying notes all over the bandstand while the band played organ chords and a double-time figure that explained his intensity; an easy, rocking "Rosetta;" and a "Happy Go Lucky Local" that came to a climax in a roaring-unison stop-time passage by the whole band. Most of the new numbers were handsome medium-tempo blues, one of which, "Sky Blue Suit," ended with Anderson composing muted poems to himself while the band slid gently through the final chorus. And, of course, there was Ellington, playing first-rate piano, smiling, signing autographs, hugging old friends, playing requests ranging from "I Can't Get Started" to "Something to Live For," and doing his funny monologue about finger-popping on the afterbeat while the band delicately hummed "Things Ain't What They Used to Be." It was the essence of Ellington—a silly, funning exterior designed to disguise a man whose music continues unmatched.

To miss Ellington at the Rainbow Grill would be like turning off one's radio just as Lindbergh was about to land.

—Whitney Balliett

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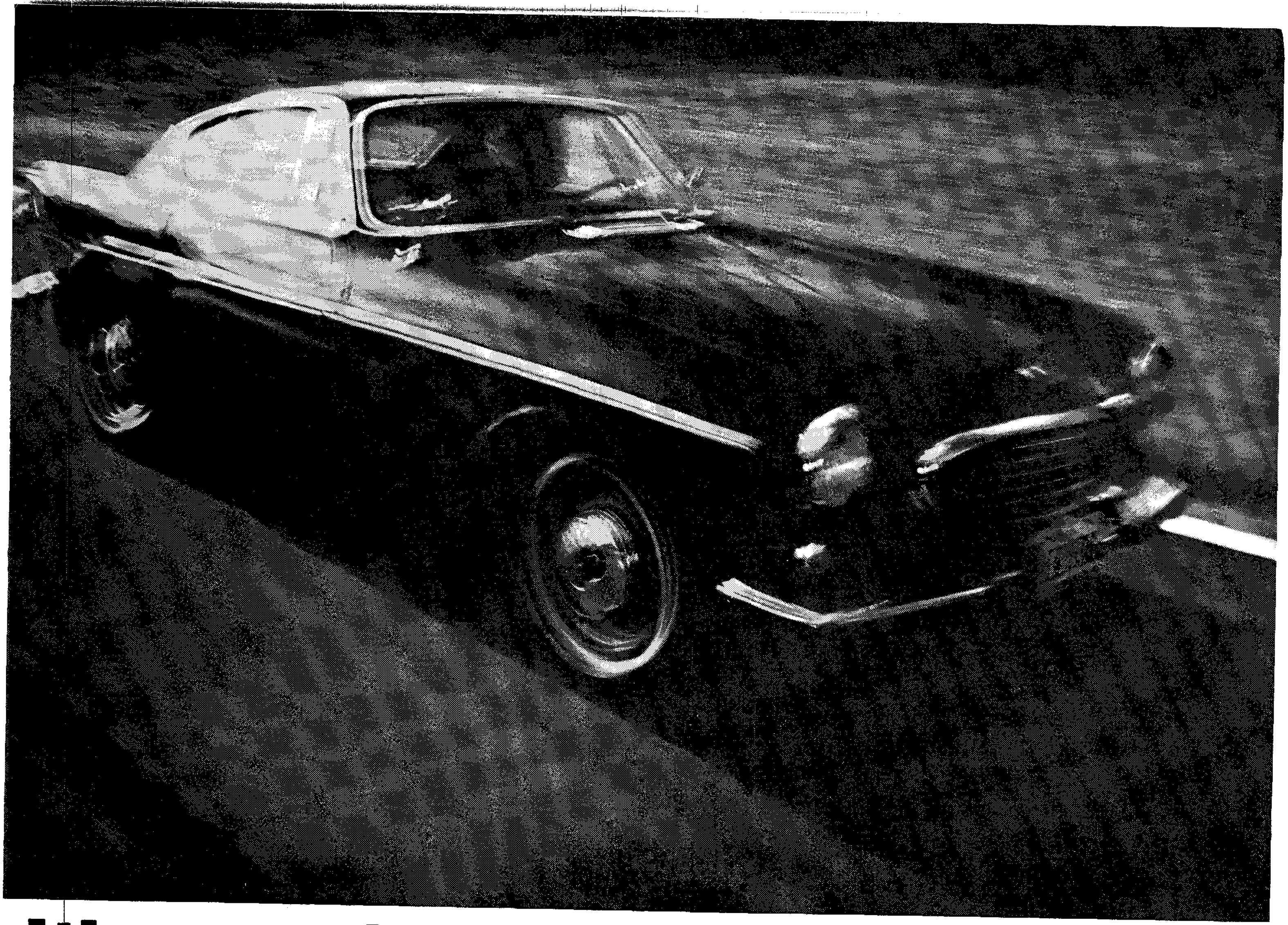
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 13

THE Vice-President has twice suggested recently that American cities—or those large and inhospitable parts of them dwelt in mainly by Negroes—be rehabilitated by means of a program similar in aim, method, and scope to the Marshall Plan, which was undertaken twenty years ago this summer by a Republican Congress and a Democratic Administration. There is nothing new about either the idea or the foreign-policy analogy. It has at times even seemed to have enjoyed White House favor. In a speech at Howard University two years ago, President Johnson spoke of American Negroes as constituting "another nation," and there was reason then to believe that he was prepared to ask the Eighty-ninth Congress, which had rarely denied him anything, to declare and fund a long-term commitment designed to lift the Negro community to a point within hailing distance of affluence. But soon after that several things happened to make the approach—temporarily, at least—politically invalid. For reasons that had nothing to do with its validity, there was a falling out between some of the most influential Negro leaders and the Administration strategists. The war in Vietnam, which up to then had been a low-budget military production, suddenly became vastly more expensive than the Marshall Plan had ever been. The summer disorders in Watts bred congressional and, some congressmen insisted, public hostility to any program whose main beneficiaries would be Negroes. When the following year's elections brought in a Congress not necessarily less sympathetic to Negro aspirations but certainly less given to innovation and less subject to Presidential manipulation, most members of the Administration felt that it would be idle, and even mischievous, to advocate the kind of effort the President had seemed eager to make a year earlier. But now, in the aftermath of the Newark and Detroit riots—an aftermath that may turn out to be only an interlude between those and even greater disturbances—an Administration leader is again talking of a domestic Marshall Plan. Though it could be that on this occasion the Vice-President's natural exuberance has overcome his customarily acute awareness of the need to contain it within the limits set by his superior officer, the President has not publicly or, as far as is known, privately repudiated the Vice-President, and some White House spokesmen have spread the word that the Administration, seized with a new sense of urgency about the plight of the Negro and about its inherent danger to the whole structure of American society, would once again welcome public pressure for remedies of the most ambitious sort.

At the moment, there are few signs that any such pressure can be expected. The moment, however, is one in which it is uncommonly difficult to generalize about public opinion. The polls offer contradictory findings on attitudes toward the war in Vietnam. A Harris Survey released yesterday reports that the President, who had the confidence of fifty-eight per cent of the public after his Glassboro meetings with Alexei Kosygin in late June, is now down to thirty-nine per cent—the lowest since he took office almost four years ago—and that much of this swift decline is attributable to dissatisfaction with the way, as the questioners put it, he "handled" the riots, which has the approval of only thirty-two per cent. Since, partly because of the Constitutional limitations on his authority, he did very little in the way of "handling" anything, it is unclear whether the dissatisfaction is with his action or with his inaction. However, no other politician—not even Governor Romney, his principal critic during the riots—seems to have gained at his expense, and large numbers of those who disapprove of the President because of Vietnam or the riots or whatever would return him to office if his opponent were Richard Nixon, against whom he would have the support of fifty-five per cent of the popular vote, or George Romney, whom he would defeat with fifty-two per cent. The country is plainly uneasy—nothing would be more dispiriting than to find it was anything else—over the government's failures in Vietnam and in the cities, but then so is the government itself. Yet just as there is no consensus on Vietnam, there seems to be no consensus on what should be done about the cities. No one here would have been much surprised if the public reaction to the recent violence in the slums had been a clamor for draconian measures in dealing with all slum dwellers. Some congressmen are behaving as if this had indeed been the reaction, and the House of Representatives this week did what it could to transform the Administration's anti-crime bill into an anti-riot bill, with most of the funds and powers to be given to the



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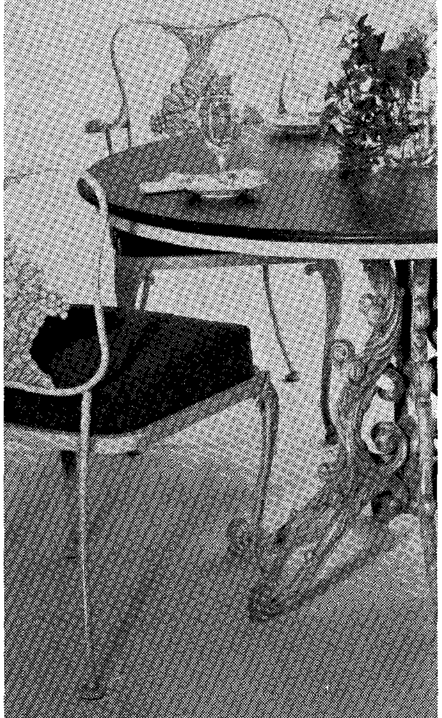

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states. This seems to indicate that most congressmen think they can please their white constituents more by punitive measures than by socially and economically ameliorating ones. This may be the case, but there is as yet no clear evidence that it is. Many Northern congressmen from urban and suburban districts have found more expressions of sorrow and anxiety than of anger in their mail, and—generally to their surprise—those congressmen who have voted regularly for civil-rights and anti-poverty legislation do not now feel themselves under any new and significant pressures to pursue a different line. If anything, they say, there has been an increase in support for anti-poverty appropriations, which is probably attributable to testimony by local police and political authorities that employees of the Office of Economic Opportunity and related agencies in the afflicted cities did far more to restrain violence than to incite it. The one thing that these congressmen feel would stand in their way in supporting something on the order of a domestic Marshall Plan is the reluctance of taxpayers to underwrite any large increase of federal activity. That reluctance may extend as much to new troop commitments in Vietnam as it would to federally financed urban rehabilitation.

Public opinion, to the extent that it exists and can be interpreted, does not seem to preclude the kind of program the President spoke of two years ago and the Vice-President speaks of today. It is quite possible that if the Administration and its supporters in Congress made a powerful effort to persuade the country that the present crisis requires a national effort many times as large as any being undertaken today, they could convince it that, war or no war, deficits or no deficits, the money simply had to be raised and spent. But among those people who need no persuasion as to the depth of the crisis or the urgency of dealing with it at any financial cost, there is growing skepticism about the wisdom of any new plan that draws on the federal government for administration as well as financing. Their misgivings are founded not on any particular disenchantment with the present Administration, which has dealt with urban problems more realistically and imaginatively than any previous one, or on any dissent from the proposition that nearly all problems nowadays are national ones requiring national solutions. There is, however, a feeling that the federal government, at least for the present, has just about exhausted its political, intellectual, and

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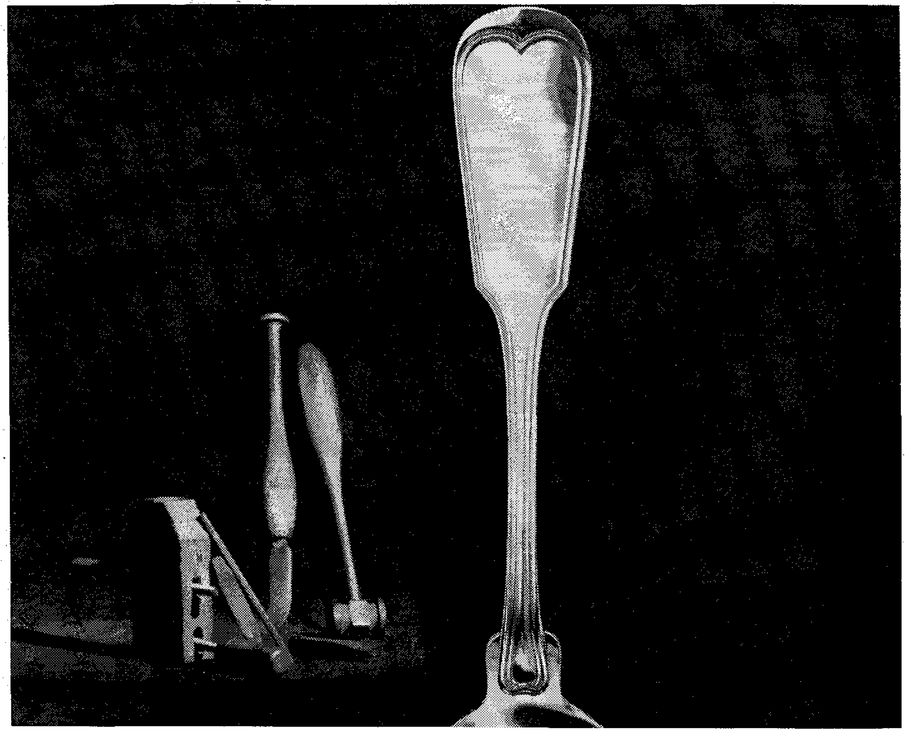
administrative resources. For one thing, the voters, not without reason, are increasingly distrustful of it and increasingly eager to listen to and support politicians who stress the need for decentralization. For another, this is an obsessed and disoriented war capital, in which Vietnam and related issues of foreign policy take so much of the time and energy of the President and other policymakers that, no matter how earnest their expressions of concern may be, they are unable to give domestic issues the attention they deserve. Beyond all this, the new federal agencies set up to deal with the distress of the cities—the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and the Department of Transportation—have turned in generally disappointing performances. In the case of the O.E.O., which has often made brilliant use of new people and ideas, it may simply be that it seemed to promise more than it could reasonably have been expected to deliver. And with H.U.D. and Transportation, it may be that they have not had enough time, money, or Presidential support to make their existence count—or, for that matter, known. But if, mainly because of the war, they cannot get the money and the kind of Presidential support that would make Secretaries Robert Weaver and Alan Boyd figure as large in the public consciousness as Secretaries Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara, then time will never be on their side.

Part of the difficulties the new federal bureaucracies face is created by the existence of the old ones. The urbanists and the anti-poverty experts in the new departments are often in hot ideological and administrative conflict with officials of such departments as Labor, Commerce, Justice, and Health, Education, and Welfare. In the new agencies, for example, almost everyone feels that there is no greater hindrance to the war on poverty and no greater force for the perpetuation of slums than the public-welfare system administered by, and providing a raison d'être for, a huge, entrenched, and complacent sub-bureaucracy in H.E.W. In many ways, the federal approach is irrelevant and anachronistic. The 1967 civil-rights bill, on which occasional and rather languid hearings are being held by the Senate Judiciary Committee, will pass—if it passes at all—only in a severely mutilated form. But any regret over its almost certain fate will be tempered by a realization that some of its provisions are commendable more for good inten-

Once you had to inherit it



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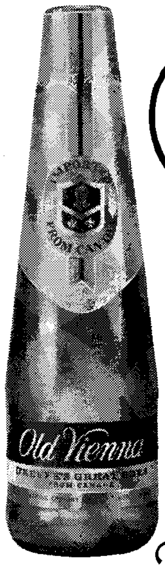
tions than for their potential usefulness. If it were to pass and prove workable, it would open up some jobs for Negroes in fields from which they *have been systematically excluded* on grounds of race, and make possible the acquisition by qualified purchasers of homes in previously white communities. This might promote justice and equality, but it would contribute nothing to domestic tranquillity. It would do little to alleviate mass unemployment among Negroes and nothing to improve the quality of life for those in the slums. In the fields where discrimination is still practiced by employers and unions, there are simply not enough jobs available to reduce Negro unemployment by more than five or ten per cent. What is required to deal with that problem is the creation of several million new jobs and the kind of training that would enable unemployed Negroes to fill existing jobs from which they are excluded not by their race but by their lack of the necessary skills. Similarly, equality in opportunities to buy or rent dwelling places in sections outside the ghettos would enable a few middle-class Negroes to move out of the slums but would do nothing for those who lack the money to move out and so must live on in the slums, where the housing problem is one of quality rather than equality.

DURING most of this century, most advocates of social change of any broad and consequential kind have felt that the federal government, and especially its executive branch, is the only really effective agency of change. Because we are a continental nation characterized by a heterogeneity unprecedented in the history of nation-states, only one man—the President—can appeal to the entire country. His power to change opinion by addressing the people and to change institutions by exercising his executive authority exceeds that of all the governors and all the mayors combined. The President is the only elected official who represents more than a fraction of the nation and fulfills his responsibility to his constituency by thinking in national terms. The government he heads has more power to collect revenues and to determine their use than all the others put together. Because of its power, the federal government has traditionally attracted the most gifted of public servants. Because its officials are under closer scrutiny than men in local government or in private business, it has as a rule been less corrupt—at least in



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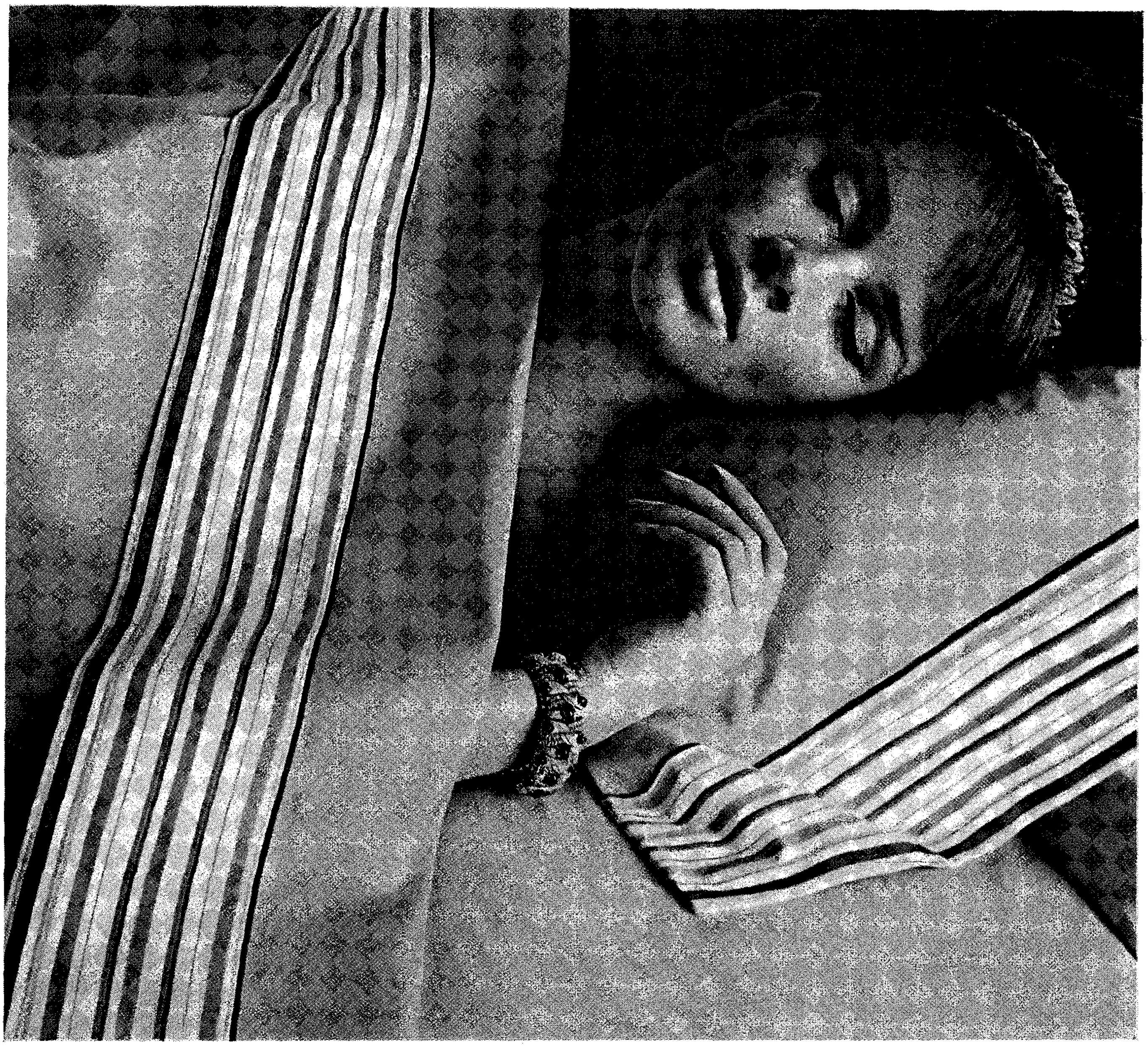

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Most of this is as much the case today as it ever was. In some ways, indeed, it is even more the case. For at least thirty-five years, the executive branch has been acquiring, generally by the default of state and local governments and of non-governmental institutions, more responsibility and more power. The development of modern communications systems has given the President and many other officers of the federal government a greater hold on the public at large than it was possible for anyone to have a few decades ago, and it has been partly on this account that—although we seem on the verge of a counter-development—nearly all candidates for President and Vice-President in recent years have been men who made their reputations in this capital rather than, as was mainly true in the past, in provincial capitals. Despite all this, there is a feeling among those who sense a need for fundamental changes in patterns of American life that they cannot look to the federal government alone—or even principally to the federal government—as the agency for the changes they consider of almost desperate importance. Their attitude might be different if it were not for the war in Vietnam and its demands on the President and his most important subordinates. But something more than the war and the country's role in global affairs has been causing people to look away from Washington. From here, it has been possible lately to detect unusual stirrings and ferment in the lesser centers of power around the country, and some of the orthodox doctrines about the relationship of federal to local authority now seem open to serious questioning. It may no longer be true, for instance, that this city has a near monopoly on political and administrative talent. There has been a rebirth of interest in state and municipal governments and an easily discernible elevation in the quality of the men leading them. A good many factors seem to account for this. One is the pace of urbanization itself and the opportunities for imaginative leadership that the cities and the predominantly urbanized states offer. Another factor is unquestionably the dominance of the Democratic Party in national politics for the last third of a century; as Republican dominance in Washington once led able Democrats to seek fulfillment in city and state governments, the long Democratic hegemony has led able Re-

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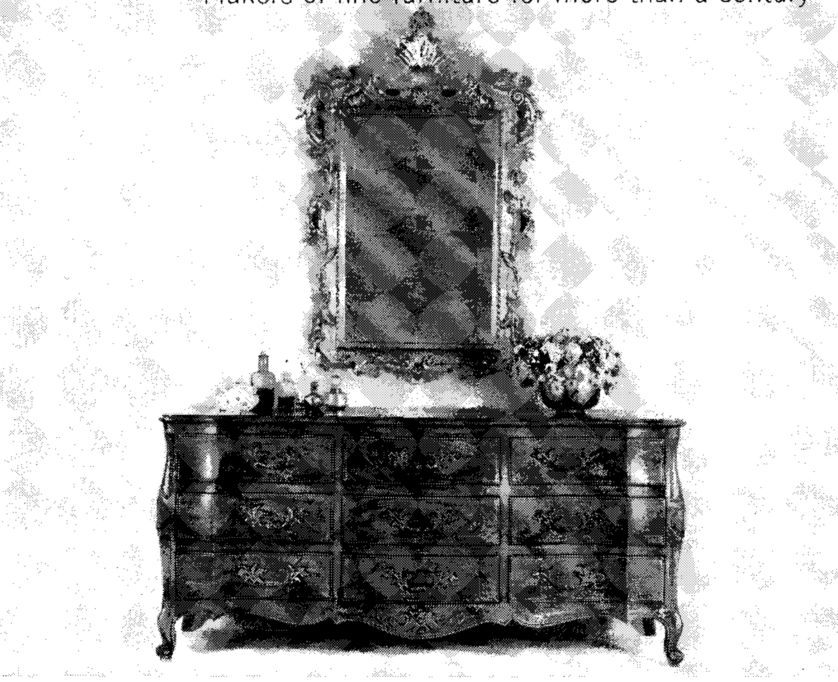

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publicans to do the same, with the result that some of the most impressive and intelligent men in public life today are Republican governors and mayors. Also, the rise of the philanthropic foundations and the growth of industries that have, almost as the federal government has, a national constituency and a national outlook have created new pools of talent. So, for that matter, have some of the organizations that have developed to spur changes in American society. It is widely believed here that the civil-rights and Negro movements of recent years have been more ably led and more eloquently spoken for than any similar movements in American history. If "black nationalism" were to lead to the founding of a black nation within this white one—an aim generally viewed as irresponsible and undesirable, as well as impossible, by even the most militant of Negro spokesmen—it might be able to start its life with leaders of more sophistication and ability than most of their counterparts in the white society.

It is probably still true that only the federal government could raise the money needed for any large-scale program of rehabilitation. It is generally felt now that the only sure cure for Negro unemployment would be an immense public-works program that would provide jobs by the millions and could utilize right away the humblest as well as the most highly developed skills. This is what is really meant by a domestic Marshall Plan, and it is a fact that tends to weaken the analogy. (If, however, the public works were in the ravaged cities themselves and involved not only construction but the reconstruction of an economy, the analogy would be a reasonably apt one.) It is hard to see how such an agency could be financed, or even directed, except by the federal government. As victims of their own decay, the cities have declining sources of income, and as creatures of the states they are limited in their capacity for incurring debt. The states, not being truly sovereign, are similarly restricted. But the states, which have the great advantage of not being at war with any foreign power and are therefore free to spend whatever they can raise where the spending seems likely to do the most good, are not as impotent as some of their leaders have maintained. In California, Governor Reagan, who took office proclaiming that the citizenry was being bled beyond endurance by tax collectors, recently found it possible to raise taxes to provide another half billion dollars for his administration. It

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happens that those states whose cities' need for rehabilitation is the greatest are by most measures the richest and most productive ones. If they cannot alone finance the rebuilding of the cities that are the source of their wealth, they could probably, in this most prosperous of periods, carry a far larger part of the burden than most people have thought possible.

A public-works program whose primary aim would be to provide jobs on the basis of the needs of the jobless would require public financing either by the federal government alone or by some consortium of the cities, the states, and the federal government. But rebuilding in the ghettos, which could provide large numbers of jobs for ghetto residents and thereby reduce the costs of any federal public-works program, might be accomplished with very little participation by government of any sort. When David Rockefeller, the president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, testified last November at Senator Ribicoff's hearings on the federal role in urban affairs, he estimated that only one dollar of public funds, from whatever governmental source, would be needed to attract five dollars from private investors in low-income housing. Senator Robert Kennedy has spent a good part of this year promoting schemes for urban rebuilding that do not draw on any passion for justice or good works but, instead, rest on the solid foundations of American avarice and lust for profit. His and a number of similar plans call for no more public assistance than the tax credits, low-interest rates, and insurance that the federal government has so often given private enterprise in the past—and even in the present in the case of such industries as aviation, aerospace, shipping, and mining. This kind of assistance should be possible even for a government at war, and even for state governments, which could recover their investments in property taxes. Nor would it be ruinous for state and federal treasuries to subsidize a plan—put before the Ribicoff Committee by Dr. George Sternlieb, of Rutgers University—for turning the actual ownership of low-income housing units over to their occupants. Citing as a precedent the Homestead Act of 1862, Dr. Sternlieb claimed that his researches disclosed an almost perfect correlation, even in the most miserable slums, between absentee ownership and extensive vandalism, on the one hand, and, on the other, occupant ownership and careful maintenance. Even if the correlation were a good deal less than

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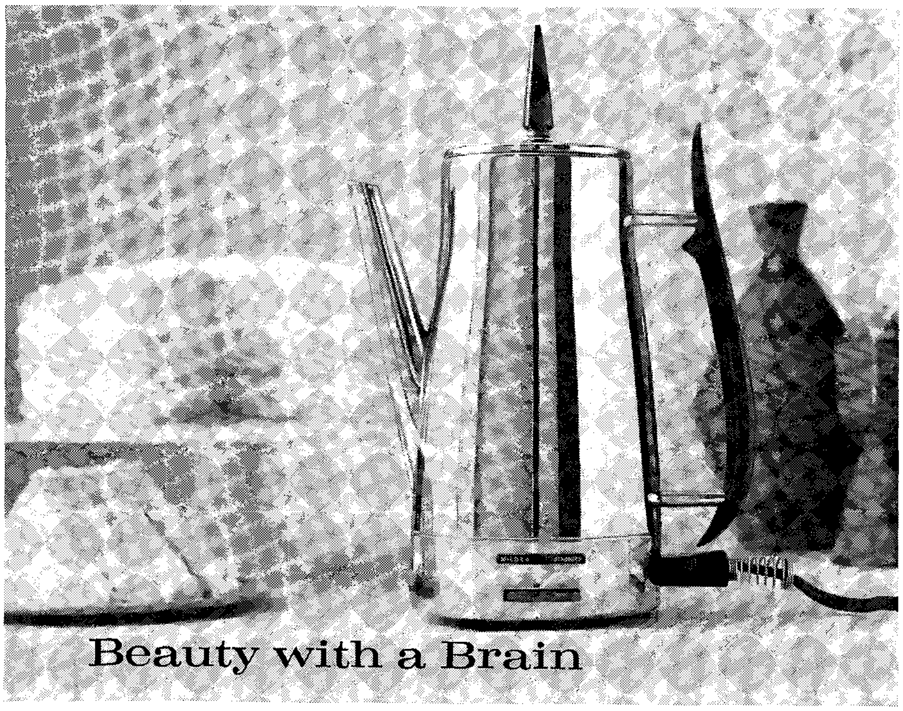

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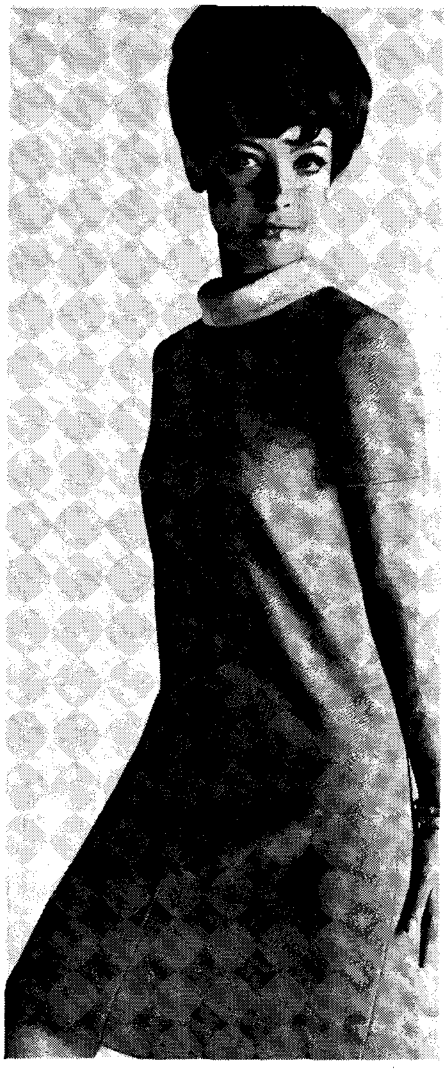

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Slightly higher in the west.

perfect, the cost of buying out absentee landlords would be less than the staggering cost of violence in the cities.

A GREAT deal of rhetoric has recently been expended before congressional committees and other assemblages to draw attention to the consequences of indifference to the fate of the cities. Nothing, perhaps, testifies more eloquently to those consequences than the circumstances that seem to be compelling both political parties to hold their 1968 conventions in Miami Beach. The attractions of Miami Beach in midsummer are minimal. Florida is not, politically or in any other way, an ideal state for either party to select as a setting for the declaration of its principles and the unveiling of its candidates. As a communications center, Miami Beach ranks well below at least half a dozen other cities—if, indeed, Miami Beach can be called a city at all. But it has one great advantage for politicians in 1968. It offers what no other available site is believed to offer—safety. Because it is separated from the mainland by water and joined to it by a few narrow bridges and causeways, it can be rather easily policed. The stockyards of Chicago, the Cow Palace of San Francisco, Madison Square Garden in New York might offer more suitable settings and facilities, but they are difficult places to police, and it is impossible to prevent demonstrations in the blocks surrounding them. It is a long time since convention planners have had to give much thought to the physical security of the delegates, but for the planners of next year's gatherings it is the first consideration.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

When asked about his other interests, he [Vic Damone] ties them to his religion. "We live in many worlds," he says. "First we live in one world, our mother's womb. There we develop our body. Then we leave that world and we're born into this one. We have a soul, a rational soul that God has given us and we must develop that soul, we must take the talent that God has given us and develop it."

He is developing his talent by creating advertising ideas and inventions for his firm, Vidam. "I have a patent on one idea," he says. "It's a machine that fits inside a cigaret vending machine. When a person buys a pack of cigarets, they put a coin in the slot, then they push or pull a lever. With my machine, the moment you put a coin in—*before* you pull the lever—out comes a message at the point of sale: *'Hey, why don't you try a Lark?'* "—*TV Guide.*

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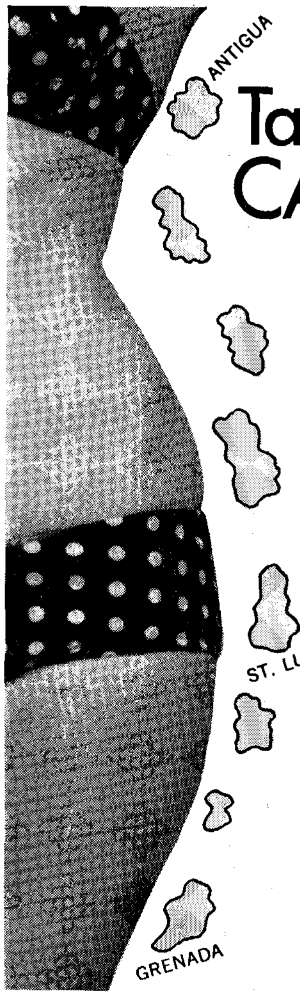
THE RACE TRACK

Lady in Waiting

I VENTURE to say that when the final ratings come out at the end of the season, Gamely will head the list of three-year-old fillies. (Unless, of course, Eddie Neloy or Hirsch Jacobs can pull something out of a hat, which I doubt.) The basis of this view is the style in which she won the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday—a race that has been the American classic for her sex since 1872. Not only did she win by a couple of lengths going away from Treacherous, Muse, and ten others but she dominated the scene for the mile and a quarter, keeping closest to Spire, a 100–1 shot, who led to the stretch turn. The time of 2:03⅕ was as fast as the race has ever been run. Owned jointly by A. B. Hancock, Jr., and William Haggin Perry (she runs in the name and colors of Mr. Perry), Gamely is a sprightly bay by Bold Ruler out of Gambetta, whose sire was My Babu. She did not start as a two-year-old, and until she went to Saratoga she had run only at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, and had finished first twice in eight tries. By the way, Amerigo Lady, who beat her by half a length in the Hollywood Oaks, was down the course in the Alabama.

Because the turf course at the Spa is wide enough for just twelve starters, and eighteen were entered, the field for the Bernard Baruch Handicap was divided by lot and the race was run off in two sections. The first went to Flitto, whom Jim Conway has developed into an up-and-coming runner on the grass. In the second, Fort Marcy beat Assagai. This was hardly a surprise if you'd looked over their recent performances; Fort Marcy had won the Long Branch Handicap at Monmouth, the Nashua at Arlington, and the Tidal at Aqueduct, while Assagai had done nothing to speak of since his trip to Paris last month. Before that, Fort Marcy had been such a disappointment that Paul Mellon, who owns him, and Elliott Burch, who trains him, had put him in a sale of horses at Belmont Park in June. But three weeks before the vendue Burch ran Fort Marcy in a race on the grass, and he won. Whereupon Mr. Mellon decided to keep him, and had to bid $77,000 to do it. Not



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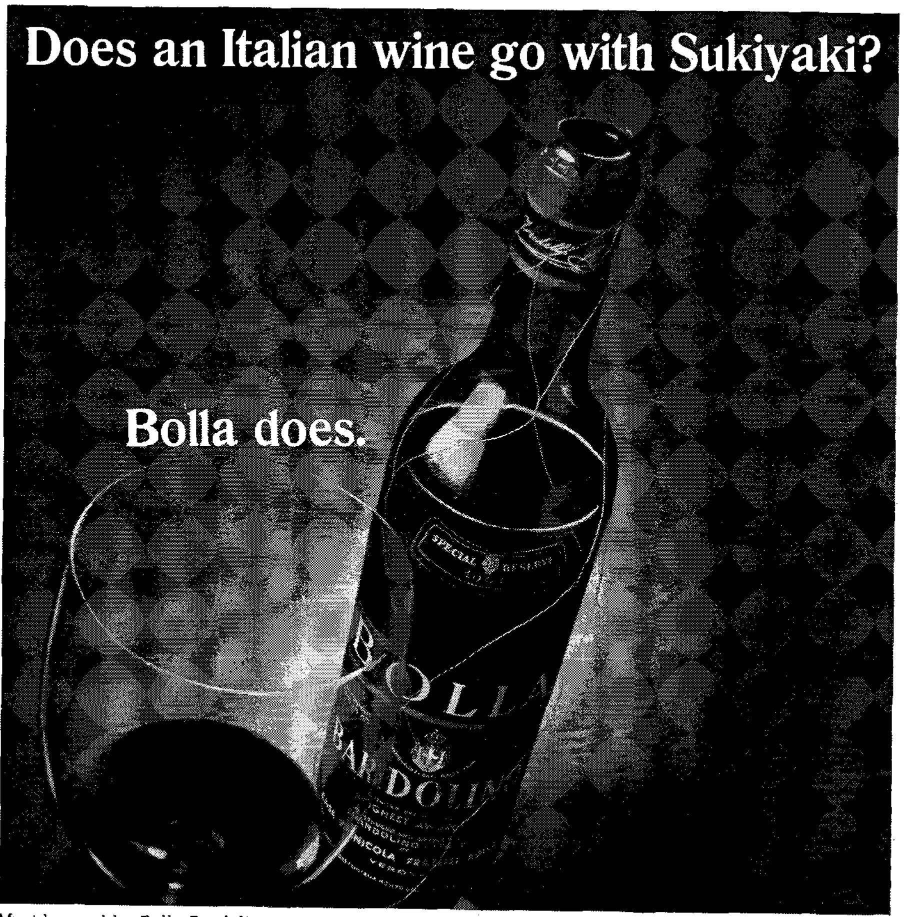

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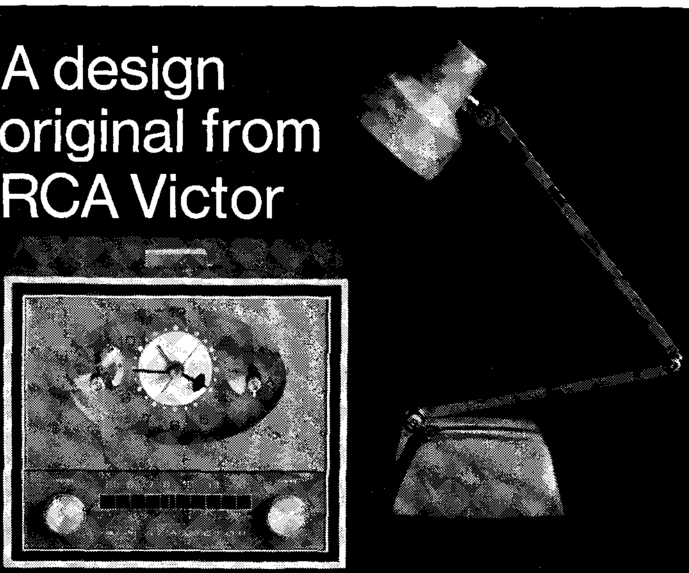

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a bad buy. Since the sale, Fort Marcy has earned $99,418 in purses.

KELSO, as you'd guess, was the star of the show on National Steeplechase Day at Saratoga. Since his retirement to Mrs. Richard C. duPont's farm in Maryland, he has grown so sleek that many who remembered him in his racing days hardly knew him. He did some dressage—no pirouettes or caprioles, though—and some horse-show jumping, under the guidance of Miss Alison Cram, and was loudly applauded by the crowd of 16,536, which was the largest weekday crowd at the meeting. Very likely we'll be seeing him at the Horse Show in the Garden, and perhaps in hurdle races. After all, he's still $22,104 short of that two million in earnings. There were two jumping races the afternoon he appeared—the Saratoga National Hurdles Stakes, won by Roublet, and one at a mile and five furlongs, won by Duke Cannon.

NO doubt about it, yearlings by Bold Ruler bring a high dollar. At Keeneland last year, Frank McMahon gave $200,000 for a Bold Ruler colt out of La Dauphine, whom he named Bold Discovery and who has yet to face the starter. At Saratoga last week, John E. duPont, who inherited the Foxcatcher Farm stable from his father, William duPont, Jr., went to $190,000 for a filly by Bold Ruler out of Blue Norther. It was the highest price ever paid for a filly that age, but it didn't surprise horsemen who had looked her over. The last contending bidder was John Hay Whitney.

I DON'T suppose there will be more than five starters in the Travers Stakes, for three-year-olds, at Saratoga this weekend. Besides Damascus, one of the others will be Gala Performance, the winner last week of the Jim Dandy Stakes, which was named for the 100–1 shot who beat Gallant Fox and Whichone in the 1930 Travers.

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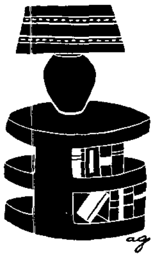


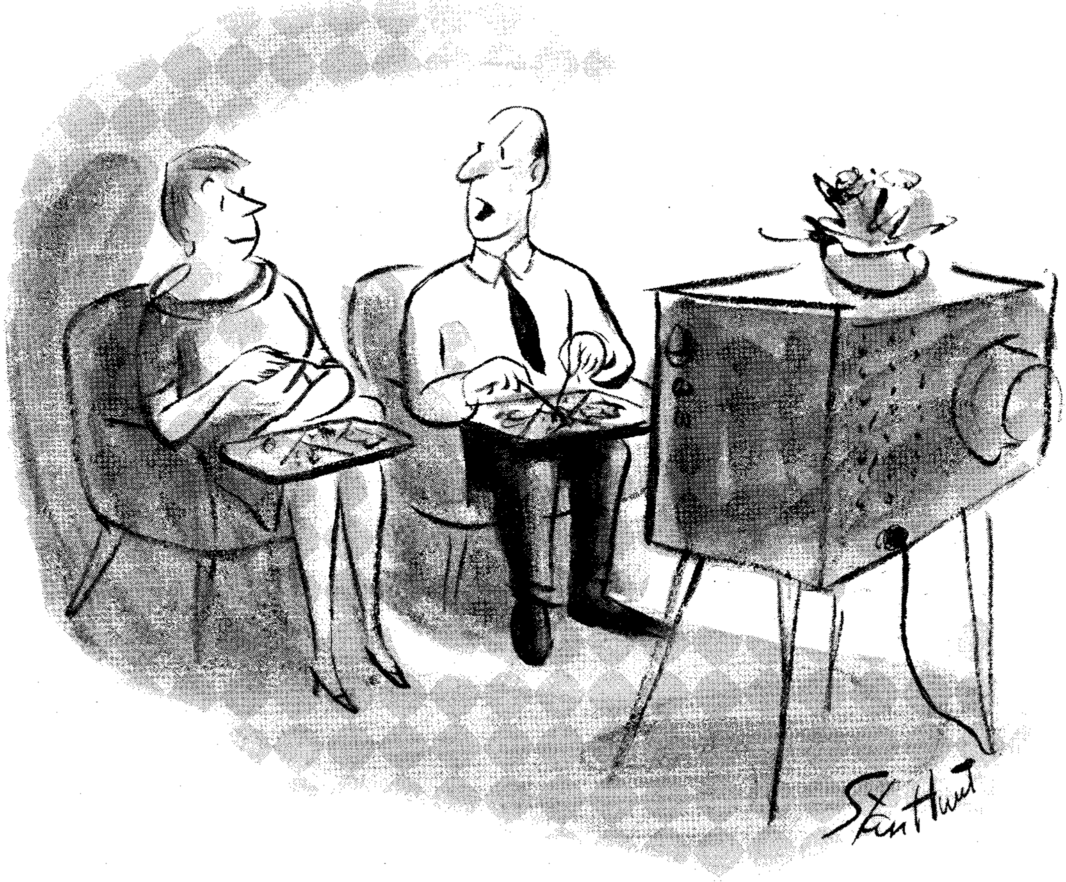
ON Winston Churchill's eightieth birthday, an English journal of opinion sent felicitations to "the second greatest living Englishman." The panache and impertinence of the compliment lay in the omitted premise. But to logicians and radicals the missing name rang clear: it was that of Bertrand Russell. And the implicit judgment may stick. Indeed, it may reach well beyond English life. It looks as if the presence of Russell will come to inform the history of intelligence and feeling in European civilization between the eighteen-nineties and the nineteen-fifties as does that of no other man. As no single presence has, perhaps, since Voltaire's.

The parallel is both obvious and deep. It springs from the actual wrapper of this handsome book, "The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell" (Little, Brown), with its portrait of Russell made in 1916. His hair is close-folded in the manner of an eighteenth-century wig, the nose is beaked and Voltairean, the lips are sensuous but faintly mocking. Like Voltaire, Russell has lived long and made of this fact a statement of values both festive and stoical. His published work has been immense, an outrage to the sparsities of the modern manner; it comprises some forty-five books. His correspondence has been even larger. Like Voltaire's, it has touched directly on every nerve of its century. Russell has debated philosophy with Wittgenstein and fiction with Conrad and D. H. Lawrence, he has argued economics with Keynes and civil disobedience with Gandhi, his open letters have provoked Stalin to a reply and Lyndon Johnson to exasperation. And, like Voltaire, Russell has sought to make of language—his prose is as supple and lucid as the finest of the classic age—a safeguard against the brutalities and mendacity of mass culture.

It may be that Russell's range is ampler than Voltaire's, although no single work he has produced crystallizes a whole sense of the world as does "Candide." Only logicians and philosophers of science are qualified to assess the contribution of Russell's "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy" and of "The Principles of Mathematics," which he completed in 1903. Together with the "Principia Mathematica," published in collaboration with Whitehead between 1910 and 1913, these books retain a commanding vitality in the history of modern logical investigation. They anticipate many of the notions that are proving most fruitful in contemporary symbolic logic and information theory. Pure logicians are a rare species. In his capacity for sustained analytic calculation, in his ability to use codes of significant order less encumbered than is ordinary speech by the waste and opacities of customary life, Russell is a peer of Descartes and Kurt Gödel.

Russell's "History of Western Philosophy," much in the forefront when he received a Nobel Prize in literature in 1950, is *haute vulgarisation* in the best sense. It marches briskly from Anaxagoras to Bergson. It brims with an implicit confidence in the mortality of nonsense. Russell's book on Leibnitz is dated but remains interesting for the comparisons it invites between his own appetite for omniscience and that of the great polymath and rival of Newton. "Our Knowledge of the External World," based on the Lowell lectures Russell delivered in Boston in 1914, remains perhaps the best introduction to his philosophic style and sinuous empiricism. The problems raised are as old as Plato; this means that attempted solutions are less vulnerable to fashion than in other branches of philosophy. We are an epistemological animal, asking both whence and whither but knowing neither, unable to prove that we do not inhabit a long dream. Russell beautifully charts the strangeness of our condition. He does so again, though less incisively, in "The Analysis of Mind." Had he produced nothing but these books of philosophic argument and history of ideas, his place would be distinctive.

But the shock of world war and radical changes in his own personality greatly extended and complicated Rus-



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sell's natural range. Since 1914 there have been few areas of social policy, of international relations, of private ethics that he has not dealt with. His critique of our mores begins in the world of William Morris and Tolstoy; it outlives that of Shaw and Freud; it is active and more irritant than ever in that of Stokely Carmichael. He has sought to plan "The Conquest of Happiness"—whatever the title of the particular discourse or tract. He has spoken as warmly as Montaigne "In Praise of Idleness" and reverted time and again, with the sense of a riddle unsolved, to "Marriage and Morals." He has given the world notice of "Why I Am Not a Christian" but written with a poetic tact alien to Voltaire of the claims of mysticism, of that abrupt logic of the human spirit when it is in a state of rapture. Russell's more immediately political studies and pamphlets would fill a shelf. He inquired early into the "Practice and Theory of Bolshevism" and addressed his uneasy sympathies to "The Problem of China" (another interest shared with Voltaire) long before the present crisis. His study of the "Prospects of Industrial Civilization" relates him to the thought of R. H. Tawney, while his repeated pleas for passive resistance and universal disarmament ally him to that of Danilo Dolci. The dreamer and the engineer have also been present in Russell's genius. He is a utopian of the short term, a man waking, even at ninety-five, from the simplicities of his dreams and refusing to believe that these cannot bring instant melioration to the morning. The title of one of Russell's tracts, "Has Man a Future?," sums up his quest. The mark of interrogation stands for a persistent skepticism, for a streak of resigned sadness. But the old fox's entire life, marvellous in its diversity and power of creation, has been a striving for a positive answer.

Russell seems to have kept a close record of that life almost from the start—certainly from the moment he went to Cambridge, in October of 1890, and realized that he possessed gifts out of the ordinary. Like Voltaire, Russell has seen his own person move into the light of the historical; time and eminence have in part taken him from himself, and he has watched over the process with ironic precision. "My Philosophical Development" remains an intensely readable record of his passage from Kantian idealism to a kind of transcendental empiricism that I would call Pythagorean ("I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by

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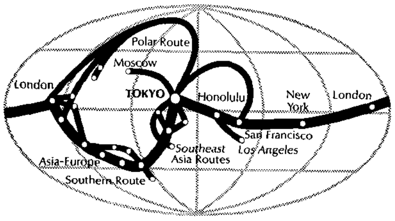
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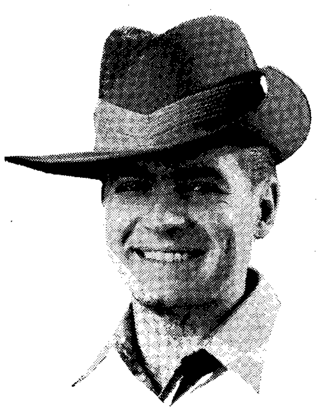

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which number holds sway above the flux"). The "Portraits from Memory," which resembles and at times completes Keynes's "Essays in Biography," tells of some of the luminous encounters in Russell's career, and recaptures, so far as any book can, the casual ceremony of intellectual life in the Cambridge of G. M. Trevelyan and Lord Rutherford, of G. E. Moore and E. M. Forster. The formal act of autobiography has grown naturally out of a life so constantly examined. Parts of this volume were assembled and dictated in 1949, other parts probably in the early nineteen-fifties. The material dealt with extends from February of 1876, when the orphaned four-year-old younger son of Lord and Lady Amberley arrived at Pembroke Lodge, the home of his grandparents, until August of 1914, when the forty-two-year-old mathematical logician, Fellow of Trinity College and of the Royal Society, was about to opt for intransigent pacifism and break with much of the world he had adorned. The narrative consists of seven chapters, each followed by a selection of relevant letters. This Victorian device works admirably. Often the letters move subtly against the grain of a much later remembrance, and the dialogue between letter and recollection yields a caustic footnote. Thus, Russell could write to Lucy Martin Donnelly on April 22, 1906, about some of his most abstruse, fiercely taxing endeavors in mathematical logic, "My work goes ahead at a tremendous pace, and I get intense delight from it," whereas Earl Russell, O.M., remarks, forty-five years later, that "It turned out to be all nonsense."

Bertrand Russell was born and brought up an aristocrat. He was the grandson of a Prime Minister and cousin or nephew to a covey of military, diplomatic, and ecclesiastical worthies. Forebears who had visited Napoleon at Elba or defended Gibraltar during the American wars were animate shadows in the nursery. This was the England of espaliers and velvet lawns, of lord and servant. In these opening pages there are dizzying vistas of time. The reader of this review and the writer are, in the allowed sense of the word, contemporaneous with a man who silenced Browning at a dinner party and who, when left in tête-à-tête with William Gladstone, heard cascade upon him the dread pronouncement "This is very good port they have given me, but why have they given it me in a claret glass?" Those now living can seek out a man, still alert, whose serv-

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ants and early acquaintances clearly remembered news of Waterloo. This is startling enough in itself. But in Russell's case the fact that he came of age in a world almost totally vanished from our grasp, that he belonged to the most confident élite in modern history (the Whig aristocracy of Victorian England), is more than a virtuoso trick of long life. Russell is marked to the very limits of his later radicalism by his origins.

This memoir does nothing to soften his native hauteur: "But what can a charwoman know of the spirits of great men or the records of fallen empires or the haunting visions of art and reason?" he asked Gilbert Murray in 1902, and went on, "Let us not delude ourselves with the hope that the best is within the reach of all, or that emotion uninformed by thought can ever attain the highest level." In February of 1904, Russell ventured "to a remote part of London" to lecture to the local branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. His comment at the time was characteristic: "They seemed excellent people, *very* respectable—indeed, I shouldn't have guessed they were working men." Russell grew into one of the genuine mutineers of modern history; his fusillades against capitalism, great-power politics, and the cant of the Establishment have been fierce and prolonged. Pity for the human condition has burned in him till it has all but consumed reason: "Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be." He has gone to prison, lost academic appointments, and risked ostracism on behalf of his outraged compassion. But Russell's Jacobinism is high Tory; it springs from the certitude that birth and genius impose both the right and the obligation of moral precept. "Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart," says Russell. One wonders whether he is not deceiving himself; the echo chamber lies higher, the pity, like Voltaire's, is cerebral. Fundamentally, Russell's politics of protest seek to realize the hope, so articulate in the small, vibrant coterie of Apostles to which he belonged at Cambridge, that humanity might be elevated to a just plane of social and hygienic well-being so that the elect, the pursuers of beauty and truth, could fulfill their lives without bad conscience. American democracy, argues Russell, is egalitarian and philistine. Thus, it has made room for neither intensity nor loftiness of feeling; "indeed, loftiness

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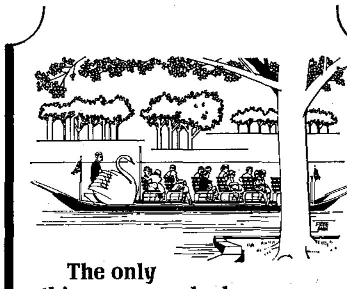

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of feeling seems to depend essentially upon a brooding consciousness of the past and its terrible power." True politics are the art of securing elbowroom for the best; they will alleviate the squalor in the world at large that embarrasses or dissipates the life of the mind. Russell's pity has often been sharp-edged, a weapon against those who would crowd too near his sensibility.

This aristocratic misericord and a betraying preference of the abstract over the disorder of the personal underlie the general tone of the "Autobiography." They are explicit in what have rapidly become its two most notorious episodes. "I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy," writes Russell, "ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss." But the search not infrequently appears to have brought ruin to others. Russell's first marriage, to Alys, the sister of Logan Pearsall Smith, began in exultation. Russell's recollection of an early visit to his beloved, in January of 1894, when London lay snowbound and "almost as noiseless as a lonely hill top," has the gentle force of Tolstoy's autobiographical narrative of Levin's visit to Kitty near the start of "Anna Karenina." But the marriage was built on a weird code of sexual reticence that soon produced cruel tensions. In March of 1911, Russell fell in love with Lady Ottoline Morrell, a woman celebrated in the lives and careers of a generation of English poets and politicians. "For one night" with her Russell felt ready to pay the price of scandal and even murder. The end of his marriage to Alys is recounted thus:

> I told Alys that she could have the divorce whenever she liked, but that she must not bring Ottoline's name into it. She nevertheless persisted that she would bring Ottoline's name in. Thereupon I told her quietly but firmly that she would find that impossible, since if she ever took steps to that end, I should commit suicide in order to circumvent her. I meant this, and she saw that I did. Thereupon her rage became unbearable. After she had stormed for some hours, I gave a lesson in Locke's philosophy to her niece, Karin Costelloe, who was about to take her Tripos. I then rode away on my bicycle, and with that my first marriage came to an end. I did not see Alys again till 1950, when we met as friendly acquaintances.

After his term at Harvard, Russell went to Chicago to stay with an eminent gynecologist and his family. He

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had met one of the daughters briefly at Oxford. "I spent two nights under her parents' roof, and the second I spent with her." It was agreed secretly that the young woman should join Russell in England. By the time she arrived, in August of 1914, world war had broken out. Again, Russell's narrative should be quoted in full:

> I could think of nothing but the war, and as I had determined to come out publicly against it, I did not wish to complicate my position with a private scandal, which would have made anything that I might say of no account. I felt it therefore impossible to carry out what we had planned. She stayed in England and I had relations with her from time to time, but the shock of the war killed my passion for her, and I broke her heart. Ultimately she fell a victim to a rare disease, which first paralysed her, and then made her insane. In her insanity she told her father all that had happened. The last time I saw her was in 1924. . . . If the war had not intervened, the plan which we formed in Chicago might have brought great happiness to us both. I feel still the sorrow of this tragedy.

There is a terrible coldness in both the style and the feelings expressed—a chill, dismissive lucidity in the Augustan manner. In some measure this may result from the detachment of an old man's remembrance. But surely the problem lies deeper. Like Voltaire or perhaps like the Tolstoy of the later years, Bertrand Russell is a man who loves truth or the lucid statement of a possible truth better than he does individual human beings. His ego is of such turbulent richness that egotism makes a world. To it another human person, however intimate, has only provisional access. Russell has recorded at least one definite mystical experience. It took place in 1901 after he had heard Gilbert Murray read part of his translation of Euripides' "The Hippolytus." He traces to the formidable moment of illumination, of clear trance, that ensued a few hours later his lasting views on war, education, and the unendurability of human loneliness. He emerged convinced "that in human relations one should penetrate to the core of loneliness in each person and speak to that." The conviction was no doubt sincere, but little in this "Autobiography" bears it out. A more pertinent text would seem to be the chapter on "The Ideal" in G. E. Moore's "Principia Ethica," a work that profoundly influenced Russell's early development; it is "the love of love," which Moore commends "as the most valuable good we know." Set beside the vividness of that realization, love for the actual beloved seems a more pallid joy.

Yet it would be unfair to consider

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solely what is lofty and bone-chilling in this book. The "ancient glittering eyes are gay." Russell recalls how he read Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" in jail: "It caused me to laugh so loud that the officer came round to my cell, saying I must remember that prison is a place of punishment." Lunacies and matching asperities out of another age, in an idiom almost extinct, abound: "When the Junior Dean, a clergyman who raped his little daughter and became paralysed with syphilis, had to be got rid of in consequence, the Master went out of his way to state at College Meeting that those of us who did not attend chapel regularly had no idea how excellent this worthy's sermons had been." Russell, like many English dons, is a virtuoso of the undercut. A hilarious vignette of philosophic and personal pomposities in the Cambridge, Massachusetts, of 1914 is capped by the gentle notice that "There were limitations to Harvard culture. Schofield, the professor of Fine Arts, considered Alfred Noyes a very good poet." A snapshot of Keynes finds him "carrying with him everywhere a feeling of the bishop *in partibus*."

The ironies, moreover, are more than donnish. They deepen to a stream of doubt so erosive that it undermines Russell's own initial values and sweeps before it the science in which he had achieved greatness and the world in which he was most at home. This demolition from within is the high adventure of the first volume (Russell is at work on a second). The labor of abstruse argument that went into the "Principia Mathematica" left Russell exhausted. He reports with absolute candor that his powers of close mathematical reasoning weakened after 1913. It was not mathematical logic alone, however, that weakened its hold. In February of 1913, Russell wrote to Lowes Dickinson a sentence that effectively dooms the criteria of elegant feeling, of academic communion that had dominated his own life until then: "But intellect, except at white heat, is very apt to be trivial." Both the failure of his marriage and the example of Tolstoy lie behind that statement. But so does a precise local circumstance. In the same letter, Russell refers to one greater than himself in philosophy and the analysis of meaning. He reports that Ludwig Wittgenstein, a new arrival from Vienna and Manchester, has been elected to the Apostles "but thought it a waste of time. . . . I think he did quite right, though I tried to dissuade him." The concession is momentous. As

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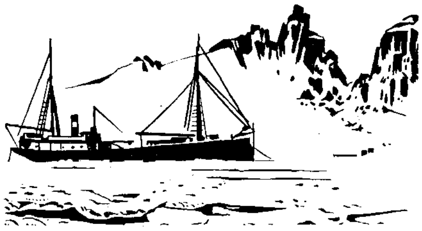

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the long summer of European civilization drew to a close, Russell outgrew the luxuries of spirit he had prized most. He was to emerge from the war as one set on the road that has led to the Russell International Tribunal in Stockholm.

The myopia, the frivolous malice of many of Lord Russell's recent political pronouncements are revolting. The changes of heart—it was Bertrand Russell who not so very long ago advocated a preventive nuclear strike against the Soviet Union—are risible. Yet even in error and garrulous simplification there is a fierce zest of life, a total gift of self to the claims of ideas and the demands of human conflict. When the whole story comes to be written, it may well appear that few men in history, certainly few in our tawdry age, have done more to dignify the image of life set down by Russell sixty-four years ago:

> Often I feel that religion, like the sun, has extinguished the stars of less brilliancy but not less beauty, which shine upon us out of the darkness of a godless universe. The splendour of human life, I feel sure, is greater to those who are not dazzled by the divine radiance; and human comradeship seems to grow more intimate and more tender from the sense that we are all exiles on an inhospitable shore.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ENVY AND OTHER WORKS, by Yuri Olesha, translated from the Russian and with an introduction by Andrew R. MacAndrew (Anchor). Olesha's delightful novelette "Envy" was published in the Soviet Union in 1927 and quickly disavowed; it is a tiny Soviet "Don Quixote." With it are printed nine stories—one of them, "Love," a joyous masterpiece—and a rather melodramatic play, "A List of Assets," which dramatizes Olesha's painful ambivalence about the Workers' Paradise.

GENERAL

THE LAWYERS, by Martin Mayer (Harper & Row). This big, lively book is more than it claims—it is not just a study of American lawyers but a readable survey of the entire legal system of the United States: bench, bar, and government agencies; law associations, law schools, and jails. It also adds sketches of eminent legal figures and descriptions of typical clients, and gives outlines of some important cases and the gist of contem-

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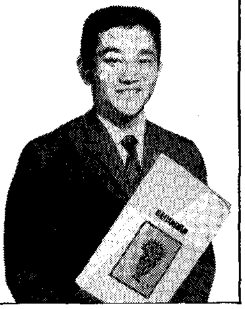

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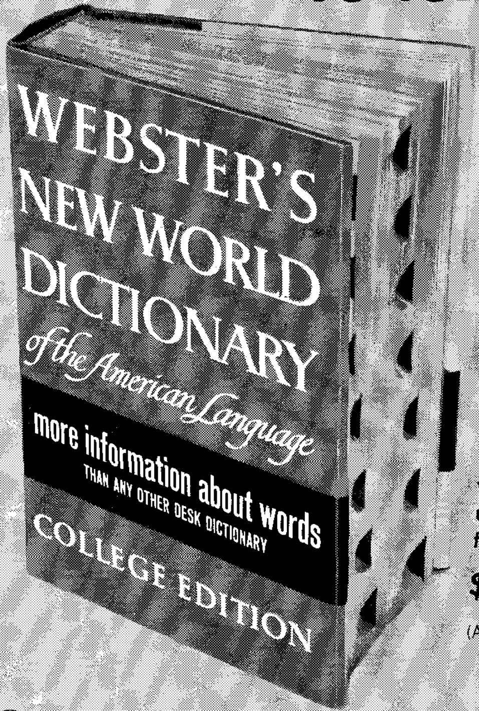
porary American legal philosophies and techniques. The style is popular, not academic, but the book has so much information in it that almost every reader—probably including legal scholars—will learn something he did not know.

THE ORIENT EXPRESS, by Michael Barsley (Stein & Day). An informal, anecdotal, and sufficiently comprehensive history of the celebrated luxury train, from its first trip, as the sleeping-and-dining-car masterpiece of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagon-Lits, in October, 1883, to its last, in May, 1962. There is a particularly entertaining description of that first trip (Paris-Strasbourg-Munich-Vienna-Budapest-Bucharest-Rustchuk-Constantinople), based on contemporary, first-hand accounts by a London *Times* correspondent and a popular French novelist, and there is also a thoroughgoing examination of the many novels of mystery and intrigue whose setting has been the Orient Express—among them "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars," "Stamboul Train," "Murder on the Orient Express," "The Wheel Spins," "Murder on the Calais Coach," "The Mask of Demetrios," and "From Russia with Love"—and of the one actual murder that occurred on the train. Photographs.

QUOTEMANSHIP: THE USE AND ABUSE OF QUOTATIONS FOR POLEMICAL AND OTHER PURPOSES, by Paul F. Boller, Jr. (Southern Methodist University Press). The author says, first, that the use of quotations is increasing in American political debates, and, second, that the purpose of quoting has changed. Statesmen used to quote to ornament their remarks, display their culture, and flatter their audiences. Nowadays, they try to confound an opponent by confronting him with one of his own (or his supporters') statements that have since become indiscreet or unpalatable; or by taking statements out of context; or, on more occasions than one would imagine, by faking them altogether. Mr. Boller's arrangement and style are entertaining, and many of his examples are hilarious. On reflection, though, the book is not so funny; fatuity and fibbing are not laughing matters.

ONE MAN'S GOLD RUSH, text by Murray Morgan, photographs by E. A. Hegg (University of Washington Press). An album of the astonishing human migration to the Klon-



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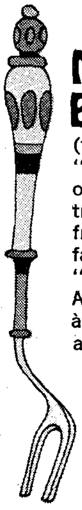

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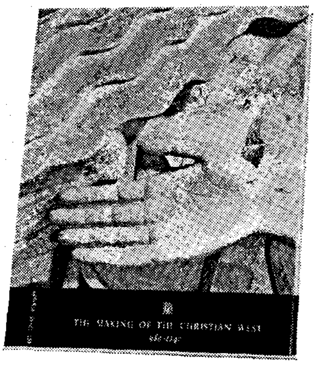

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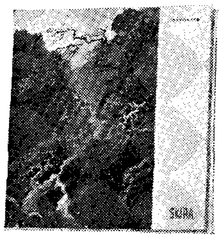

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NOTE: "Through the Great City," by Anthony Bailey, has been published by Macmillan. Much of the book originally appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A VERY QUIET PLACE, by Andrew Garve (Harper & Row). A long, breathless vigil at a baited trap. The quarry is a gang of murderous jewel thieves, the bait is a young woman photographer who has incurred the wrath of these brutes by impulsively taking a flash snapshot of them as they emerged from a looted shop, and the trap is a lonely old tide mill in which she is placed conspicuously in hiding by Chief Superintendent Trant, of Scotland Yard. An ingenious diversion.

W.I.L. ONE TO CURTIS, by Philip Loraine (Random House). A thriller about the efforts of an ad-hoc organization called Western Intelligence Liaison (W.I.L.) to prevent an exiled Central European political leader from attempting a comeback. These efforts involve the recruiting (by coercion and blackmail) and the mastermind manipulation of five carefully selected people—an American businessman, a French schoolboy, an Italian murderer, a Central European whore, and an English civil servant—and the story is related in a documentary style (memoranda, court records, interviews) that is highly effective.

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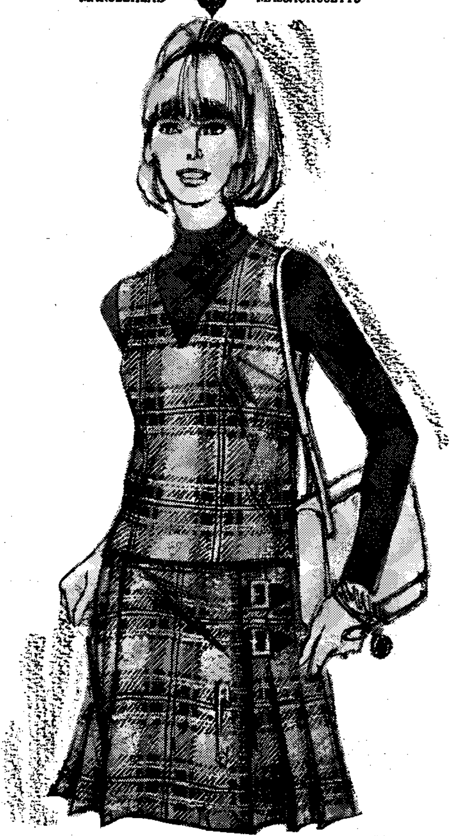

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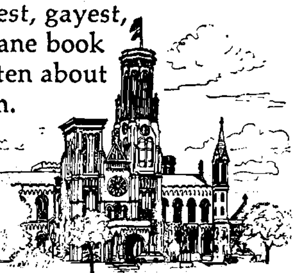

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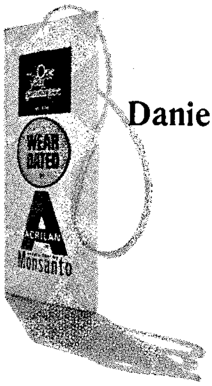

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